



**Columbia University**  
**in the City of New York**

THE LIBRARIES

















Built in 1664

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
WILLIAM WOOD

VOL. II



*Printed for Private Circulation*

NEW YORK

J. S. BABCOCK, PUBLISHER, 58 Cedar Street

1895

W

v. 2

THE MERSHON COMPANY PRESS,

RAHWAY, N. J.

47 221 D

ALPHABET  
VARIABLE  
VARIABLE

47221 D  
AUG 7 1953 PD

# CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. VISIT TO MOBILE, . . . . .	I
II. JOURNEY TO FORT SMITH, ARK., TO INSPECT OUR LANDS AND ASCERTAIN THEIR VALUE, . . . . .	9
III. RETURN FROM FORT SMITH TO NEW ORLEANS, AND JOURNEY UP THE RED RIVER, . . . . .	31
IV. RETURN JOURNEY TO NEW YORK WITH MY FAMILY, ARRIVING JUNE 25, 1845, . . . . .	46
V. THE LAST SUMMER OF MY LIFE WITH HARRIET IN NEW YORK,	65
VI. ON MY WAY TO NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER, 1845, . . . . .	81
VII. JOURNEY TO NEW ORLEANS CONCLUDED, ARRIVING THERE DECEMBER 31, 1845, . . . . .	114
VIII. OPENING OF 1846—THE SADDEST YEAR OF MY LIFE—LETTERS BETWEEN ME IN NEW ORLEANS AND MY WIFE IN NEW YORK,	145
IX. WM. W. IN NEW ORLEANS, AND H. A. W. IN NEW YORK, DISCUSSING A FUTURE WHICH GOD DECIDED FAR OTHERWISE THAN THEY ANTICIPATED, . . . . .	157
X. CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED—WINTER OF 1846, . . . . .	173
XI. CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED DURING W. W.'S STAY IN NEW ORLEANS IN 1846, . . . . .	204
XII. CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED, . . . . .	221
XIII. ENDING WITH THE LAST LETTER EVER WRITTEN BY WM. W. TO H. A. W., . . . . .	242
XIV. MY WIFE DIES, . . . . .	249
XV. CONTAINS HARRIET'S LAST COUNSELS TO ME, AS EXPRESSED IN HER WILL, . . . . .	261
XVI. SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER OF 1846 IN NEW YORK AND NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., . . . . .	270
XVII. SUMMER OF 1846—I RETURN ALONE TO ENGLAND, AND IN THE AUTUMN COME BACK TO MAKE MY HOME IN NEW YORK, . . . . .	279

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIII. A NEW BEGINNING OF LIFE—A HOME IN NEW YORK AND A SECOND WIFE, . . . . .	289
XIX. JOURNEY TO EUROPE IN 1852, . . . . .	298
XX. ANOTHER TRIP TO ENGLAND—I PLACE MOST OF MY CHILDREN BY MY FIRST WIFE AT BOARDING SCHOOLS IN VARIOUS PLACES, . . . .	310
XXI. THE DISASTROUS YEAR 1857, . . . . .	320
XXII. EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR, . . . . .	328
XXIII. DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP WITH MY UNCLES, AND EVENTS OF HOME LIFE DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR, . . . .	341
XXIV. I ENTER THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANKING CORPORATION, LIMITED, AS MANAGER, AUGUST 24, 1863—QUESTION OF THE CHANGE OF NAME OF THE "DUTCH REFORMED" CHURCH DEBATED, . . . . .	347
XXV. I WIND UP THE AFFAIRS OF THE BANK AND END MY COMMERCIAL LIFE—I BEGIN A NEW CAREER OF WORK IN THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, GIVING MY LIFE'S SERVICES TO MY ADOPTED CITY, . . . .	360
XXVI. ORGANIZATION OF THE GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL AND OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS, . . . . .	369
XXVII. AN UNFINISHED CHAPTER, TELLING OF WORK IN THE DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS AND BOARD OF EDUCATION—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY ENDING ABRUPTLY WITH A FEW LINES WRITTEN MAY 23, 1894, . . . . .	376
CONTINUATION BY MRS. ELIZABETH D. KANE, . . . . .	385
APPENDIX, . . . . .	513



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM WOOD.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### VISIT TO MOBILE.

ON my return from Dalae (Mr. Pelton's), I remained in New Orleans, looking into the business there, and decided to visit Mobile to see our agent there, who was also a debtor of ours. I think he was an Englishman by birth, and besides dabbling in cotton had, I think, a foundry. On my return to New York I appointed Isaac Bell, Jr., as our agent in Mobile. Isaac Bell, Jr., became a member of the House of Representatives of Alabama, and long years afterward held many municipal offices in New York. Among others he was Commissioner of Education with me for many years between 1869 and 1888.

I left New Orleans for Mobile on March 3, 1845, and wrote the following letters to my beloved wife :

“ Steamer JAMES L. DAY, Lake Pontchartrain,

“ March 3, 1845.

“ MY DEAREST HARRIET :

“ The train *en route* for Mobile did not start till 2.30 P. M. or later. We took about twenty-five minutes to reach the lake. Half of the way the road lies through a swamp, with the trees literally ‘growing oot o’ the water.’ Arrived at the lake we were detained till 5 P. M. by the steamer taking in cargo. While lying at the wharf we had our dinner on board, which was, as usual on board the steamers, very good. A Frenchman named Legrand, who has some sort of manufactory in Mexico, but comes himself from Champagne, has taken a

sort of fancy to me, having taken me he said, '*Pour un Français*,' and applying to me to help him make known his wants as to a berth, etc. He has been jabbering away to me for the last two hours, and I speaking all sorts of grammar to him, or rather no grammar at all. I told him, however, I had a daughter who spoke French *très bien*. We are now fairly out in the lake, which looks mighty like the sea, and one might be seasick on it well enough if it blew hard. I expect a breeze during the night, as we go some twenty-five miles out to sea, I find ; or rather, I should say, we go that distance on the sea. Who should I meet at the railway station on its way back to New York, but the 'cabin pig' ? It looks twice as fat as it did before, but cleaner, and more gentlemanly. The company on board is not specially interesting. Only the ladies have staterooms. The gentlemen's berths are all round the cabin, which is a bore ; so I shall not be able to dress comfortably.

"God bless you, dear one, and watch over you and my dear children. I hope dear Johnnie got safely home, and was none the worse of his wetting. I hope to finish this in Mobile, and if I can manage it, I believe I will set to and write to Anna this evening, in reply to her letter, so as not to let it interfere with my business hours when I return. Good-night, dearest.

"March 4.—We had a good passage during the night, and at 6 A. M. we were within thirty-five miles of Mobile, but finding there was not sufficient depth of water to go by the inner passage, we had to turn back nearly twenty miles, and go out to sea, where we had a pretty breeze. The mail will be closed before we reach Mobile, which we shall probably do about 1 P. M. I will try and get this put on board the steamer, which will be leaving for New Orleans just as we arrive. We are now standing up Mobile Bay with a fair wind. God bless you, and my dear children ! I inclose the times of departure of the Pontchartrain rail cars.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"MOBILE, March 4, 1845.

"MY BELOVED WIFE :

"I arrived here about 1 P. M. to-day, and put a letter for you in the bag of the steamer *Creole*, which was lying at the wharf ready to start for New Orleans. It continued to blow very hard after I

closed my letter to you this morning, and, although not practically sick, I have felt squeamish all day in consequence of the tossing. The wind has now gone down and this is a beautiful, cool, clear evening. I am staying at the Mansion House Hotel, as far as board goes, but they had no good bedroom, so they sent me to a detached house of theirs called the Eutaw Hotel ('a nice little hotel called the Wardie Hotel,' as J. Walter wrote in his first letter from Edinburgh), which has only sleeping apartments and is quiet. My room is about the size of our stateroom in the *Queen of the West*, or a little bigger, and enters from a gallery running round an interior court. The Frenchman is next door to me, and it does not look as if there were above one or two more in the house. This is but a small place compared with New Orleans, but has one handsome wide street, and some others good enough and *wide* enough. It is more like Flushing or some of those Long Island places than New Orleans, and, although pretty flat, the ground does not actually fall away as it recedes from the river, but rather rises, although scarcely perceptibly. The Mansion House is a great unfinished-looking American hotel. Large tobacco-smelling, spirituous, spitty bar-room, etc., etc. Meals in an immense hall, low in the roof. Three ranges of tables—ladies, a few, at the upper end of one; I sit near them. Oyster gumbo soup, wild turkey, meringue, and apple tart constituted my dinner to-day. Pretty well for a squeamish man. I have not seen my debtor yet, but have had two consultations with lawyers about my business. I think of writing to John to-night, so God bless you, dear one, and my darling children! I have turned over two pages, goose as I am.

"March 5, 1845. This is a beautiful day, clear and cool. I had a sound sleep. Rose at half past six, read my Bible and your two letters of advice, and had 'a time of refreshing from the Lord.' Oh! if I could only always bear in mind that 'our times are in his hand.' There I was interrupted by a call from Mr. Alderson, and have been with him for about two hours, looking into his books, etc., etc., and got over a very disagreeable business really pretty pleasantly, and I hope also to some purpose. I shall not be able to leave this before Friday, but hope to do so then. I am asked to dine with Mr. Alderson to-morrow, which it is my present intention to do. But I must close, having left myself no time to say more. God bless you, my

dearest one! I will not write again before my return. Kind love to my dear children.

“ Ever thine own

“ WM. W.”

“ MOBILE, March 6, 1845.

“ MY DEAREST H.:

“ It was very stupid in me not to ask you to write to me ; I took it for granted that you would do so, and I may possibly get a letter when this day's mail arrives, or to-morrow before I leave, as I intend to do at 1.30 P. M. I dined yesterday with Messrs. Laird and Littlejohn, correspondents of ours, at the club, and after dinner walked some three miles into the country with the latter to a Mr. Hutcheson's, a very pretty walk. We returned in the evening, a fine, starlight night. To-day I am to drive with Mr. Alderson, who lives near Mr. Hutcheson, and is to drive me out and send me in in the evening. I have not yet given up the Arkansas trip if young Davis, who is, I suppose, in New Orleans, should be disposed to go.

“ The business I came about here is, all things considered, quite in as bad a position as I expected, and does not look so well to-day as it did yesterday. However, I must just take things as I find them. It is at least some consolation that I did not make them what they are. God bless you and my dear children!

“ In haste, ever thine own

“ WM. W.”

On my return from Mobile I made my arrangements for visiting our lands in Arkansas. These, with some in Mississippi, amounted to one hundred thousand acres and were bought in 1836 or 1837, by our partners, Mylne and Thomson, without any authority from their partners, and it was some years after the purchase before our head office, J. & A. Dennistoun, were informed of the purchase. They (Mylne and Thomson) had interested Samuel Davis of Natchez, and William M. Gwin, then United States Senator, who long years after was also of the two first United States senators from California, and after that Duke Gwin of Mexico under the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian. Gwin selected the lands, and he had an opportunity from his official position of selecting the very best, and within one

year from the purchase the one hundred thousand acres might have been sold for one hundred thousand dollars profit, but the parties interested stood out for more, and missed the sale. Meanwhile, in 1837 the United States Bank failed and depressed all values, and forty or fifty years afterward portions of these lands were sold as low as one dollar per acre, the price paid to the United States for them having been one dollar and a quarter per acre. William M. Gwin never paid anything for his one-third. Davis did pay some thousands of dollars, but gave up his share for ten thousand dollars cash, and eventually A. & J. D. & Co. were saddled with the whole of these lands, Gwin and Davis giving up their shares. At first Mylne and Thomson's one-third was held in the name of our then lawyer, John Slidell, the well-known senator of the United States, who was subsequently rebel agent captured out of a British packet along with Mason, both having to be given up by the United States to Great Britain.

As already stated, John Pelton had agreed to go with me to Arkansas as an expert in the value of lands. We were to be joined at Natchez on our way to Arkansas by young Davis, the son of Samuel, as representing his father's interest in the lands, which, by the way, were all confiscated by the rebel government as belonging to alien enemies; but of course after the peace in 1865 they were all restored to us. After I became a citizen in 1852 they were transferred from John Slidell's name to mine. It will be seen from these remarks that the "Arkansas lands" were quite an important asset, and I was determined to know all about them before I returned home, and so I started for Arkansas on April 19, 1845, in the fine steamer *Arkansas No. 4*. This curious name indicated that three previous steamers of the same name had either been blown up or sunk—not a very pleasant lookout for *No. 4*.

The following beautiful letter was written by Harriet, and given to me as I was going to start in the steamboat *Arkansas No. 4* for Little Rock, Ark. I was not to read it until after I got on board. It is addressed in Harriet's handwriting outside: "A budget from a *bruised*, but, thanks be to God, not a *broken, heart, faint*, yet pursuing."

“ NEW ORLEANS, March 19, 1845.

“ MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND :

“ When you read this, you will be beyond the reach of my voice, and for a long space of time hidden from my sight, perhaps forever ! O God, let it not be so, but restore us to each other in thy infinite mercy and goodness, to renewed happiness and as fellow-helpers in every good word and work ! I want to say a few words again to you, my beloved Will, as God directed me to comfort and advise you in my former letters. Bear in mind that you are no adventurer, and you have not set out in search of *adventures*, but, as far as you can judge, you are in the way of duty ; therefore, for your children’s and your wife’s sake, go *no further* than is *strictly necessary*, and do not, for the sake of showing how far you have ventured and *where* you have been, run any risk to your person or health, or be inordinately desirous of accomplishing any part of your journey that is difficult of access where a lesser part would answer every reasonable purpose. This is a duty you owe to *me* and to *your children*, and for your person and health you are responsible to God.

“ You have great energy of character and firmness of purpose, and *much, very much, good* could be accomplished by you for *God* and your *fellow-men*. These are talents committed to your care, and for the right use of them you must have a sound mind in a sound body ; both these has God given you, therefore do not waste them lightly, as *for both* you must give an account. You will say : ‘ Yes, I know it all, and I am an unprofitable servant.’ I am too well used to your language, dear Will, not to know what you would say, but you are mistaken—you are not unprofitable, and have not been, but your energies are put forth *too strongly* in *one* direction, namely, in the way of worldly business, and this is *wrong* when it is so engrossing as to block up all the other paths to more wholesome usefulness. The moderate and small, safe business which you now seem likely to enter upon will give you more leisure to ‘redeem the time,’ and do not, I pray you, be tempted to deviate from this course, and advise larger measures and take more *upon yourself to do*, as this is your besetting sin, believe me, and with these loads of cares you ‘choke the word and it becometh unfruitful.’ With regard to business and your success here in New Orleans, do not despair. Arnold



says, p. 117 : ' I came to Rugby full of plans of school reform——' Here Hill came in, and I was obliged to stop, and now it is

" March 20, just after dinner, and Arnold is packed up, so that I cannot finish my quotation, but get the book and mark what *he* (who is so renowned for his active exertions in the university) thought of his unprofitableness. I am much hurried and flustered now, having forgotten that my note was unfinished. I had intended writing when I came home, but Mrs. Rushton came in as soon as I returned this morning, and then the doctor's account of Powell, and Helen and Willie being unwell, gave me so much anxiety that it put it out of my head. I want you to read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, which in my Bible is marked with the words ' Mr. Julien ' in lead pencil in your handwriting. Do you not remember his sermon upon it? Note the verses I have marked in *your* Bible for you, and keep up your heart by thinking what God has done for you since you last heard that sermon, how all your difficulties seem vanishing, and this Arkansas trip will soon be over, I trust, and *the last of any consequence* away from *me*. Read on to the 38th chapter of Isaiah at your leisure, and mark God's dealings with Hezekiah and the King of Assyria ; see how completely we, and all with whom we have to deal, are in God's hands—no power, no might, no will, no wealth, can prevail against him. Read the 28th and 29th verses of the 37th chapter of Isaiah, and then read the whole three chapters at your leisure, and observe, too, that Hezekiah, whom God had just saved out of the hands of his enemies, and who was certainly one of the chosen of God, was still in his wisdom afflicted ; the 38th chapter begins, ' In these days was Hezekiah sick unto death.' Now, read those comforting chapters in John, the 16th and 17th, and observe the verses I have marked for you, and I will get Charlotte, at half past eight, to read the same chapters, the 16th and 17th, to comfort *me*, for *I*, too, need comfort, and perhaps more than *you*, my beloved one, for you, God be thanked, seem more cheerful and happy this time. You often ask *me* to pray for you, and I ask *you* to pray for me, but in these chapters we see that our Saviour has prayed for us already, and the Father has heard his prayers, for he prayed for his own, for those whom God has given him, and we have the earnest of the Spirit that we are *his*. Oh, then, my beloved one, and my poor

sorrowing heart, too, take courage—greater is He that is with us than they that are against us. But I must finish and not lose the last few moments in *looking at* and, *if I can*, speaking to you. God forever guard and keep you and bless you, for Jesus Christ's sake !

“Your own poor

“H.”



## CHAPTER II.

### JOURNEY TO FORT SMITH, ARK., TO INSPECT OUR LANDS AND ASCERTAIN THEIR VALUE.

THE following short letter was written in our office in New Orleans after I had said farewell to Harriet, and had gone to embark on board the *Arkansas No. 4* for Arkansas :

“ NEW ORLEANS, March 20, 1845.

“ MY BELOVED HARRIET :

“ Do not faint or be discouraged by the trials by which you are at present surrounded, but put your trust in your *Heavenly Father*, whose eye is upon you, who knows all your wants and all your troubles, and will not afflict or grieve you beyond what you are able to bear. Do not take trouble or interest about the dear children getting the whooping cough ; if they should, it is generally an easy complaint, and *particularly* so in spring. Do, *under all circumstances*, endeavor to keep up your own spirits and to preserve your *precious health* for my sake. God Almighty protect and watch over you and my beloved children, and restore poor Powell to health !

“ Ever your own attached,

“ WM. W.”

“ ARKANSAS NO. 4, River Mississippi, March 24, 1845.

“ MY BELOVED WIFE :

“ Here I am, seated at a table in the cabin, the boat fastened to the shore, taking in wood, and everything still except the hissing of the steam and the clink of dollars jingling on the table of a party which is playing cards at the opposite end of the cabin. There are a great many passengers, I should say about sixty, among them six or seven ladies, one or two of whom are quite ladylike. They appear to be returning home from New Orleans, and it seems this is such a favorite boat that the Arkansas people always try to wait for her. We did

not leave the wharf last evening until exactly half past seven, just an hour to a minute after John Walter went home. At half past eight, to a minute, I began reading the 16th and 17th chapters of John, having previously twice read over your most precious note. Dear, dear Harriet, how unselfish you are, and how selfish and unworthy of you I feel myself to be! You, amid all your cares and sorrows, writing me such words of comfort and consolation, evincing so much knowledge of and reliance on your Bible, while I only sent you those few hurried lines, written when I went back to the office for my letters. 'But you know my feelings, Miss Kane,' and I trust in God, if it be his gracious will to allow us to meet again in health and happiness, that we may never again require to be separated for any length of time, for it is killing work. Do try, my beloved one, and keep up your spirits, and endeavor to cast all your care upon God, knowing that he will care for you and will watch over you and me and our dear children. I read 'Arnold' last night about ten, and then went to bed and prayed fervently for you, as I did whenever I awoke in the night. I awoke permanently about 5 A. M. and recollected, to my dismay, that I had not told the captain to stop at Donaldsonville, where I expected Mr. Pelton to join me, and if we had been going on all night, we must have passed it about 1 A. M. However, I knew we must have stopped once or twice during the night, for the cessation of the boat's motion had waked me, so I pulled on my trousers and stockings and my greatcoat and went on deck and asked the pilot if we had passed Donaldsonville. To my great relief, he said we had not; in fact, we did not reach it until 8 A. M., and there, sure enough, Mr. Pelton joined us, which I know will be a comfort to you, and it was more on your account than on my own that I felt annoyed when I supposed we had passed Donaldsonville without stopping, and I also felt that it would have looked very careless and inattentive to Pelton if we had passed without coming near him. If I could only know that you were bearing up bravely, and that the children were well, and poor Powell getting better, I think I might even enjoy this trip. I have been reading 'Arnold' again to-day, and feel much, as compared with him, my neglect as a Christian parent in not entering more into the feelings and amusements of my dear children, and in not often enough talking 'to them by the way of all these things that have come to pass concerning Jesus of Naz-

areth.' I have too much left the responsibility of their religious instruction to you, and yet I feel that you have so much more the knack of speaking in a way to interest them than I have, and that God has so blessed your method of imparting religious truth to their minds, that this is perhaps some excuse for me ; but I wish you would pray that I may be enabled better to fulfill the responsible duties of a Christian parent, not only as regards precept, but example, and, oh ! may God in his great compassion spare you long as a helpmeet to me !

"The boat shakes so much that I must stop till we have to take in wood again. The stopping of the boat last night was, I suppose, owing to fog. How completely the 35th chapter of Isaiah brought Mr. Julien's voice to my recollection. It is a beautiful chapter. I was much struck with it at the time, yet don't think I have read it since.

"March 22, 1845. We are only yet between Fort Adams and Natchez, and shall not reach the latter until 3 P. M., so that we are making very slow progress. I read 'Arnold' all last evening, but fell asleep once or twice over it, as I find the motion of the boat makes me drowsy. The weather continues quite cold, and there are fires lighted in the stoves. I have been introduced to an old gentleman, a Captain Winter, who now resides in Louisiana, but whose father was the first settler in Arkansas, and who himself went there as a boy with his father in 1796. He is now going to Little Rock to prosecute a claim he has for land under a Spanish grant, and may go up with us to Fort Gibson. I have also been introduced to a Mr. Newton, a Virginian and quite a gentlemanly person, who has been in Arkansas since 1820. The gentleman I took for an officer is a merchant from New York, and has been traveling about in this country looking after debtors since November last, and complains bitterly of being obliged to be so long absent from his family. He seemed to envy me having my family with me at New Orleans. He intends going up all the way to Fort Gibson.

"I would give a great deal to know how you and all my dear ones are. I pray earnestly that you may be comforted and supported during my absence ; then the thought occurs to me if you, the desire of my eyes, should be taken from me before I return, how I should blame myself for having gone on this expedition. May God in his

infinite mercy spare you to me and our dear children! Do take care of yourself, and don't overfatigue yourself. I long to get back to you all, and if I be spared to return, shall duly appreciate good clean towels and our nice room. The viands on board here are neither particularly good nor even very abundant, and I dare say a little land traveling will be an agreeable variety. The tea is like a decoction of chopped hay, and no milk to it, so I drink the muddy water, which is 'better than it's bonnie.' We shall not reach Little Rock until Thursday next; I question if so soon, unless we go faster than we are doing at present. The leaves are not so much out here as they are further south.

"May the richest spiritual blessings of the Almighty and such temporal ones as are good for you descend on you and my dear children, and may all of us grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

"When Mr. Mylne goes up the Red River, send me a few lines by him, just stating how you are, and the news from England; he will leave this for me at Dr. Seip's, but as it is uncertain if I shall be able to go there, and so may not get the letter, don't put anything private in it.

"Ever your own attached husband,

"WM. W."

"ARKANSAS NO. 4, near Warrenton, 20 miles below Vicksburg,  
Sunday, March 23, 1845, 8 A. M.

"MY BELOVED WIFE:

"We arrived at Natchez yesterday about 3.30 P. M., and there I gave my letter to the clerk of the *Corinne* steamer, and hope it will reach you safely to-morrow. At Natchez young Mr. Davis joined us; his father would hardly let him go when he found I had another companion with me, but I told him I would take good care of his son, and that he really ought to go to see the lands and judge about them for himself, so he got a berth and proceeds with us and is really quite a pleasant fellow, with more sense than I gave him credit for. Of all things in the world, what do you think I should find on board an Arkansas boat but an admirer of Coleridge and Tennyson—one who knows whole screeds of both by heart, and repeats them, to the shutting of *my* mouth. I was glad to see this

person's admiration of the two poets, but his mode of repeating is about as bad as Brodhead's, and he does not, like him, give himself a chance of hearing the poetry recited better by allowing me to play first fiddle. This philo-Coleridge is a Dr. Lawrie, who practices at Little Rock, but who was educated in, and whose family lives in Washington City. His father is a Scotsman. He himself has lived at Little Rock for several years, and says the society there, though limited, is extremely good, and all the time he has been there he never saw a single fight with bowie knives.

"It has occurred to me since I left home that you should get Mary Brown\* to give you the address in New York of those people to whom Carr or Card referred, and get Maria to go and call at the place, and ask them about his character. It is quite possible that there may be no such people, and if so, it will show that he is not to be trusted ; if there be such people, then Maria with her tact could easily ascertain their real opinion of Carr or Card. I do think it is the silliest thing I ever heard of in my life for a woman come to the years of discretion to go and marry a man about whose previous character she knows absolutely nothing, and regarding whom the accounts she has heard from others, whether true or false, are anything but satisfactory. By his own showing he has at least told one lie, and that was when he said to the other woman he was a married man ; so if it prove not to be a lie, so much the worse for Mary Brown. However, it is just the old song, 'They'd marry the deil an' he'd keep them but bra,' or even promise to do it, and 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' and 'Them that wull to Cupar, maun to Cupar.' Only I think you should offer to write to Maria on the subject, and then if she don't write you, or if the reply be unsatisfactory and Mary still will take him, her blood be on her own head.

"This boat gets on very slowly, and the living is far north of first or even second rate ; however, it prevents one overeating himself, which is one advantage. The only incident since yesterday is that I have lost a button off each boot, which will give me something to do to-morrow in the way of sewing them on. I would give a great deal to know how you and the children are.

\* Mary Brown was a servant who accompanied us from England.

However, you are in God's hands ; may he guide and protect you and me. I intend if I can to send this from Vicksburg. God bless you, my beloved one.

" Ever your own attached

" WM. W.

" P. S.—From all I hear the journeying in Arkansas will be easy enough and safe enough, but you need not tell this to anyone, as one may as well have the credit of going through an arduous undertaking, which most people who have not been there consider it. I fancy I won't have another opportunity of writing till I reach Little Rock. It may be two weeks or more after you receive this before you hear from me again.

" Ever thine own

" WM. W."

Steamer ARKANSAS No. 4, Mississippi River, near Lake Providence,

"Sunday afternoon, 5 P. M., March 23, 1845.

" MY DEAREST HARRIET :

" I wrote to you this morning and sent off my letter at Vicksburg ; that is to say, I left it there with Punchard, Huntington & Co., to be forwarded by the first boat to New Orleans. The captain tells me that after we pass Lake Providence, which is a part of the Mississippi so called, there will be no other opportunity of sending a letter until we reach Little Rock ; that is to say, that it will get to New Orleans as soon from there as from any other place, so that, although I have no news to tell you, I take the opportunity of the stillness occasioned by the boat's stopping to wood just to say that I am quite well, and that we shall pass Princeton (?) if all be well during the night ; it is the next considerable town above Vicksburg, from which it is distant about 80 miles, and about 120 miles below the mouth of the Arkansas River. After sending away my letter this morning I read our regular chapters in Psalms and Acts, and then the Epistle of James, and the 16th and 17th chapters of John, and the 35th of Isaiah, but my mind wandered a good deal. After this I read 'Arnold,' and was much affected by his 85th letter, addressed 'to a person who had once been his landlord, and was ill of a painful disorder, but refused to see the



clergyman of the parish or allow his friends to address him on religious subjects.' This letter is a gem, so full of the love of Christ, humbleness of mind, and godly sincerity. I think you must send to Norman's in Camp Street and buy another copy of 'Arnold's Life,' as my present intention is to make that a present to Mr. Pelton, in the hopes that it may be the means of doing himself good, and of giving him just and right views on the subject of education.

"It has been raining heavily all day, and keeps pretty cold. The river is brimful and running over its banks in many places. The scenery is woefully monotonous and uninteresting, and I believe the Arkansas River scenery is very much of the same description until you get to Little Rock, when the land becomes elevated. We have stoves with fires on in the cabin, and, although it is rather hot with them, it is too cold when the fire is out. I shall be pretty well tired of steamboating by the time I reach Little Rock. I am thankful I have 'Arnold,' and Pelton has also some magazines. I am glad to see there is enough observance of the Sunday on board to prevent anyone playing at cards to-day, although there are so many French Creole passengers. I read over all your three epistles to me with much edification. You preach to my heart better than anyone. I feel that, in spite of all my hardness of heart and worldly-mindedness, I love our blessed Saviour more than I once did, and that, however far my practice falls short, I have from time to time a strong wish to bring every thought in subjection to Christ. I am sure if I could serve him more and the world less, my present happiness would be much greater. Oh! may the Spirit dwell with us and our dear children, and work in us and them, not only to will but also to do of his good pleasure! This will probably reach you about Wednesday or Thursday, by which time I hope to be at Little Rock. I believe this boat will go no higher than Fort Smith, which is on the borders of Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Fort Gibson is thirty miles further, but the captain does not think there will be water enough to go there. I hope the rain will be over before our land journey begins; if not, the roads will be impassable, and we will just have to return in this boat; however, it may be dry enough ten days hence, and we will not be ready for the land traveling until after that.

"Even if you be well, you will not be able to go to church to-day

if it be raining with you as it is here. God bless and watch over you, my precious one, and may he bless and instruct my dear children in the things of everlasting life; may they and we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! I direct this letter as if to myself to prevent its being opened.

“Ever your own attached

“WM. W.”

“BACHELOR’S BEND, MISSISSIPPI,

“Monday, March 24, 1845.

“MY DEAREST HARRIET :

“We are just stopping to wood, and I see a sign with ‘Post Office’ stuck up on the bank of the river, so I give this a chance to reach you, to let you know that I am so much farther on my journey, and that we expect to reach the mouth of the Arkansas River this evening. The weather still continues bleak and cold, but it is not raining at present. We have the Lady Superior or abbess of all the convents in the south of the United States on board. She joined us at Vicksburg and is dressed in a nun’s costume. She is a decent, quiet-looking woman of about forty-five, and looks like a ‘widow indeed.’ As the breakfast is still on the table, I am standing writing this on my bed in my stateroom, as I wrote to you last evening, and have only been sleeping and reading ‘Arnold’ since. I have nothing new to say. I now go to read my Bible. Kiss Helen and Willie and Harriet and Bessie and Charlotte and Johnnie for me. I love and bless them all, and their dear mother above and beyond them all.

“God bless you and the dear children !

“Ever your own attached

“WM. W.”

“NEW ORLEANS, March 24, 1845.

“MY OWN PRECIOUS HUSBAND :

“I have just by mere chance found a note in Charlotte’s room telling me of this opportunity to write to you, and since the letter is to be in the boat before twelve noon, I have not many minutes to lose. I am almost sorry to have *this chance* of writing you till I have better news to tell, but you may rely upon me that I am not *con-*



*cealing* anything from you, but telling you everything good or bad. After you left I could not rally myself at all, but sat in a sort of stupor without being able to weep, but felt a choked and burning sensation at my throat and head ; this lasted some time, to the grief and consternation of my beloved children, as my voice almost entirely forsook me, and was husky and low. A dose of camphor and my temples and hands rubbed with it did me some good, and before I went to bed I wept plentifully and felt relieved. Charlotte soothed me and remonstrated with me like an old experienced Christian, quoting promise after promise from the Bible to comfort me, and, though I could not speak, I felt grateful to God who had taught her by the Holy Spirit to feel and understand these precious truths. It was not that I gave way to my feelings, but that *I did not* give way, that caused *this attack*. I am sure my feelings were too strong to be pent up, for never, never did I feel as I have felt this time in parting with you. Your precious letter has been read as a textbook daily, and for *your* sake I have kept in better spirits, trying not to think of evils which may never come. When dear John Walter came home at night, he put by his books at once and began to rub my head, which he did very nicely ; then he sat down and of his own accord read me two or three of the most comforting chapters in the Bible, while his voice trembled with emotion, and the tears coursed each other down his cheeks. On Friday I was better, and Helen Nicholson wrote me a note asking me to go and hear Dr. Hawks with her. I thought it would do me good, and went and heard a most excellent sermon. On coming home I found Harriet and Powell not so well, which continuing I sent for Dr. Rushton on Saturday ; he came and, seeing Harriet, said there is an irregular action of the liver, and has commenced giving her 'hydra creta,' or whatever it is, but as yet it has done her no good, for she has not been nearly so well—very sick with a headache and pain in her stomach. Powell's blister has done her no good ; it drew well, but she is more feverish, and the palpitation is no better ; the rheumatism, however, seems removed. To-day she is to be taken to the children's room downstairs, so that *your* being away has done *some* good, as it keeps the nursery more aired for Harriet, and gives her Powell's bed by herself, also gives Powell a quiet room by *herself*. I sleep quite comfortably with Charlotte and little quiet Bessie, having plenty of

room and they are company for me. Willie and Helen are quite well again, and I hear nothing more about the whooping cough, so I hope it was a false report. I did not write to either Anna or Mary on Thursday night, being too ill, but on Friday night I wrote to Anna Winthrop. Sunday was a wet day, but Charlotte, J. W., and I went to church, as it was only showery, and we got there and back again without rain. I had a pretty bad attack yesterday, but to-day am better and my spiritual comforts abound. I know that God is with me, that he is my Father in Christ Jesus, and no good thing will be withheld from me.

"Dr. Rushton says that he does not apprehend any immediate danger from Powell's complaint, but that she will likely never get rid of it, and that it might prove fatal very suddenly, as all complaints of the heart are dangerous. But I dare not wait to write more, lest this should be too late. Oh! my soul's dearest, pray for me, and do not add to *my burdens* by *yourself* giving way to despondency, or exposing your precious self to needless risk. My prayers are for you morning, noon, and night, and in the watches of the night.

"Your own

"H."

"ANTHONY HOUSE HOTEL, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.,

"Friday, March 28, 1845.

"MY BELOVED WIFE :

"I wrote you last a few lines from Bachelor's Bend on the Mississippi, dated Monday, 24th inst., and I only arrived here at noon to-day. The water in the Arkansas River was very low, and the *Arkansas No. 4* stuck for thirty mortal hours on a sand bar, hard aground from Wednesday, 26th inst., about 2 A. M., till Thursday, 27th inst., about breakfast time, and then, although we got off, we had no certainty of being able to reach Little Rock. So Pelton, Davis, and a Mr. Smith of New York, and I got on board a little steamer called the *Lucy Long* about 10 A. M. yesterday and got here safely by her. She was very small, but comfortable and quiet, and we had cleaner and better living on board her than we had in the large boat, which won't be here for several hours yet, if she reach this at all. The sail up the Arkansas River is pretty monotonous, therefore, though rather more interesting than the banks of the

Mississippi, which constitute the most misbegotten, half-made land I ever saw up above Vicksburg. Here the scenery of the Arkansas changes, becomes rocky and hilly, but the water is so low that there is very little chance of even a small steamer going up to Fort Smith, and so our only chance is riding or going in a stagecoach which leaves this on Tuesday next, April 1, and this latter mode of travel we at present intend adopting if the river do not rise sufficiently between now and then. I finished 'Arnold' before I left the *Arkansas No. 4*, and was much affected by the description of his sudden death, and the thought of how much good he had done before he was called away, and how little I had done, although only about nine years his junior.

"The time in the steamer has passed not unpleasantly; that is, there is nothing particularly unpleasant except the swearing, and nothing particularly agreeable except the fine weather. I found one or two on board who seemed to be actuated by religious principles, and my intercourse with all the passengers was quite pleasant, although I found two of them had possession of portions of our land under what are called tax titles, thus adding to the bother and trouble about these Arkansas lands, which I would be well pleased to be rid of for the original cost, without interest. However, there is no use in crying after spilled milk, and all these difficulties which surround us are for our good, no doubt. If our titles were clear to all the lands, I am not sure but that I would be disposed to consider them of more value than when I started, thinking them then as worth little or nothing.

"At this house there is no getting a single room, so Pelton and I are quartered together, and Davis and Smith. These three are out at present surveying the town, which is really rather pretty and of some size and consideration for Arkansas, with a good number of brick houses and several very pretty gardens. The people who dine at the table at the inn are a pretty rough-looking set, but quiet enough. If I could only know that you and my darling children are well, and the two servants going on comfortably, I would enjoy seeing the new country, even although not very interesting. I try to enjoy myself and to put my trust in God concerning you all, and upon the whole have certainly enjoyed myself more than I expected. Both Pelton and Davis are pleasant companions, and so is Smith,

and perhaps the millstone of care about you and the business just serves to keep me sufficiently sober and sedate for the father of six children. Oh, God bless you, dear one ! how very dear you are to me ; and my precious children ! how I love them all and appreciate all their little differences of character ! I am sure never man was so blessed in wife and children as I am, and if our inheritance here promises to be but small, let us thank God that he has given us and our dear little ones an earnest of better inheritance hereafter.

"I caught a bad cold in the head in the steamer, but it has now gone, thanks partly to a tumbler of hot lemonade, administered the night before last by Mr. Pelton after I went to bed. Your dear letter has, as usual, afforded me daily comfort and interest. Dear Harriet, those sad, sad looks of yours at our parting dwell on my heart, and if it please God to spare us to meet, I never will, with my own consent, be separated from you again for so long a time.

"Our agent here is a little old respectable-looking 'manny,' with dark eyes, but little energy. I should say careful and correct enough with what he does, but not bothering himself to ascertain if what he is doing be all on a proper and correct basis. However, what is the use of bothering you with these business matters ? I think even if the steamer go to Fort Smith we will hardly leave this before Monday, 31st inst.; and if we do not, then not before Tuesday, April 1, so I hope to write to you again before I go further. The post leaves this before daybreak to-morrow, and this letter must be in before dark, and I have yet to write to A. & J. D. & Co.

"I can form no idea of the time when I shall reach New Orleans, as the delays in getting along are so many, and the uncertainty as to conveyances so great. However, you may depend upon it that I will return as speedily as I can. May God Almighty watch over you and my dear children and myself, and unite us again in health and strength and happiness. Oh ! may the Holy Spirit dwell with us all, and work in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure for our blessed Saviour's sake ! I shall not hear from you till my return here from Fort Smith.

"Your own attached

"WM. W."

In sailing, or rather steaming, up the Arkansas River on the way to Little Rock from the Mississippi we repeatedly stuck on sand

bars, and I witnessed a very curious mode of getting the steamer off the bar and into the deep water on the upper side. Long and strong poles, one on each side of the bow of the boat, were set upright in the water, with a block and tackle at the top of each. The engine was then started to wind up the fore part of the boat out of the water, and when it was sufficiently raised, the whole force of the steam was set to work the paddles, and the boat was literally *jumped* over the bar into the deeper water beyond.

It was on the Arkansas that I finished Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold of Rugby," which brought the tears into my eyes. In 1846, when I went to Oxford with Tom Sellar to see his brother William, on his promotion to a fellowship of Oriel from Balliol College, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was pointed out to me on the street, in his cap and gown. Long years afterward, in 1878, I think, when I was president of the Board of Education, I welcomed him to the Normal College, and told where I had finished his "Life of Arnold" and the effect it had upon me. Dean Stanley was to sail for England on the afternoon of the day he visited the Normal College with Mayor Wickham and myself, and apropos of that event I opened the college by reading the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, ending with these words: "Sorrowing most of all for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship." Dean Stanley was so much pleased with my selection of the chapter that, after he reached England, he wrote to Dr. Field, requesting him to give me his thanks for his reception at the Normal College, and for my selection of the chapter I had read.

"LITTLE ROCK, March 29, 1845.

"MY BELOVED HARRIET :

"I wrote to you from this place yesterday announcing my safe arrival. The *Arkansas No. 4* arrived about eight in the evening, eight hours after we did, and after having put half her cargo on board our little *Lucy Long*. I had a good wash last evening, and a very decent sleep last night. This is a hot, summerlike day, and very delightful at present (8.30 A. M.), but it will be woefully hot, I fear, by noon. We have some, but slight, hopes that, from the number of passengers offering, the captain of the *Lucy Long* may be



induced to go up to Fort Smith, which would be very desirable, as it would save a long, wearisome stage drive.

"Last evening we visited the penitentiary here, in which are about thirty-eight prisoners, one of whom is the late mayor of this redoubtable city of Little Rock, who is confined for forgery. To-day I have been very busy getting information about our lands, etc., writing to our agent here and to our New Orleans house [A. & J. D. & Co.], so that I have missed taking a fine walk in the environs with my three comrades; however, they propose taking another stroll this afternoon, and as I have now got my business for the day about done, I intend to accompany them.

"I have not yet written to Mr. De Peyster, because, in the first place, I have had no time, and, in the second, I wish to date my letter from the remotest point of my journey. I find the people all very civil, and I have been promoted to the highest seat at table to-day. The staple dishes are wild turkeys and venison, the former immense birds and remarkably good; they sell by retail at fifty cents each, and are in great abundance. The keeper of the hotel told us last night that, for some time past, as many as twenty per day have been offered to him for sale. The *Lucy Long* is advertised to go to Fort Smith to-morrow (Sunday), but it is doubtful if she will go before Monday, and equally doubtful if she will go at all. I will not finish this till evening or to-morrow morning. Meanwhile may God Almighty bless you and my dear children.

"Sunday, March 30. I lay about an hour awake this morning before I got up, thinking of and praying for my precious wife and dear children, and repeating hymns to myself, and felt 'that peace which passeth all understanding.' It is curious that my poor little wayward Harriet has been very fresh in my remembrance to-day; may God bless her and make her one of his own dear children, and as she grows in years may she grow in grace and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And my dear little quiet Bessie has been present to my mind, and sweet Charlotte, and I have been talking of my great, big, manly John Walter, and I don't forget my darling Willie and his large nostrils, nor little dainty Miss Helen, who certainly is the smallest piece of humanity, for nineteen months, I ever saw.

"I had a pleasant talk with Davis to-day, telling him of my first

meeting with you, etc., etc., in all of which he appeared to be interested, and I know *I* was; this was on board the *Arkansas No. 4*, where we went and sat in the ladies' cabin for an hour before church, as being the pleasantest place we could go to, and the quietest. She goes to New Orleans this evening, but I send this by mail, as, owing to the low state of the river, this will reach New Orleans before she does, although it does not leave this till Tuesday.

"We all four went to the Episcopal church. I went there partly out of respect to Dr. Arnold and partly because the other three were Episcopalians. We had a fair enough sermon, and the singing was good, and I saw three young ladies, one young man, and a fine chubby infant baptized. I have some intention of going to the Methodist church this evening if the weather keep good, but it threatens rain, which, if it comes, will do us good by raising the river. The *Lucy Long* will not go before this evening, and more probably not until to-morrow morning, but she is now apparently certain to go, which is satisfactory. Last afternoon I took a stroll and saw the arsenal, and Mr. Albert Pike, the poet's, house, a good, substantial, two-story, double brick house surrounded by a pretty garden. He came here a poor boy, literally without a cent, and is now the first lawyer in the State, and a remarkably fine-looking, handsome man besides. I had a letter to him, but he is not here. I met him, however, at the mouth of the Arkansas River. By the way, do you know that at this present writing I am actually 946 miles from New Orleans?

"Davis' mother is a Spaniard—that is to say, her father was. He was Governor Vidal of Louisiana when that province belonged to the Spaniards, and Davis has several relatives among the grandees of Spain. I find him an amiable, gentlemanly young man, very well disposed, but deficient in energy.

"I find that human nature in Arkansas, stripped of the husk of custom, is ludicrously like human nature anywhere else, and neither better nor worse. The landlord here gave a splendid supper last night, with lots of champagne and fresh oysters from New Orleans brought up in tin cans hermetically fastened and then packed in ice. The other three went to it, but I went to bed about nine o'clock, and knew nothing of it till this morning. Pelton tells me that the supper was beautifully laid out, and went off very quietly. I wish I

had seen it, so as to testify against Featherstonhaugh's lies about Arkansas.

"5 P. M. After dinner we took a walk to a very pretty garden kept by some German on the outskirts of Little Rock, and I am now going to put this in the post office, as it is possible the *Lucy Long* may start this evening for Fort Smith when the moon rises. If not, then she will go to-morrow morning; so if you don't hear from me to-morrow, you may conclude that I have gone, and will not be back here under a week or ten days, and it will be at least that time before you hear from me again.

"I saw to-day at a Dr. Sprague's a great many curious minerals found in Arkansas, and also a petrified horse's hoof, and various curious vases, the manufacture of the ancient Indians. I have also seen two drunken Choctaw Indians on the street to-day.

"May God forever watch over you and my dear children.

"Ever your own attached "WM. W."

"LITTLE ROCK, Monday, March 31, 1845.

"MY DEAREST H.:

"This is a wet, muggy morning, and I am just going to start for Fort Smith, and now stand by my bedside writing these few lines before the porter comes for my baggage. The wet, although disagreeable, will raise the river and give us a better passage, and if any boat can go up, the *Lucy Long* will, as she draws so little water.

"We went to the Methodist church last night, and heard really a good simple sermon on the text: 'I must work while it is day,' etc., but its effect was much spoiled by the dreadfully loud, quick voice of the preacher. The first hymn was 'The Star of Bethlehem,' sung to a nice tune, but roared out most terribly loud by the clerk, but it put me in mind of poor Charlotte and home, and I sung it from the heart. I wrote to you yesterday under cover to A. & J. Dennistoun & Co., but as I direct this to the St. Louis, you may get it first. God forever bless and watch over you, my precious wife, and may he also bless my dear children, and unite all of us in health and happiness once again. In haste,

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

In a notebook which I kept during my Arkansas trip I find the following under date of April 2, 1845:



"Passed at 6.30 last evening a rock or hill, rising abruptly from the side of the river, covered to the top with trees, and called the Dardanelles; it is in shape something like Dumbarton Rock, but only about half the height. The Magazine Mountain, lying behind it, looks not unlike the range of Dumbarton hills which terminate in the hill above Dumbarton Castle; I forget its name.

"We have struck a snag and broken twenty timbers, and are now aground on the trunk of a tree, and it looks quite hopelessly so. It is now nearly 4 P. M. and we have been aground since 7 A. M. There is now some prospect of getting off, but we have had a weary day of it; to pass the time I wrote the following:

"While aground upon a snag in the far Arkansas River,  
Where the cottonwood grows on the bank, and the redbud blossoms quiver,  
I think of wife and children a thousand miles away,  
And for every blessing on them full fervently I pray.  
Oh! may my blessed Harriet be spared in strength and health.  
May my children grow in wisdom, which is better far than wealth.  
When this long journey's ended, may our partings be no more,  
And may God be pleased to bless us in our basket and our store.

"Got under way about 4 P. M.; stopped to wood at Piney Creek, just on the borders of Pope and Johnson counties; land high on both sides of the river and covered with pines, indicative of poor soil."

"NEW ORLEANS, April 2, 1845.

"MY OWN LOVED WILL:

"Where are you now? Is your spirit sympathizing and sorrowing with mine? My last letter (your fourth) was received on Monday (this is Wednesday), dated Bachelor's Bend, Monday, March 24. These have been the weariest and longest two weeks I ever spent in my life. I have not only counted the days but the *hours* since you left, and sometimes I feel as if I must write urging you to come home, and no matter for the business. Poor Powell has been gradually getting worse since you left. In my last letter I said she had been worse, but was better. I did not say *how much worse*, but she was very near death, and my feelings have been harrowed up and excited to the utmost. She is now again better, but still dangerously ill; last night she thought herself would be her last. The daylight revives her, and this evening she is calmer, and I hope

may have a better night. On Sunday she was bled in the arm till she was almost gone ; this relieved her for a few hours. Last night she had mustard blisters over both ankles to the calves of the legs, after bathing the feet with mustard and hot water ; this, I think, excited her and made her worse,—and I told the doctor so,—which excited me and made me worse, for I think his treatment of her has been by far too severe ; and not only this, but I think he has been the cause (under God) of all this illness by experimenting upon her, for she was recovering from the rheumatism, and her heart was no worse than it had been for years, when he asked her if she had not an affection of the heart and recommended blistering ; the excitement of the blister caused such violent palpitation that other remedies were necessary, and so she has gone from bad to worse. I have already paid over five dollars for medicines, and he wants to have her leeches and cupped ; the expense of these is enormous, and his visits, I am told, are too exorbitantly charged for anything. Helen Nicholson says he charged them for a servant who was ill two months three hundred dollars, and one of the head waiters here told Mary that he was valet to a gentleman who was ill three weeks, and Rushton attended him ; his bill was five hundred dollars. I am anxious for your advice what to do. Now, such a charge as this the concern *will not pay*, and we *cannot* without much inconvenience. Mylne has just been here, and says all this is quite true of Rushton, and that for three weeks' visits to him he charged five hundred dollars. Poor Powell to-day told me she could never be sufficiently grateful to us, for had she been with an irreligious family she might have been turned out to die alone. Now she is in a peculiar sense our brother. 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' or from Liverpool to New Orleans, and fell among thieves. The Samaritan took him to an inn, set him on his own beast, and poured in oil and wine, or medicine, paid for him at the inn, and was commended by our Lord. We are to love our neighbor as ourselves. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver ; the stranger we are to take in, and the sick we are to visit ; the thirsty to give drink, the hungry to give meat ; and all these sayings of our Lord we hear, and he that heareth these sayings and doeth them not, shall be like unto the man that built his house upon the sand.

“ Mary behaved very ill in trying to put all the work upon me, and

looking very sulky and ill-tempered if she were asked to assist in any way. This continued not only to my great increase of fatigue, but it depressed my spirits, until Sunday night she went to church and I had to run from Powell to the baby all the time till I was half dead. About ten she came home, and, finding me sitting by the baby, said she was very ill and had fainted in church. I took no notice then, for I thought she couldn't be very ill if she could walk the streets till ten o'clock ; she had previously been refusing to go up and down stairs with the children, saying : ' My back aches and I shall be ill next.' This annoyed me, for I thought she only did it to get rid of the extra work. Well, on Monday at worship she deliberately rises up, walks into the room where Powell was lying, and, sitting herself down by the bedside, begins to bellow aloud with a regular hysteric fit. I arose, and with as much composure as I could command ordered her out of the room. I soon followed and told her pretty plainly what I thought of her conduct. This, as usual with Mary Brown, produced a good effect, and she has since done her duty cheerfully. I will leave this open to tell you how Powell is to-morrow. God bless you, my beloved husband.

" Thursday, April 3, 1845. Last night I got one of the chambermaids to sleep on the floor in Powell's room. This relieved my mind very much, and seemed to have a beneficial effect upon Powell ; she was calmer and had a peaceful, though sleepless, night. I told the chambermaid I would pay her something for sleeping with her. At one time I thought of going up to sleep with Helen in the nursery, and letting Mary Brown sleep with Powell ; at another of sleeping with her myself ; but in both cases I knew I should go without sleep, and perhaps lay myself up for *day* work ; and I thought of *you* and my precious children, and that my *duty* did not lie in *that* direction, but to do what I could without overtaxing my strength. Did I do rightly ?

" God has been with me, my precious William, in this hour of affliction ; and, though convincing me of sin, so that I have been constrained to lay my hand upon my mouth, and bow in the dust, and to cry out : ' Unclean, unclean ! ' yet leading me to the Saviour, and truly a very present help in time of trouble. When my heart has failed within me, and I have longed for *your* breast to lean on, and to weep out my very soul, I have turned to the Saviour, and

felt I had a sympathizing friend *there*, who would listen to my griefs and had power to relieve them, or grant me the strength of an ox to bear them. Poor Powell, too, has been comforted and strengthened, and God has enabled me, *too*, to be *her* helper. To-day she seems altogether better. Harriet is nearly well, and all the rest quite well. My complaint is no worse. J. Walter is learning shorthand and attending, for one dollar, a course of lectures on chemistry and geology, which he finds very interesting. May the God of heaven protect and bless you, my beloved husband.

"Thine own

"H. W."

"1246 miles from New Orleans, Fort Smith, borders of Choctaw Territory and the United States.

"Friday, April 4, 1845.

"MY BLESSED HARRIET :

"I wrote last to you a few lines from Little Rock, dated Monday, March 31. We did not get away from Little Rock that day until noon, although we were to have started at 9 A. M. Owing to the low state of the river, and the great quantity of snags, we were obliged to lie-to every night, and on Wednesday, 2d inst., we got aground upon a snag, and lay there immovable for ten mortal hours, and we only arrived here this afternoon at five o'clock. The scenery on the river above Little Rock is much more interesting than that below it, and in some places it really is magnificent—cliffs rising perpendicularly from the river, three to five hundred feet high, crowned with trees, and the river turning and winding among the rocks, and then opening into a long reach like a canal, bordered with trees, and apparently blocked up with mountains at the farther end, beyond which, in the evening, the sun would set gorgeously. Some of the cliffs are finer than anything on the Hudson.

"There are fine barracks building here for the United States troops, and there is a prettily situated town of about eight hundred or one thousand inhabitants. We saw a great number of Indians this evening—men, women, and papooses, most of the men under the influence of 'fire water.' At one end of the town is a large post, which marks the boundary of the United States and the beginning of the Choctaw Territory. We all walked across the line, and a short way into the Territory, so that I have to-day been actually to

the west of the United States, and beyond the State of Arkansas. If the water had not been so low, the steamer would have proceeded to Fort Gibson, seventy or eighty miles further up in the Cherokee Territory, but, as it is, we begin our return voyage to Little Rock to-morrow, which I am right glad of, as I feel very anxious to be progressing homeward.

"About five or six miles below this is the thriving town of Van Buren, containing eight hundred inhabitants, and near it and Fort Smith are large bodies of our lands. I find that our lands in this vicinity are good and valuable, but what is wanted is a *trustworthy* agent, on the spot, to dispose of them, and that, I fear, is what we are not soon to find. There is a hill some five hundred feet high just above Van Buren, which Pelton, Davis, and I ascended to-day, and had a most extensive and magnificent view from it. We saw mountains distinctly, said to be eighty miles off, and looked over our lands, and we also saw a large prairie, like a great park without trees upon it. All the rest of the country is thickly wooded, and too much wood renders a country nearly as monotonous as too little, but the scenery to-day was varied by mountains all around the horizon, and the river winding at our feet. It will be a glorious country some 150 years after this, when it is well cleared and thickly peopled. There is a Mr. Stanley, an artist, at Van Buren, who has been sketching Indians and scenery in this State; we saw some of his pictures; two landscapes were beautiful, and I fancy he intends to take his pictures to Europe, so that the Arkansas scenery may yet become known to fame. The weather has been extremely hot to-day.

"I do long to see you and the children again. I prayed for you and them individually in the Choctaw Territory this afternoon, which is the farthest west that prayers have ascended to the Throne of Grace for you and them.

"Davis, Pelton, and I are staying on board the steamer to-night, as it is needless changing our beds for a night, although it is not specially comfortable here. They have gone to the inn to see a Captain Alexander of the United States Army, a fellow-passenger who leaves us here to find his way to Fort Towson on the Red River, and if I had no wife or children, I would have liked nothing better than to have gone with him, as his road lies for 160 miles

through the Indian Territory, and he will need to sleep at the Indian villages. I declined the invitation to the inn, as I wanted to write to you, and Mr. De Peyster, if I can manage it, and probably begin letters to Mary, Anna, and John Dennistoun, as I dare say they would like to have a letter from this place. I am quite well in health, but pretty well tired of steamboat traveling, and very anxious about you, my precious one, and the dear children. I hope poor Powell is better.

"Unless we can progress faster than we have hitherto done, I see little chance of getting home before May 1. I intend to put this into the post office at Van Buren as we pass down to-morrow, although I am not sure that this will reach you any sooner than my next letter, which I hope to be from Little Rock, but when I reach it depends on our luck on not getting aground in going down. The stage for Washington starts from Little Rock only three times a week, and if we arrive there late the night before the stage starts, it is possible I may not be able to write to you from Little Rock, but I shall try and do so, and I trust in God the letter I get there from you may bring me good news of you and my dear children. By the way, I saw a child here to-night nine months old, a boy, whose arms were as thick as mine, and his thighs as thick as mine. He was a perfect monster, but apparently quite healthy. God bless and watch over you, my beloved one. Kiss Johnnie and Charlotte, Bessie and Harriet, Willie and Helen, for me, two by two, in couples, and give Johnnie a good smack.

"Ever your own attached

"WM. W."



### CHAPTER III.

#### RETURN FROM FORT SMITH, TO NEW ORLEANS AND JOURNEY UP THE RED RIVER.

"APRIL 5, 1845, 3.15 P. M. We have just got under way from Fort Smith on our return down the river. I intend to put this into the post office at Van Buren. I am glad to say that at Fort Smith I obtained a rather satisfactory report on the value of our lands up in this section of the country, and if the report be true, the Arkansas lands may not, after all, prove such a bad spec. We all dined and breakfasted at the hotel here, and rejoiced in fresh butter and good milk after our privation of both. Fort Smith is really a pretty place. We walked out to the camp of the United States troops, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the town, and were introduced by Captain Alexander to two of the officers, who were very polite, gentlemanly fellows. Captain Alexander made each of us a present of a Bois d'Aie walking stick, the growth of Arkansas. We have a good many passengers, and expect a good many more to come in at Van Buren, and I am rather apprehensive we may be doubled in our staterooms, which will be a bore.

"God bless and watch over you, my beloved one. May both of us and our dear children grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Ever your own attached husband,

"WM. W."

In going up the Arkansas on April 2 I saw a large flock of green *paroquets*, and at Morrison's Bluff we got three large drumfish and a catfish like nothing I ever saw before. It has no scales, and has long spines like a cat's whiskers all round its mouth, only they are soft and flexible.

At Van Buren, on our way up the river, in the studio of a Mr. Stanley, I saw paintings of some pretty scenes in the south of Arkan-

sas, and also saw in his studio the scalp of an Indian, quite fresh, with long, black hair. The flesh was semi-transparent and about one-quarter of an inch thick.

We went ashore on April 3 when ascending the river, and visited a settler's log hut. There was only one room with a mud floor. The stars were visible through the crevices of the sides, which were entirely composed of logs and the interstices filled with clay. Two beds only, one for the husband and wife and the other for the children. They killed a rattlesnake near their hut last summer  $6\frac{1}{4}$  feet long. Last evening they killed a magnificent otter, for the skin of which a man on board the *Lucy Long* gave two dollars, and expects to sell it for seven dollars in Philadelphia.

“NEW ORLEANS, Friday, April 4, 1845.

“MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND :

“Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!’ Such, dear Will, is the language of my heart to-day, and I hope and trust you will open and read this letter *first*, before the one of Tuesday night, as it will spare you great anxiety. Poor Powell, as I told you on Wednesday morning, was a little better, and I attributed it then to the chambermaid sleeping beside her, but Dr. Rushton called and said if she were too much excited by leeches that she had better try again mustard plasters to the ankles and the wrists, and perhaps if there were rheumatism flying about the body, as there was undoubtedly about the heart, it would help to draw it down and fix it in her joints. He also altered the medicines. These medicines, under God, have succeeded. She soon fell into a profuse perspiration, then into a sleep, and to-day she seems an altered creature, full of gratitude to God and to me. She is very, very feeble, but perspires freely, indeed, is absolutely drenched with it, and feels rheumatic pains in her knees and fingers while the heart is comparatively at rest. Oh, my darling! what an anxious time I have had, and what a severe turn poor Powell has had; the beating of her heart through her clothes and the vibrating of her very cap strings was most distressing to witness; the fixedness of her large black eyes, the short, quick cough, incessantly going, and the feeling of suffocation she endured. The doctor says she is to continue the medicine and the blisters, which are put on from time to time



through the day, and that a few days will make a great difference on her for the better. Her uncle was here, poor old man, much affected, but I could not let him see her.

"Well, darling, now that my pen has, as fast as my hand could guide it, told you the *good* news, let me thank you and thank God for your fifth precious letter from Little Rock, received last night. After reading, though grieved to hear that you had such a trial of patience to endure, yet how rejoiced I felt to hear of your safety, and that you had nothing *worse* to tell me, and that your cold had soon passed off. I have felt inclined to weep and pray and sing and dance all through to-day, and I bless God that my letter of bad news has been detained to go along with this. Fervently do I re-echo your prayer that you may never again leave me for such a length of time.

"Our dear children continue well, and poor Mary Brown is in great distress. She had told me she was to be married on May 1, as Carr would wait no longer. This, as you may judge, added to my distress, for if Mrs. Slidell's servant could come to me on June 1, I knew that would be the very soonest—as Mrs. S. does not go herself North till the end of June, and could not spare her so long before. Well, some man—an elderly and respectable man—called here and asked to see Mary. She did not see him, but he said to the office men downstairs that Carr *was a married man*, with two children in New York, and that he knew him for a long time, and wished to tell Mary so. She called upon him the next day at the St. Charles Hotel, where he is night watchman, and he then denied that he *knew positively* that Carr had a wife, but some woman he knew, he had supposed to be his wife, and that Carr had said he was married. To-night she intends to confront the two, and if all doubts be not quite cleared away to discard him.

"The man has just come in to set the table, and the gong sounds for three, and as this must be at the office by half past, I must not write more. Murray T. has just called to tell me of this opportunity. The servant would not come to sleep with Powell last night, and she had a good night without her, so I have saved my money as well as got an additional proof of Powell's improved state. God bless you, my own precious Will.

"Thine own

"H."

“ Steamer LUCY LONG, aground about two miles below Lewisburg, in the Arkansas River,

“ Thursday, April 10, 1845.

“ MY BELOVED WIFE :

“ Here we are stuck about sixty miles above Little Rock, instead of having reached that place, as we ought to have done, two days ago. We are now lying on a sand bar, where we got aground this morning, close beside the wreck of the *Arkansas No. 3*, which got snagged here last May. We have been aground for hours, I don't know how often on our way down, and have twice carried away large portions of our paddle-wheels, which it took us several hours to repair. The water is unprecedentedly low and the snags unprecedentedly numerous, but we had hoped we were clear of all obstructions when we made fast for the night last evening, and that we should have reached Little Rock to-night. However, here we are pretty hopelessly hard and fast, and when we shall reach Little Rock I don't know. I have been most impatient to get home many times, and have just had to be patient and begin again, as we can't help ourselves ; but I have been detained so long on this part of my tour, that unless I can get to Ecore Fabre, or Camden, as it is now called, on the Washita River direct from Little Rock, I will just come home by the nearest way—that is, the way I came, for I am most anxious to see you all, and it is no fault of mine that I have been so long detained on this portion of my journey. However, if we can get direct from Little Rock to Camden, and should be fortunate enough to get a steamer on our arrival at the latter place ready to start for New Orleans, I should reach home that way as soon as any, and see the south of the State, where much of our land lies over and above. Pelton and Davis got desperately homesick a week ago, and were determined to return straight home from Little Rock. However, I talked them both over not to part company. Indeed, each said he would stick by me if the other left, and at that time I was determined to go on if they both left, and told them so, and that, although of course I should prefer much to have them, yet I did not wish to keep them if they desired much to go ; but I said I knew neither of them was so anxious to get home as I was, but yet I was not going to return without carrying out my original intention of seeing the

south of Arkansas. Since then, however, our detentions have been so numerous, and so much time lost, that, unless we can charter a conveyance to take us direct to Camden from Little Rock, instead of going round by Washington, Hempstead County, I shall be obliged to give in, and shall not at all regret that in these various delays I have a decent excuse for doing so. It is three weeks this blessed day since I left you and all my dear ones, and supposing even I were at Little Rock, I could not get home in less than a week or ten days.

"However, there is no use in fretting, here we are, and here we must stay, until we can work off or over the bar. The day is boiling hot, which is a contrast to the weather we have lately had, when fires morning and evening have been quite agreeable. I have noted all the little incidents of our voyage in my journal, and hope God in his mercy will spare us to meet and laugh over my difficulties together. The night before last I saw a fish-hawk fly over the steamer with a good-sized fish in its talons, and I have seen many tortoises swimming in the river and lying on logs by its side. I also saw a flock of green paroquets on my way up, which ornithological, ichthyological, and zoölogical facts may interest John Walter, and he will tell you what Greek words these three jaw-breakers are derived from.

"I have thought much of you and my dear children, and have had you all dead and buried repeatedly, but this is unbelief in God's mercy, and I am sure no one has more reason than I to say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.'

"The life on board a steamer is pretty like being at sea, except that there is no swell, and rather more variety, but not much more than sailing through the West India Islands and by Florida, as we did. There are, besides our own party, several pleasant and gentlemanly men on board. Among these is Major Hunter of the United States Army, who, if we go by Camden, will perhaps join our party; Colonel George C. Washington, a grand-nephew both by his father's and mother's side of the 'Father of his Country,' whose seal he has and of which I have got some impressions. He is a man of about forty, with hair very like mine, and said his great relative had also light hair (say red or amber). He is a good deal like the pictures

of Washington, and will be liker as he gets older. It is curious that his seal was lost when he was out hunting, and could not be found for twenty years, when it was dug up on his own estate by one of his own negroes, and, what is a remarkable coincidence, a gentleman of the name of Johnson on board has an old-fashioned silver seal with the initials 'G. W.,' which was picked up by a Colonel Logan on the field of Braddock's defeat (where George Washington took command after Braddock's death), some ten years ago. Colonel Washington says he has not the least doubt that it is a seal lost by Washington on the field of battle. There is an old, white-headed gentleman, a Colonel Armistead, on board ; he and Washington are commissioners from the United States to the Indians, and have been up among the Cherokees for three months. We have three Cherokee Indians on board on their way to Washington. One of them, 'Van,' is a very good-looking, pleasant old gentleman ; he is a chief, although about three-quarters white. It is so hot I will stop for the present. God bless you, my dearest one.

"LITTLE ROCK, April 11, 1845.

"I only arrived here this afternoon, having broken our paddle twice on snags and rocks, and got aground times without number. I got your dear letter of March 24, and was grieved to learn of your bad spirits, and of Powell's continued illness, and poor wee Harriet's illness. I found that it would take me at least five days to reach Ecure Fabre or Camden, and that at this late period of the season I might be detained there ten days or a fortnight waiting for a steamer, and both Pelton and Davis were most anxious to get home, and so was I, and your letter made me doubly so, and I have duties to my wife and children, as well as to my partners, and so I have determined to set off homeward to-morrow, going by stage from this to Rock Row, and from thence, per steamer down the White River, to a place called Montgomery's Point, on the Mississippi. This will both vary our route and probably bring us twelve hours sooner to the Mississippi, than by continuing on board the *Lucy Long*, of which we are heartily tired. Colonel Washington goes with us. I think I shall stop a day at Natchez, to see Mr. Davis, Sr., and our lawyers there, and I may probably go with Mr. Mylne to Alexandria on Red River, for a week at the end of this month ; but this will depend

upon how you and the children are. God bless and watch over you and them, and unite us all again in health of body and mind.

"Ever your attached husband,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

"Steamer INDEPENDENCE, Mississippi River.

"Monday, April 14, 1845.

"MY BELOVED HARRIET :

"I wrote to you last from Little Rock on my way back from Fort Smith, but it is a great chance if you get that letter before you receive this, so I may shortly say that I found from the long detention we had suffered in the upper Arkansas, and the lateness of the season, that if I came home by the Washita, I might be three weeks or more in reaching New Orleans, so I determined to return the nearest way home, which was across the country by way of White River. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, April 12, your thirty-fifth birthday, we started before 6 o'clock, A. M., in a stage, and for a place called Rock Row or Rockroe, about sixty-three miles nearly due east from Little Rock. I sat on the box with the driver, in order to see the country. The first fifteen miles lay through the forest and over a pretty rough road, but after that we got upon a magnificent prairie, which is ninety-seven miles long, by forty-six broad. We drove right across it. It is not entirely destitute of trees, but is dotted with clumps of them here and there, as if they had been planted on purpose to improve the scenery. There are sometimes eight or nine miles without any trees, but always in this prairie the horizon is bordered by the forest. There are many flowers of brilliant colors, and the grass at this season is as green as emerald. We saw flocks of prairie hens, partridges, and plovers, and several deer. I was delighted with the drive ; we had excellent horses all the way, and changed every ten miles.

"We breakfasted at eight o'clock in a log-cabin, which was very clean and tidy, and we had fresh milk and butter, eggs, venison, flour and corn bread, etc., with coffee. We dined at twelve, in another log-cabin in the middle of the prairie, and had just the breakfast repeated, including coffee. We arrived at Rockroe on the White River, about 5 P. M. ; this is a large farmhouse and hotel built of logs belonging to the stage-owner, a Mr. Lemon,



who I found out was a Glasgow man, although he had left that renowned city when he was seven weeks old. There was a number of passengers at Rockroe from New Orleans, waiting to go on by the next day's stage to Little Rock. So after washing our faces and hands in a tin basin, which stood at the door, and wiping ditto on a jack-towel hung over a roller, we went down to the steamer, about a quarter of a mile's walk, through a pine forest. She was a good deal superior to the *Lucy Long*, although also a small boat. We each got a stateroom, and were delighted to find the White River fine and deep, and we ran the 140 miles to Montgomery's Point, at its entrance into the Mississippi, very comfortably. Montgomery's Point is one of the most cut-throat places on the Mississippi, but it was perfectly quiet when I saw it.

"I here put into the post office letters which I had written to Mary, Anna, and John Dennistoun, to go by the steamer of May 1. They will go across the Alleghanies to New York, instead of going to New Orleans. We only remained an hour at Montgomery's Point, when the *Chicago* steamer took us on to Napoleon at the mouth of the Arkansas. Here we got out to wait for a steamer to take us to New Orleans, and shortly the *Mazeppa* hove in sight, but although the bell at the wharf-boat was rung for her to stop, she 'passed us by on the other side;' she was deeply loaded with cotton. However, there was some alleviation to our feelings at being left. I forgot to say Colonel Washington joined us on our trip by White River, and a very pleasant, gentlemanly man he is; really a gentleman like his great relative, and also very like my father. Well, after reading all the newspapers at the post office at Napoleon, and being pretty well tired waiting for four or five hours, another steamer hove in sight, which proved to be the *Independence* from St. Louis. We got on board and found her to be a fine, large handsome boat, and as there were no ladies on board, we each got a stateroom in the ladies' cabin. We are now about half-way between Princeton and Vicksburg, and I expect to reach Natchez late to-night, or early to-morrow morning. I intend to remain there a day to see Mr. Davis, Sr., about the lands, and also to see our lawyers. It will depend upon when I can get a steamer at Natchez, at what time I will reach New Orleans, but I should think some time on Thursday or Friday, when I trust in God I may

find you and all my dear ones well. I have been longer hearing from you than I ever was in my life before ; even longer than when I was at Trieste. I think if we are all spared in good health to return up the Mississippi, and have a good boat and deep water, we shall quite enjoy the trip. Even a voyage to Liverpool, with you and the dear children beside me, has now no disgust for me. God bless you, my beloved one ! Give my kindest love to J. Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, Harriet, and Willie. Kiss little Miss Helen for me.

“ Ever your own attached husband,

“ WM. W.

“ P. S.—Since writing the foregoing we have passed Vicksburg, where I have ascertained that the steamer *Luda* leaves Natchez for New Orleans on Wednesday evening, so that if I do not get an opportunity before her I intend coming down per *Luda*, which ought to put me in New Orleans in the course of Friday. Again, God bless you.

“ Ever your own,

“ WM. W.”

#### NOTES FROM MY DIARY.

“ Tuesday, April 15, 1845. I landed at Natchez on my way from Arkansas to New Orleans, a little before 4 A. M., pitch dark. Ben, the black porter, was sleeping at the wharf-boat, and carried up Davis’ baggage and mine, and also Mr. Roberts’ ; he is the agent for the U. S. Bank at Natchez, and joined us at Vicksburg. He had with him a negro man and woman and their two little children ; they looked very melancholy. I fancy he had got them in payment of some debt, and was taking them to Natchez for sale.

“ Went to bed and rose again at seven. After breakfast went to Ferriday’s. They advised me to *sell* the warehouse to Fisk instead of leasing it, as he is so changeable he may give up business in a year. I also saw Chaplain, one of our lawyers, who told me they had got Payne to give a confession of judgment for the \$38,000, which is satisfactory, and Eustis, the partner of Chaplain, thinks we may certainly count on his paying \$20,000 out of next crop, as the Supreme Court has confirmed the judgment of the Inferior Courts against the banks, thereby relieving Payne from any immediate pressure in that quarter ; and also, now that he has confessed judgment, if he do not keep his engagements he knows we can sell him up. Eustis and Chaplain

think that, unless within a week the Board of the Planters' Bank authorize Mandeville to make our account good, we had better write for a copy of the whole account to England. I told Eustis and Chaplain that if Fisk would give \$7750 for the warehouse I would take it; he would not, however, give more than \$7500, and not that until he had consulted his family.

"I had a long talk with Mr. Davis, Sen., about our lands; gave him a report of our journey, etc.; he told me that a Judge Liddle of Williams County, Mississippi, where he has a plantation, has just been over in Union County, Arkansas, where he also has some land, and is so delighted with the fertility of the soil, the healthiness of the place, and the fine clear streams of water, that he is moving his negroes there to begin a plantation. He has been on the Gwin and Davis lands and reports them the best selections in the district, says they are a fortune and worth \$15 an acre. Mr. Davis is quite 'vogie' about them, and says he would not sell for less than \$10, and that he is sure Wolfe (of New York) will be ill pleased at the sales made of his at \$3. I spoke to him of Kinney, and also about Forshey as land agents. Kinney I think honest, but he does not look very efficient. Forshey, Davis says, is poor and ambitious, but hardly to be trusted, although he would rather trust him than any one he has seen; but he has been so cheated by land agents that he is not willing to trust any of them, but he says his interests in the South are so large that he is very desirous his son-in-law, Dr. Paige, should come and settle in the South instead of practicing as a physician in Philadelphia, and he thinks he would make a good agent for selling our lands; that the land agency alone would not be a sufficient inducement for Dr. Paige to leave his business, but Mr. Davis could hold out others which he thinks would be sufficient. Davis represents Paige as highly honorable and trustworthy, firm and sensible; he was born and bred in Virginia, in the country, and would soon know all about the land; has many relations among the leading families of Virginia, some of whom he could probably induce to emigrate to Arkansas, and, at any rate, he would go back to Arkansas in the fall and remain there to receive immigrants and show the lands during the season. Davis added, 'Don't take my word about Paige, ask Mr. Mylne about him, and then, when I go to Philadelphia in July, come there and see him yourself, and if you are not



satisfied that he will be an efficient and good agent in every way don't take him.' Davis added that hitherto he had been disgusted with these lands, but that he now saw they were getting valuable and that the time was approaching when we should be prepared with a good agent for selling. He says the lands in Union County alone will pay for the cost of the whole. He also thinks we should get Gwin to abandon his interest now, in case there should be a profit realized. I don't think there is much chance of a profit on cost with eight per cent. interest and charges.

"I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and after dinner was introduced to Mrs. Robert Cochrane, a nice respectable old Scottish lady, with a delightful accent. Before dinner I rode with young Davis to G. W. Turner's place, near Natchez, a fine house, well furnished. G. W. Turner is as *thin* as his brother Henry is *fat*, and, if possible, more silent ; but he is more gentlemanly.

"The country about Natchez is really perfectly lovely at this season and quite odoriferous with the smell of roses, catalpas, pride of India, etc. The land is very undulating and covered with green-sward, and splendid trees, and more roses than I ever saw before. A small double rose, called 'multiflora,' about many of the residences, is turned spirally up the trunks of the huge forest trees and the effect is 'beautiful exceedingly.'

"After dinner we mounted our horses again and rode to Dr. Duncan's residence at Auburn, and a lovely spot it is. A first-rate substantial brick mansion, with beautiful, well-kept grounds. Dr. Duncan was not at home, but Mrs. Duncan, two young ladies, and a son were. Mrs. Duncan, a very ladylike, pleasant, conversible woman ; Miss Charlotte Duncan, very like poor Charlotte Kane, dark, with black eyes, very pleasant and a great deal to say. I gave them an account of our Arkansas trip, etc. We then rode to General Quitman's, also a fine place ; he has eight children, seven of them daughters. I saw three little girls, fine healthy, pretty children. Mrs. Quitman was unfortunately engaged in some domestic duties, and the eldest daughter, who is a beauty, we did not see. We rode back to Natchez in the moonlight. I have done what I could in the way of setting young Davis a good example. He is a fine-hearted young man, but will have many trials and temptations from not being

able to say *No*. He is very good-looking and, I think, 'not far from the kingdom of God.' I wish him well.

"Old Mr. Davis said that there has been more talk and interest shown about Arkansas in Natchez since we went away up there than there has ever been before, and quite a sensation about it. He advises me not to sell the warehouse even for ten thousand dollars. It will be worth that, he says, in six months, and he bets me a hat that the property we took over from him in New Orleans will be worth twenty-five per cent. more than we paid him for it.

"I had just got back to the hotel and packed my things, which had got wet in my forenoon's ride, when 'Ben' told me a boat was in sight from the bluff. This proved to be the *Queen City*, a fine large steamer from Cincinnati. Mr. Davis went down to see me off.

"April 16, 1845. On board the *Queen City*. Had to lie-to nearly all last night owing to fog, and shall not reach New Orleans till tomorrow. It is odd that I feel vastly disposed, if Harriet and the children keep their health, to stay, if we be spared, another year in America. I suppose my pleasant visit to Natchez has given rise to this feeling. I have always thought I ought to stay, but latterly I have disliked the idea of doing so. I hate the thought of bidding a final adieu to all our New York friends; at the same time I would like to see Eliza and be settled at home, near our own church. However, all this is decided for us already by our Father in Heaven, and the decision could not be in better hands. Let me learn in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.

"I have no written document to show what I did from April 17, when I must have arrived in New Orleans from Natchez, till April 26, 1845, when I set off on my travels again, to visit some of our debtor planters on the Red River of Louisiana, but my recollection is that Harriet was far from well, and in delicate health all the nine days that I remained with her in New Orleans. On Saturday, April 26, 1845, at 6 p. m., I left New Orleans in the steamer *De Soto*, with Dr. John Seip and John M. Pelton, the latter merely accompanying us as far as Donaldsonville on his way home to Dalae. I accompanied Dr. Seip to Alexandria, on the Red River, and from thence to his plantation, about seven miles from Alexandria."

I quote from my diary :

"I left New Orleans very much bothered as to how to lay matters before the Trio [Alexander Dennistoun, John Dennistoun, and William Cross], so as to let them decide upon correct grounds as to my returning here, if I be spared, another winter or not. I hate parting with Harriet and the children, although my intended absence is but short. Talked with Dr. Seip and Pelton, and looked over some pictorial papers belonging to the former. He and I are in one stateroom. The boat crowded with passengers ; too few servants, and not very abundant or very good fare ; went to bed about half-past eight ; night very hot, but slept pretty well.

"Sunday, April 27, 1845. Rose before 6 A. M. and dressed before Dr. Seip. After breakfast read several chapters of the Bible and the Book of Jonah ; then, my blessed Harriet's three epistles and Sam Blackburn's letter, and prayed for blessings on my dear wife and children and all connected with us, and for guidance and direction, and had some sweet peace and comfort in thinking that I was under the guidance of my Heavenly Father.

"They sat roasting outside and reading the *British Quarterly*, which is ponderously heavy. I finished the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' and have got nearly through Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church.'

"Was introduced to Colonel Bryce, who is just from Washington. He was offered the embassy to Vienna, four thousand dollars per annum, but declined it. He was a great Polk electioneer. He is the first man I have heard justify repudiation. He says the banks which got the government bonds never assisted the small planters, who pay the bulk of the taxes, but only the larger men ; so the smaller men are justified in not paying. He says no public man would dare to propose taxation sufficient to meet the indebtedness of Louisiana, and that its bonds are not intrinsically worth twenty-five cents. He said the European bondholders ought to reduce the interest to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, and then they might have some chance of getting paid. I find that one *arpent* is  $\frac{846}{1000}$  of an *acre*.

"Dr. Seip grows enough corn for his negroes, and has besides some to sell. He has planted 100 acres extra this year, and expects to have 3000 bushels to sell next year ; has 358 acres in cotton, which, barring accidents, ought to make 350 bales.

"Much bothered and in low spirits about the future, and about staying here or going home. Lord, do thou undertake for me and mine !

"Monday, April 28, 1845. Dr. Seip told me that \$300 per annum will pay all his family expenses, clothes included, and his groceries, meat, etc., would be paid by \$100 out of said sum. Any pocket money he requires he makes by sale of butter, milk, etc. He told me that many planters in his neighborhood had applied to him for introductions to A. & J. Dennistoun & Co., but he had refused to give them because Mr. Mylne had said he did not want them, as they all required advances of money. Some, Dr. Seip said, would not—as Mr. Calhoun, who makes 3000 to 4000 bales cotton, and Mr. Williams, 4000 to 5000 bales; they might require supplies, but nothing more. There are also several small planters who make 100 to 200 bales, and are perfectly independent, and want to be introduced to A. & J. Dennistoun & Co. Dr. Seip says our sales of his cotton are always about one cent higher than his neighbors get for theirs, and this is the reason why so many planters wish to be introduced to A. & J. Dennistoun & Co.

"Tuesday, April 29, 1845. Arrived yesterday at Alexandria about 3 P. M. Went to Mr. Flint's office and talked over the matter of the mortgage on Dr. Seip's plantation. Flint said the payment of \$11,000 to the Union Bank might have been saved but for what he evidently thought A. & J. Dennistoun & Co.'s absurd honesty. I asked how. He told me the bank did not know of the lien until told by A. & J. D. & Co., and would hardly believe it then. In reference to this affair I said, on the principle of 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' we were bound to tell the bank. He replied any lawyer would be laughed at who gave his client such advice.

"Dr. Seip's house-boards are unpainted, no ceiling, and the first light in the morning comes through chinks in the walls and openings in the shingles of the roof. The dividing partition of my bedroom from the sitting room does not go clear up to the roof, but only to that part of the walls where the roof springs from; so that I could throw a ball from my bedroom into the parlor. Mrs. Seip is a ladylike woman of about twenty-five. He is twenty-eight. They have two children, a piano, and a good carriage and horses; no carpets, no paper on the room-walls, but just plain, unpainted boards.

"Dr. Seip gives his overseer, a Mr. Dawson, from Vermont, \$100 per annum if he makes 100 bales cotton; \$200 if he makes 200

bales ; \$400 and a handsome present if he makes 300 bales. Dr. Seip has 49 slaves, which he reckons equal to 30 hands, some being too young or too old to work ; he has 25 mules, 8 yoke of old oxen and plenty of young ones, 7 horses, and 3 or 4 colts, also 300 or 400 pigs.

"Land here grows two crops of Indian corn per annum. The first, sown in February, ripens about June, and then a second is sown between the rows, and ripens about September. Each crop makes about 30 bushels to the acre. In Missouri they grow 65 to 70 bushels per acre, but, then, they only grow one crop per annum. My authority for these statements is Mr. E. H. Flint, a son of Timothy Flint, the historian of the Mississippi, and brother of Lawyer Flint, Dr. Seip's brother-in-law. E. H. Flint has three fine plantations, originally owned by his father-in-law, General Thomas, and 200 or 300 negroes. He is a pleasant man, and recommends us to return to New York by Cincinnati, Cleveland, etc.

"April 30, 1845. Drove to Alexandria from Oak Isle, Dr. Seip's place, about seven miles. Dined with Mr. James T. Flint, the lawyer. He has a well-furnished house, excepting that there are no carpets. A negro boy, with a fan of peacock feathers, drove away the flies during dinner. After dinner called at General Thomas', and saw Mrs. Thomas, who was a Miss Flint, and had a regular Yankee accent, but is evidently a well-educated woman.

"Got on board the *De Soto* to return to New Orleans about 3 P. M., feeling ill and out of sorts, probably from riding so much in the sun. Went to bed early, and rose at 6 A. M. on Thursday, May 1, 1845. Still feverish, and my tongue feeling as if it were boiled, and bothered to death about what to write to the Trio regarding my coming home this year.

"There are on board the *De Soto* two convicts in fetters, one a murderer and the other a forger, going to Baton Rouge Penitentiary. The forger is condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment and the murderer to twenty years. The passengers played at cards quite amicably with the convicts, and when we came to Baton Rouge most of the passengers accompanied them to the prison to see their hair cut and their prison garments put on. I did not go with the crowd."



## CHAPTER IV.

### RETURN JOURNEY TO NEW YORK WITH MY FAMILY, ARRIVING JUNE 25, 1845.

"ON May 8, 1845, the Rev. Dr. Scott dined with us at the St. Louis Hotel. He told us that the schools in the second municipality were free to all without charge, and that the municipality also supplied books and stationery. All branches taught, including Latin, and high and low attend.

"May 14, 1845. Visited what is called the high school of the second municipality. It is held in the basement of Dr. Scott's Church. Boys, in order to enter it, must have passed through the lower schools. I saw the boys examined in arithmetic and English grammar. The lads were smart and intelligent-looking, from eleven to sixteen years old. They had a sharp, intelligent, well-dressed master, about twenty-five. The school was well ventilated.

"May 22, 1845. I dined at Helen Nicholson's. The party consisted of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, bishop-designate of Mississippi, and recently the most popular preacher of the Episcopal Church in New York, Lawyer Briggs, Berger Ward, Mylne, Thomson, and Dr. Rushton, with Sam Nicholson and his wife, *née* Helen Kane. I took out Mrs. Nicholson, and sat next her on one side, while Dr. Hawks sat on the other. There was a great deal of pleasant conversation, in which I took the side of extreme democracy, while every American present took that of conservative republicanism, verging almost on monarchism. After dinner went to the Pelican Club with Murray Thomson and Heddleston.

"May 23. Harriet continued better to-day. After leaving Mr. De Peyster's letter of introduction to Dr. Hawks at the boarding-house of the latter in Camp Street, where I called, with Andrew Foster, Jr., and dining at the St. Louis Hotel, a quarter before three, I sent off my baggage in a dray. It consisted of six carpetbags, two portmanteaus, two boxes, one tin case, and the medicine chest, or

twelve packages in all. I then sent off one coachful of people, consisting of two nurses, J. Walter, Helen, Willie, and Harriet, and on the return of the coach from the steamer I carried Harriet in my arms from our bedroom along the lobby and down two flights of stairs, and then across the hall to the carriage, and got her into it with Charlotte and Bessie. The motion of the carriage did her no harm. On arrival at the wharf where the steamer *Sultana* was lying, I carried Harriet in my arms across the wharf and through the crowd up the steamboat stairs, through the long range of the gentlemen's cabin, and safely deposited her in the lower berth of stateroom 'G.' Murray T., Mylne, Nicholson, Holmes, Mills, Mason, Prehn, etc., were down to see us off. Murray T. and Mylne very kind and friendly. Both saw Harriet in her berth. Murray kissed her, and Mylne kissed all the children, a wonderful effort for him, with his old bachelor ways. Poor John Walter had been ill all day with a violent sick headache, and I had to pack his portmanteau for him I found he had done it so villainously ill, messing everything higgledy-piggledy, without any sort of order. What with the heat, and the hurry-scurry, my frail temper was several times pretty nearly giving way, but I believe it did not. The evening was beautiful, and the sail up the Mississippi was delightful. Harriet felt so much revived that she sat on a chair on the guard to inhale the balmy breeze. We both felt thankful to God for all his mercies toward us in sparing us undiminished in numbers to leave New Orleans, instead of leaving some of us to have our bones picked by the crawfish. By the way, on 22d inst., I saw in St. Louis Street a very singular animal of the turtle species. It seemed one of the marine sort; an old sailor had a rope round its neck, but there was such a crowd round him that I could not get an opportunity to ask him where he found it. It was perhaps three and half feet long from snout to the tip of the tail, and the carapace might be from one and a half to two feet long, and a little less in breadth; it had high protuberances on the back, and from the opposite side of the street I took it for a young alligator, from the knobs. Its tail and head were like an alligator's, and it had long, sharp tusks, and bit most viciously at anything that came near its mouth; it had claws like an alligator, and so I suspect, as it had not fins, it must have been a sort of tortoise. Its back was covered with a blackish looking sea weed or moss.

" May 24. We slept very ill last night, being horribly annoyed by mosquitoes. I rose about half past five and Harriet about half past six, and she was well enough to take her seat at breakfast. She and I, with John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, and Harriet all sit together, near the head of the table. Willie and Helen take their meals with the servants at the second table.

" At breakfast to-day the negro chambermaid told our *Indian*, Sarah, that she must take her meals at the third table with the blacks, which indignity caused poor Sarah to lift up her voice and weep, whereupon I went to the clerk of the boat, who is ex-officio lord high chamberlain, and represented to him that Sarah was a *pure Indian*, without the taint of a drop of negro blood, and therefore entitled to take her meals with the whites. He asked if the white servants objected. I said no, and he replied that he would see the matter put to rights. As Sarah is pretty dark, I suppose the negresses wished to drag her down to their own level, but it is well understood that Indians are quite on a par with whites. I dined daily with three or four of them in the *Lucy Long* on the Arkansas river. The least drop of African blood, on the other hand, prevents its possessor from sitting down with whites, except at the communion table. At least Dr. Scott told me negroes, to the number of forty-five, some of them slaves, sit down to the Lord's Supper in his church along with the whites. Harriet and all the children and the two nurses sat in the front of the boat enjoying the breeze for more than an hour ; it is not customary for ladies to go there at all, but it is by far the pleasantest, although the most dangerous, part of the boat, owing to its being nearly over the boiler. It is curious how one gets accustomed to dangers. On my first voyage from New Orleans to Natchez, which was my first experience of a high-pressure engine, I was quite nervous about the boilers exploding ; but on this *Sultana*, with my wife and children on board, soon after we left New Orleans we began racing with another steamer, and there was I standing near the furnace and helping to throw in rosin to increase the heat and raise our steam so as to beat the other boat, without a thought of the danger to me and mine. Although I had a good deal of mental misery in New Orleans, yet I have had excellent health, and on the whole it leaves rather a pleasant impression on my mind.



"Sunday, May 25, 1845. Rose at half past five, and after dressing went on deck, and found we were just passing the upper end of Palmyra Island, opposite the woodpile where Mylne and I lay some four hours last January, and were taken up by this very boat, the *Sultana*, about 1 A. M., after having fired a gun to bring her to. Read 'Bishop Heber's Correspondence,' fourth volume, Murray's cheap edition. Harriet not well and in bad spirits most of the day. Nothing wonderful except a wonderfully good dinner, of which I have kept the bill of fare. I saw a snake about three or four feet long, swimming right in the middle of the Mississippi against the stream, and on the surface of the water. Had some conversation with a flatboatman returning to Illinois after having disposed of his cargo of corn at Natchez. It takes six men two weeks to build a flatboat after all the lumber, etc., is ready. She is caulked with oakum generally up to the roof. The voyage from Evansville, Ill., where he lives, down to New Orleans is generally from five to six weeks. The flatboat costs one hundred dollars, and sells when the voyage is over for ten or twenty dollars, sometimes as low as five dollars. This boatman came originally from North Carolina, is intelligent and civil, much bronzed with the sun; says they carry whisky, but drink little of it. He is going to leave Illinois for Wisconsin, because in the former State they now tax all a man's property, and he can't stand it. Both to-day and yesterday instead of stopping to get wood, we got two flatboats filled with wood, made fast, one on each side, and proceeded on our way while the wood was being put on board. This done, the flatboats with two men in each, were cast off and allowed to float down stream to their own locality.

"May 26, 1845. I had a good sleep last night; no mosquitoes, or 'muskys,' as old Peggy Mackie used to call them, and the night so cool that a blanket and quilt were quite comfortable. I can't help thinking that this will prove a late season, as none of the cotton-fields looked as if the cotton plants were a foot high. Now in 1842 cotton was in flower by May 20.

"The flatboatman I spoke to yesterday told me they sold their Indian corn at Natchez for four bits, equal to fifty cents, per barrel of one bushel and three pecks.

"Tuesday, May 27, 1845. Yesterday afternoon Harriet and I

sat for a long time in the bow of the steamer enjoying the delicious breeze, as mild as milk. The river scenery is extremely monotonous. Went to bed at 10 P. M. and rose at 5.10 A. M. I feel a little squeamish every morning ; Harriet rather better in general health. Met Mr. J. G. Yerger on deck this morning ; he had come on board at Memphis last night, and is going to Cincinnati. He introduced me to a Judge Wilkinson, who is a slave owner, but opposed to slavery. He thinks time and Christianity will put an end to slavery. He advocates the propriety of admitting negro witnesses against white men in cases of murder, and of passing a law to prevent the sale of negroes except in families. He himself opposed the other day the sale of thirty negroes except in families ; the owner wished them to be sold singly, as in that way they would bring most money, and the sheriff is bound so to sell them if the owner or creditor requires it, but in this case Judge Wilkinson told the sheriff not to mind what the owner said, and ordered him to sell in families, and made a short speech to the people at the sale, expressing his opinion as to the impropriety of selling them except in families, and he carried all the people along with him. Judge Wilkinson has a woman, Charlotte, half white, whom he freed in Philadelphia, but she will not leave the family, and still resides with him. He and his wife wanted her to go into a convent, but she said she would not marry at any rate, but would not go there. Judge Wilkinson and his wife are Roman Catholics, converted from Protestantism. He seems a mild, pleasant, sensible man. Both he and Yerger, like most of the respectabilities, are Whigs.

“ Wednesday, May 28, 1845. We arrived at Paducah, a well-built little town with a number of brick houses and stores, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, at half past four this morning, having entered the Ohio River in the night-time. It was so low that the *Sultana* could proceed no farther, and her passengers got into two small boats, the *Felix Grundy* and the *Wabash Valley*, the former the better and larger boat. I, unlike myself, very foolishly trusted that Captain Pease of the *Sultana* would secure berths for us on board the better boat, and did not go to look after them until they were all taken in the *Felix Grundy*. I, however, got three state-rooms in the ladies' cabin of the *Wabash Valley*, and a berth for John Walter, for which I paid thirty-five dollars to Louisville, which

Captain Pease refunded to me. The *Wabash Valley* is about the size of the *Lucy Long*, but cleaner. I am afraid we shall be four days in her before we reach Louisville, as she goes very slowly, and we have still 510 miles to go. I got the baggage and the *infantry* wonderfully well on board, but poor Powell has left her gold watch behind her in the *Sultana*. There are no basins or towels, even in the ladies' cabin, in the *Wabash Valley*; all have to wash in a wash-room attached to it and use a jack-towel. However, I have fee'd the stewardess to get Harriet a basin and towel.

"Thursday, May 29, 1845. Rose at 4.30 A. M., both Harriet and I, and we slept better than could have been expected from the accommodations. I did not go to bed till ten last night, and when I came to the ladies' cabin I found the floor covered with women asleep on mattresses, and that it was impossible to get through to my room, so I had to get on the paddle-box and slide down to the guard in the dark, which was anything but pleasant or safe, and enter my stateroom in that way. We stopped yesterday at Smithland for several hours; this is a thriving-looking town at the mouth of the Cumberland River. Here we took on board a great many deck passengers for Pittsburgh, and some of our cabin passengers left us and new ones came in their places. Mr. and Mrs. Barrière disliked the accommodations so much that they went into the *Felix Grundy* at Smithland, although Mrs. Barrière would require to sleep on the floor of the ladies' cabin. Clogg and Heath also left us to wait for another boat, as they gave up their stateroom to two ladies whom they knew in New Orleans, and these ladies afterward insisted on getting into J. Walter's stateroom, thus compelling him to give up his berth and get another. I positively refused to let him do this until the captain got him another berth, fearing that if I let him give up his original berth he might need to sleep on the floor all the voyage, so I made him lie down in his berth until another was got for him. The ladies are very noisy, loud-talking damsels, and I think one is an Irishwoman, both rather good-looking and ladylike, however. One has reddish hair and black eyes, and Charlotte heard her reviling me as the 'red-whiskered Englishman.' Like Scrub in the play, I heard them 'laugh consumedly,' when J. Walter's port-manteau was brought out with 'W. Wood, *Liverpool*,' on it in large letters. A gentleman on board, when I was refusing to give up J.

Walter's berth until he was provided with another, very officiously said : ' Oh, I will give up my berth or my whole stateroom to your son if he will give up his to oblige the ladies.' I replied I only wanted a berth, not an entire stateroom, and *that* I was determined to have in the first place. So I went to this gentleman's stateroom and got the upper berth for John Walter, but all this was mighty disagreeable, and puts me in a false position with the two ladies, who are to be our fellow-passengers for the rest of the voyage, which may be three days. The captain afterward explained to me that he had promised a stateroom to these two ladies, but, before they got on board, the clerk, not knowing this, had given it to two other ladies, and as the *F. Grundy* had left by this time, these two ladies and the old gentleman who was with them must have waited at Smithland had they not got on board the *Wabash Valley*. They are from New Orleans.

"The scenery of the Ohio, particularly on the Illinois shore, is very pretty, with fine rocky cliffs rising in some places two or three hundred feet high, the strata of the rocks horizontal. This scenery is extremely like that of the Arkansas River above Little Rock, but the Ohio scenery is, in my opinion, not nearly so fine, and wants the picturesque mountains or hills of Arkansas. Here, as on the Arkansas, the cliff scenery is in some measure spoiled by the large trees growing from the brink of the river to the base of the cliffs, which take from the grandeur of the latter.

"There is a beautiful boy on board, the son of a flatboatman, and born in Indiana ; beautiful flaxen, curly hair, and blue eyes, only three years old last January, and yet is once and a half as tall and as broad as Willie. He is his mother's eighteenth child, the father told me, of which number sixteen are sons ; of the whole eight sons and two daughters still live. The father is a slim, bronzed man, not over forty, I should think.

"Friday, May 30, 1845. Landed with J. Walter yesterday at Evansville, Indiana, just to say we had been in that State. Evansville seems to be a thriving place, with many brick houses. Here boys came on board with books and newspapers to sell, gingerbread, apples, pies, etc. The scenery all day very monotonous, like the Mississippi, without high bluffs.

"This day (May 30, 1845) at dinner occurred a most disagreeable

scuffle between a Judge McKinley and myself. I placed Bessie third from the top of the table, which I believed was her seat, and where I am very sure she sat at breakfast time. He turned round to me, and in an insolent tone of voice asked if he was to be put out of his seat. I said it was not his seat but my little daughter's, who had sat there at breakfast. This he denied and I asserted, but moved her down. However, he still kept asserting the place was his, which I as stoutly denied, whereupon he takes his tumbler and shies it at my head, but it fortunately missed me, and I, of course, struck at him, and hit him, I believe, under the left eye, as his face was cut a little and his spectacle glass broken. All the ladies were screaming, and the men separated us. I sat down to dinner and the judge retired to his room to repair damages. The ladies were in a great 'to do,' and after dinner I went to Judge McKinley's room for the purpose of explaining calmly to him that *he* was wrong, as one of *his* ladies was absent at breakfast, but I was held back by some gentlemen, who thought that I was going to renew the fight. However, I told them I would not, and opened his door, but he cried out: 'I don't know but you are armed,' and would not let the door be shut, although I told him I was not, and threw open my coat to show him that I had no weapons. However, he would hear nothing, unless I intended to make him an apology, which I declined doing, as I thought it was he who was in the wrong, and owed me one, more than I owed him. I said, when he talked about my being armed, that I would do nothing further at present than I had done, as I had my wife and six children to take care of. He said he was on the bench and could do nothing, but if *not he would* (I suspect he was a coward as well as a bully), as he would knock any man down who gave him the lie, as I had done. Now, I never used the word 'lie' or 'liar,' but simply asserted that Bessie had a certain seat, which he denied.

"This has been a most disagreeable business, and I fear that the motto on the outside of this book, '*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*,' will never apply to it. The tumbler intended for my head in its descent struck my dear little Charlotte on the arm and bruised, but did not break, the skin. If it had hit her head or mine it might have killed us, so true it is, as the Episcopal prayerbook's funeral service says, that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' How strange



that a peaceable man like myself should be involved in such a quarrel ! I will not give way to superstition ; still, I confess I would not like to begin another journey on a *Friday* ! Judge McKinley seems to be about fifty-five or fifty-six, and is judge of the United States Circuit Court for Kentucky and some adjacent States, and I am told was appointed by Van Buren. I find that the name of one of the ladies traveling with him is Randolph. I learned subsequently that the captain of the boat, who 'curred,' not to 'the provost' but to the judge, had wanted to set me ashore in the woods, but the steward, who was a Scotsman, threatened if he dared to lay a hand on me he would set him (the captain) ashore, and there was very nearly a mutiny on board. This day (May 30) has been clear and bright and very cold, so that I had to put on my greatcoat. It is the coldest weather we have had since we left New York last December. Judge McKinley and I walking up and down the upper deck, and I, and I dare say he, thinking every minute that the other might attempt to throw his adversary into the Ohio !

"Louisville, Saturday, May 31, 1845. Arrived about 12.30 A. M. (*i. e.*, midnight). Got two coaches at the canal to convey us to town, which was two miles distant. Got all the children and baggage loaded with some difficulty, and the baggage and coach being on one side of the canal, we had, in the dark, to cross the top of a very high canal lock, with a narrow footway, and only a hand-rail on one side. One of the lock-keepers very kindly carried Harriet and Helen across in his arms. When we climbed up the high bank on the opposite side we found that one of our coaches had been occupied by other people, so we and all our baggage had to get crammed into one coach. Just before we started for the hotel in Louisville I found that Judge McKinley and his party had got into our other coach. However, I said nothing, as I had not engaged the coachman by giving him my name, and my own coachman said that McKinley's party had engaged *it*, which it is possible they had before I did, as I heard McKinley shouting out to a coachman at the *first* lock and I did not get out till the *second*.

We secured four very comfortable rooms in the Louisville Hotel, kept by Mr. Bishop, formerly of New Orleans, and who married a Miss Fletcher of Manchester. The arrangement of our dormitories is :

" Harriet, Bessie, and I.

" John Walter and Willie.

" Charlotte, little Harriet, and Sarah.

" Powell and Helen.

" After a most comfortable breakfast we started in the mail steamer *Ben. Franklin* for Cincinnati, and had a delightful day's sail up the Ohio amid beautiful scenery, the banks on each side being generally a succession of knolls or small hills covered with fine trees. Everywhere lovely situations for villas and some very pretty houses and towns on the banks. Harriet better to-day and enjoyed the scenery.

" I had some talk to-day with a stout, good-humored looking fellow who had been on board the *Wabash Valley* with us, and who proves to be the editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, Whig newspaper. He said Judge McKinley's conduct was most disgraceful; and he had frightened him (McKinley) by telling him that there was a gentleman on board connected with the press, who was in possession of all the facts of the case, and would probably publish them. He (the said editor) said he admired my conduct in going to the judge's room after the affray to try and come to an explanation, and also when the judge would not hear anything unless I made an apology for giving him the lie, he said I did right in saying I would make no apology.

" Sunday, June 1, 1845. Arrived at Cincinnati at 4.30 A. M., dressed and got two carriages to take us and our baggage to the Broadway House, to which I had first gone myself and engaged rooms. The *Wabash Valley* arrived about the same time, and I sent John Walter to get the air cushion, which he did. The two ladies, Mrs. Randolph, etc., who were under Judge McKinley's care, have just arrived here, which is disagreeable. Mr. Rodewald's party also have just come, delighted to see our children, and have again departed on their journey. The Barrières and a French party are off in an 'extra' for Wheeling.

" Went to an Episcopal church to-day, and heard a very good sermon from the text 'Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.' Went in the evening to the Second Presbyterian Church, and heard a Dr. Allen of Philadelphia preach. The sermon was witty and interesting, and the doctrine good. The church was a neat, large, handsome building.

"June 2. Rose at six, chartered a carriage and pair and drove with Harriet, John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, and little Harriet, to the top of Mount Auburn, from which we had a beautiful view of the town and country, then drove through the town, for the charge of two dollars. Had very fine Alpine strawberries at dinner. I have a great notion that the two French ladies whom we saw with Judge McKinley want to get into our 'extra.'

"Tuesday, June 3, 1845. The three girls too late for breakfast to-day. There was an immense number of new arrivals this morning, most of them ladies. Wrote a letter to the postmaster, telling him to forward any letters addressed to Harriet or me to the care of Dennistoun & Co., 67 Wall Street, New York.

"John Walter and I crossed over the ferry to Newport last afternoon, walked down to the Licking River, and were ferried across in a scow to Covington, and from thence crossed the Ohio by another steam ferry to Cincinnati. The appearance of Cincinnati is injured by the number of trees cut down on Mount Adams and Mount Auburn, thus exposing the bare yellow earth, as no grass has yet grown.

"We left Cincinnati after an early dinner at 1 P. M., having paid \$130 in gold for an 'exclusive extra' with four horses to Cleveland; the distance is 250 miles. In the twenty-eight miles to Lebanon we changed three times and had excellent teams of horses. One of our drivers told me such horses averaged \$50 each, and some were raised in Ohio, and others in Tennessee and Kentucky. The Tennessee horses are the best of the three breeds for the road. The horses are fed on oats, Indian corn, and hay, and are in excellent condition. The wheat crop is well in the ear, but is thin on the ground. Indian corn very backward, and all crops suffering from drought. We passed through a beautiful rolling country, very thickly peopled for a new country, and stopped for the night at the Williamson House in Lebanon, a poorish country inn.

"Wednesday, June 4, 1845. Rose at 3.30 A. M. after lying awake all night, as did Harriet. We got some bread and milk for the children at Lebanon, having paid \$5 for our board and beds, and fifty cents to the waiter or factotum. We started at twenty minutes past four and saw the sun rise after we set out. We drove twenty-four miles and then breakfasted at Xenia very comfortably for \$3,



and had waffles, etc. Here I bought d'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation' from a peddler who had a collection of standard works for sale in the barroom. It rained heavily till after we had passed Xenia some miles, and then it grew hot and dusty. We stopped to dine at 2 P. M. at *London*, a small village of twenty or thirty inhabitants. We got a very good dinner and paid only \$2.25. We started again a little after 3, and reached Columbus a little after 7 P. M., and drove to the Neil House, an *immense* hotel, built of brick, and apparently as large as either the Astor in New York, or the St. Charles in New Orleans; but, being a large square pile of brick, resembles more the New York Hotel of New York. We sat down to a capital supper: beefsteak, broiled chickens, honeycomb, tea, coffee, and various sorts of bread, excellent butter, and plenty of ice, both to water and milk and *on* butter. I went to the stage office, and arranged to start to-morrow morning at half past eight *en route* for Cleveland. The stage agent is a gentlemanly, civil young man. Columbus is really a handsome town and has a beautiful penitentiary. It is *de jure* the metropolis of Ohio. To-day we passed through beautiful rolling country. When approaching Columbus we passed over an alluvial plain of a mile and a half wide, and then crossed the Scioto by a handsome wooden bridge. Columbus stands on the right bank of the Scioto on a high bank. The woodwork of the Neil House is all black walnut.

"Thursday, June 5. Left Columbus this morning at half past eight, and before leaving took a walk through the town. We had an excellent coach and beautiful horses. On the way out of the town we passed the lunatic asylum, blind asylum, and deaf and dumb asylum. All fine large buildings, the first particularly so; it was built by convict labor. I saw some of the convicts, in their prison dresses, building a new wing. We dined at Sunbury, twenty-three miles from Columbus and paid \$2.50 for our dinners. The charge at the Neil House for supper, beds, and breakfast, was \$8. We arrived at Mount Vernon, forty-seven miles from Columbus, at 6.45 P. M. It is a most thriving little town of some three thousand inhabitants. It is supplied with dry goods from New York, and receives its European news from Buffalo, its sugar from New Orleans *via* Cincinnati. Our hotel is the Kenyon House, very neat and comfortable. The road passed over to-day was very rough, being

only a natural mud road. We forded several small streams, all being nearly dry from the drought. The wheat appeared to be much injured by the frost, and the leaves of the ash trees quite withered. The landlord tells me that the farmers hardly expect any harvest. There is a very handsome Episcopal church here, and also several other churches.

"Friday, June 6. Rose at half past five and breakfasted at seven. Our bill at Mount Vernon for suppers, beds, and breakfasts, \$7.50. We set off at 7.30 A. M., and dined at Londonville, twenty-three miles from Mount Vernon. Dinner good and cost \$2.50. Arrived at Wooster at 6.30 P. M. where we found a small but comfortable hotel, *not* the best in the place; got supper at 7.30 P. M. The country we passed through to-day was *very hilly*, with whole miles of forest as brown and bare as if it were winter, owing to the recent frost. Wheat and Indian corn much injured by the frost and long drought. Some thunder to-day and a light sprinkle of rain, barely enough to lay the dust. Our second stage we were driven by an Englishman from Kent, who came out here when nineteen years old, and has been here eighteen years, and driven stage for fourteen years, has a younger brother who was employed as a mason in building Kenyon College near Mount Vernon, then began to study in that college, finally graduated, and is now an Episcopal minister in Tennessee. Kenyon College was got up by Bishop Chace, and is called Kenyon from the large subscription of Lord Kenyon, and the village near it, Gambier, from Lord Gambier's subscription. It is Episcopal and built in the Gothic style. The hotel at Mount Vernon is called Kenyon House. A gentleman here recommends the Franklin Hotel at Cleveland, the American at Buffalo, and the Clifton House at Niagara Falls.

"Saturday, June 7, 1845. Left Wooster at 6.30 A. M., after a good breakfast. Our bill was \$6.50. We took the stage agent along with us, a Mr. Mason from Stirling, and a pleasant man. We dined at Strongsville, a very small town. The charge was \$2. Arrived at Cleveland at 5 P. M. No steamer for Buffalo until to-morrow. We put up at the Franklin House, an excellent hotel, just opened. Had splendid strawberries at tea, and nice milk with ice, and, by the way, we had beautiful ice all through Ohio. John Walter and I walked about the town, and by the lake, which murmured like the

sea. Poor Harriet suffering and ill. J. W. and I went to a negro barber's, and had our heads thoroughly washed at twenty-five cents for both. Cleveland is a fine, thriving, handsome town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, two *daily* newspapers, a directory, and also cabs and omnibuses.

"Neil, Moore & Co. have six thousand horses, fifteen hundred drivers, and twenty-five agents in their coaching establishment. My authority is Mr. Mason, the Scotsman I referred to, from Stirling, and he is their agent between Wooster and Cleveland.

"Sunday, June 8, 1845. Having some scruples of conscience about setting out on a journey on Sunday, I determined to stay in Cleveland all day, and leave for Buffalo to-morrow. The weather has been excessively hot. Went to the First Presbyterian Church, and heard a poor and long sermon from a stranger.

"Monday, June 9, 1845. Left Cleveland per *Chesapeake* steamer at 8.30 A. M., a fine day, with a little swell on Lake Erie, the water of a green color. Passed the town of Erie at 5 P. M.; prettily situated on a high bank, with an arm of land stretching out into the lake in front of it, and forming a fine natural harbor. The ground rises gradually behind the town to a considerable height. This part of the coast of Lake Erie puts me in mind of the Ayrshire coast about Fairlie and Kelburn. Harriet very feeble and dispirited to-day. A beautiful sunset. John Walter talking to some young ladies all day. The bill at the Franklin House was \$20, and the fare in the *Chesapeake* from Cleveland to Buffalo, \$27.50. I fear much I shall fall short of cash before I reach Saratoga.

Tuesday, June 10, 1845. Arrived at Buffalo about 3 A. M.; rose at 5, dressed, and went ashore, and arranged with the baggage wagon and omnibus of the American Hotel to come to the *Chesapeake* for us as soon as Harriet and the *infantry* were dressed. All the hotels seem to have coaches or omnibuses attached to them, which take you to and from the hotel gratis. Arrived at the American about 6.30 A. M., and got excellent, large, comfortable bedrooms secured; then breakfasted in the public room, and at 8.30 A. M. drove down to the *Emerald* steamer, which started at nine for Chippewa, two miles above the Falls of Niagara on the Canadian side. There was a large number of respectable tourists on board, and the day was lovely, with a fine breeze. Three harpers and a fiddler played all the way

down the Niagara River. We got into the railway car at Chippewa, drawn by horses, and shortly came in sight of the rapids, and then of the Falls. Last time I saw them Harriet and I were just married, and now we returned to them with six children, the eldest fourteen next October ! We alighted half a mile from the Clifton House, walked there, and then got into a nice open carriage, which took us all to the Burning Spring, about a mile above the Falls. This spring is well worth seeing ; it bubbles up close to the rapids, and on a match being applied, an immense flame plays over the surface of the water, giving out much heat, and the flame does not cease until blown out. The gas evolved is, I suppose, sulphureted hydrogen. We then drove, by a road opened since we were there, to Table Rock, and looked at the Falls from that point. Then John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, and I descended the stairs, and viewed the Falls from below. J. Walter and I went forward to below a small portion of the shoot. We then ascended the stairs, and drove to the Clifton House ; got lunch, and paid \$2.25 for it, and \$1.50 for the coach. We then walked down the cliff road to the ferry. This road is very picturesque, and so also is the crossing of the ferry. Charlotte, Bessie, and Harriet wept bitterly from fear when crossing. Helen smiled and crowed, not having sense enough to be frightened. Willie did not much like it. We were then safely landed on the American side, and ascended a long flight of wooden stairs, I carrying Helen in my arms, and J. Walter, Willie, on his back. This done, we walked to the railway station, where leaving the rest, John Walter, Charlotte, and I ran across the bridge to Goat Island, and across the island itself, and out on the platform projecting over the rapids of the British Falls. We then ascended the tower, there erected, and had a splendid view of the Falls and rapids, above and below, and then ran back to the railway, and did the whole visit to Goat Island, to and from the railway—John Walter and I ascending the tower twice, as Charlotte did not go up the first time—in twenty-five minutes. Poor Charlotte nearly ‘bust the biler,’ and John Walter and I were like the ladies of quality in the immortal ‘Vicar,’ We started for Buffalo in an excellent railway car at 2.30 P. M., and arrived about 4. The hotel omnibus was waiting for us, and drove us to the hotel. Trip in steamer down, \$5, which was also the charge up in the railway ; lunch at Clifton House, \$2.25 ;

coach, \$1.50 ; ferriage across below the Falls, 84 cents. Spent a charming day, and I was particularly delighted that I had shown all the children so much in so short a time, but if my money had not run out, so as to leave me barely enough to reach Saratoga, I should have spent a day at the Falls, and would like to spend a week or two. The Falls have almost become Cockneyfied since I was there before, but are as magnificent as ever ; but, perhaps the facility of reaching them, and the beautiful and comfortable hotels at them, take away the mysterious awe one felt when the surrounding scenery was more in a state of nature, although I think the hotels and villas really improve the scenery, which struck me as highly beautiful. Dear Harriet stood the jaunt very well.

“Wednesday, June 11, 1845. Bill at the American House, Buffalo, twelve dollars. Breakfasted and got ourselves and our baggage taken to the railway station for nothing, but gave the two porters fifty cents between them, with which they seemed perfectly satisfied. We dined at Rochester at 2 P. M., and had a very hurry-skurry dinner, having to walk one-quarter of a mile to the American Hotel, besides having to select and see stowed into another car all our baggage. The country looked beautiful and highly cultivated, much more so than when dear Harriet and I passed through it on our marriage jaunt fifteen years ago. In the afternoon we passed Canandaigua, Geneva, and Auburn. Canandaigua, Seneca, and Cayuga Lakes looked beautiful. The railway crosses the last by a bridge a mile long. We took a sort of Passover supper (our loins girt and our staffs in our hands) at Geneva, for which I paid only fifty cents. The moon was in her first quarter and the night beautiful. We arrived at Syracuse about 11.30 P. M. Here I had another bother with the baggage, and then to get beds for us all at the Syracuse House. However, I got them all comfortably to bed before midnight, and a thankful man I was to get my own bones fairly under the sheet.

“Thursday, June 12, 1845. Rose at 5 A. M., breakfasted at 6.15, and having got all of our ‘little fixin’s’ completed, saw the baggage into the baggage car, got checks for it, and got Harriet and the *infantry* all seated in the last car, and the hindmost part of it, so that we saw the country behind us. Mr. and Mrs. Leroy with their daughter, who was at school with my three girls at Mrs. Law-



rence's in New York, were in the car. Mrs. Leroy came and introduced herself to Harriet as an old friend, having been a Miss Fish. They left New Orleans May 22, having come by St. Louis and the Lakes. Mr. and Mrs. Leroy were wrecked on the Bahamas going to New Orleans. They went south for the benefit of Miss Leroy's health. We took a sort of snack for dinner at Palatine Bridge: ice cream, and fruit pies, for which I paid \$1.84. We reached Schenectady about half past three. Got the baggage moved to the Saratoga train, and reached the United States Hotel, Saratoga, about 6 P. M., exactly twenty days from leaving New Orleans, and I am sure we have reason to thank God for all his mercies during this long journey. The journey, including the day's visit to Niagara Falls, has cost me \$602.46 (the visit to Niagara, \$15). We have a delightful suite of rooms at the United States Hotel, four bedrooms (one double) and a parlor, *en suite*, in the family house across from the large hotel. Wrote to Eliza and the 'trio' [A. D., Jno D., and Wm. Cross], also to Dennistoun & Co., telling them to send me \$400, in \$50 notes, cut in halves. I also wrote to Maria De Peyster.

"Friday, June 13, 1845. A beautiful day, rose at six, and went with Harriet and Bessie to Congress Spring, and drank the water. After breakfast counted out the dirty clothes by way of occupying my time; then read D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation,' then walked with Harriet and the children, but felt the want of occupation. After dinner wrote to Cross, "correcting May 4, for April 19. At five, thermometer 78° in the shade.

"Sunday, June 15, 1845. Heard a very fair sermon in the morning at the Methodist Episcopal Church, where we went with J. Walter, Charlotte, and Bessie. In the evening we intended to go to the Presbyterian Church, but finding it shut we went again to the Methodist Episcopal Church and heard another fairish sermon, both from strangers. This evening got my English letters up till May 20; 'a mingled yarn.'

"Monday, June 16, 1845. Chartered an open carriage, and took Harriet and the five eldest children to Saratoga Lake, six miles and back, a fine day and a delightful drive; cost three dollars—fifty cents for lemonade and ten cents to waiter. We saw live trout in a small cistern, ready to be taken out and cooked; they are fed

with fresh meat and are very fat. They are curiously streaked in waving lines, like a serpent's back.

"Tuesday, June 17, 1845. Very cold, thermometer at 9.45, 58°. Mr. Fred. G. Foster arrived. John Walter and I took a ride on horseback in the morning, some twenty-five miles, on the ridge of hills near Saratoga, and had a most beautiful view extending from the Green Mountains of Vermont, far to the westward. Neither of us being very great horsemen, we were afraid to turn our horses Saratoga-ward, lest they should run off with us. [This horseback ride on June 17, 1845, is the last time I crossed a horse's back, now March 8, 1891, some forty-six years ago.] In the evening, Foster, Harriet, and I, and Charlotte and J. Walter, drove by Bartlet's to the lake—a very pleasant day.

"June 18, 1845. Thirtieth anniversary of Waterloo. Mr. De Peyster arrived to-day, looking well, and very kind and friendly. He and Foster and four more gentlemen set off to look into the affairs of the Peru Iron Company.

"June 19, 1845. Took a drive to Ten Springs, with Harriet ; J. Walter riding on horseback beside us. Cost one dollar.

"June 20, 1845. Nothing new. Had a pleasant evening with the Cottonets, hearing music and watching the young ladies and gentlemen dance. One of the latter was William Schermerhorn, who is engaged to Miss Cottonet.

"21st. Wrote a long business letter to Murray Thomson.

"Sunday, June 22, 1845. Heard Bishop Hobart's son preach, in a *white* surplice, a regular Puseyite sermon advocating the real presence.

"Monday, June 23, 1845. Left Saratoga for Albany with Mr. De Peyster and Foster. Called on the Kanes at Schenectady ; saw Jane and Catherine Kane.\* Walked about Albany with Paschal Strong, Mrs. Smyth's second son by her first husband, the Rev. Paschal Strong of the Collegiate Dutch Church of New York City ; saw the Patroon's house ; the new cemetery ; dined and took tea at Mrs. Forsyth's, where we met Mr. James Kane, Harriet's uncle.

\*At Albany we saw Cornelia (Mrs. Smyth) and her daughter, Mrs. Forsyth ; the former Harriet's eldest sister. I was introduced at the State House to Mr. Campbell, Secretary of State and father of Allan Campbell of New York, who has since held many offices in this city, among them that of comptroller.



“ June 25, 1845. We left Albany at 7 A. M. by the steamer *Troy*; the day beautiful. Mr. F. De Peyster joined us at Red Hook. Mrs. D. Colden and two little Misses Wilkes came on board at Hyde Park. We all enjoyed the sail very much. Near Yonkers saw many steam yachts which had brought ladies and gentlemen to a fine *fête* given by Mr. Thomas Ludlow. We landed at New York at 5 P. M. Thank God, all well and in undiminished numbers after an absence of six months and four days. Went to the New York Hotel. In the evening saw Mrs. Hone and Margaret, Harriet and Emily Mills, W. H. Neilson, Dawson, Johnnie Hone, John Yuille, and Mrs. De Peyster.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE LAST SUMMER OF MY LIFE WITH HARRIET IN NEW YORK.

"WEDNESDAY, July 2, 1845. Went up to Glen Cove, Long Island, with Harriet and the children.

"Friday, July 4, 1845. Drove with the De Peysters, Winthrops, and Fosters to Hog Island, in three carriages. Asked to dinner at the Winthrops', but Maria De Peyster thought we had better not come, owing to the paucity of knives and forks and plates, etc. In the evening we had a *triste* ball at the hotel.

"Saturday, July 5, 1845. Received Wm. Cross' letter of June 18 with the resolution of the trio that I should spend another winter in New Orleans. Eheu! I am afraid this will separate me from my beloved Harriet and the children, but I did what I could to get home, and left the matter in the hands of God, therefore let me learn to submit and be contented, confident that he will provide for them and me. I trust he will direct me as to leaving them here or taking them with me.\* This is a great disappointment both to Harriet and me. Received kind and pleasant letters from Mary and Anna, and also from Eliza.

"Saturday, July 12, 1845. Harriet went with Charlotte, Bessie, and little Harriet to New Rochelle to visit her old friend Mrs. Brinckerhoff, *née* Alethea Macfarlane. She spent a pleasant day with her. I took them down from Glen Cove to New Rochelle and left them there, Mr. and Mrs. Brinckerhoff meeting them with their carriage. Then, in the afternoon, coming up in the steamer from New York, they got on board at New Rochelle and proceeded with me to Glen Cove. In Wall Street thermometer  $93\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  in shade.

"Sunday, July 13, 1845. Horrid prayer at Methodist church; rose and came away.

"July 15, 1845. Left New York at 5 P. M. per *Massachusetts*,

\* This was a most important epoch in my life, without my knowing it, and was the *causa causarum* of my becoming an American citizen and settling in this country.

taking John Walter with me, for Newport and Providence ; reached the Tremont House, Boston, next day at 8.30 A. M.

"Called on A. & A. Lawrence, Milk Street ; saw a variety of American goods and the managing partner, Mr. Wolcott. Left D. & Co.'s circular and various references to bankers in London, Liverpool, New Orleans, etc., etc. Also called on J. W. Paige & Co., 111 Milk Street ; gave them also D. & Co.'s circular ; spoke of consignments to A. & J. D. & Co. of New Orleans, and gave references. Also on Mr. B. C. White, 47 Central Wharf ; he is Mr. Dawson's Boston agent, and is concerned in the ships *Parthenon*, *Cairo*, and *Lapland*, which go to New Orleans, and told him that A. & J. D. & Co. would be happy to give them a preference on equal terms. Saw passengers setting off per *Acadia* to Liverpool.

"Thursday, July 17, 1845. Walked to the Tea Wharf at Boston with John Walter, and then across the peninsula to Leverett Street and Charles River swimming bath. Dined at half past one. Heard of the death and burial of Mr. Balcombe, said to be a son of the Dean of York ; died last night at seven. I am told he was a fine-looking, but wild, young man of twenty-four ; came to the Tremont Hotel on Sunday last, got into a row and was taken to the watch-house on Tuesday, and died in the hotel, far away from all friends, on Wednesday, and was buried this (Thursday) morning.

"At 2.30 P. M. started by the Portland Railway, 130 miles long, for Newburyport, thirty-two miles from Boston. Mr. Ben. Poore met us at the station with his barouche. By the way, most of the railroad from Boston was over salt marshes and along the sea-coast. We passed through Salem, a seat of the China and East India trade. Mr. Poore took us through a beautiful mill and power-loom factory, called the James Mill, after the manager. I never saw a finer steam-engine in my life ; most beautiful cogs on flywheel ; cylinders horizontal. I also visited the Bartlett Mill, likewise a very fair factory. The mill girls were many of them very pretty and lady-like, and all modest-looking. Two of them are building a house for their parents at a cost of \$1600. From six to ten per cent. of them cease working during the three hot months, and, by so doing, throw an equal percentage of the machinery out of operation. Wages \$4.50 per week without board, and \$2.50 per week with board. The James Mill makes beautifully fine shirting, or long cloth, to sell at

about fourteen cents per yard. There are twenty-four schools in Newburyport, with a population of eight thousand. Excellent education *gratis*. No young person under twelve allowed to work more than nine months out of twelve ; the other three must be spent at school. From the abundance of public schools, there are no schools attached to the mills ; but all the overseers of mills must insist on all the operatives attending some church on Sundays, and they are very particular about the character of the workers ; any flaw in that respect results in immediate dismissal.

“ Mr. Poore gave us a beautiful drive in his barouche through a country old and well settled, with fine elm trees, very like many parts of England. We arrived at Indian Hill Farm about 7 P. M., a curious old-fashioned place. There is a fine old hall in the center of the house with a gallery running round it, to which you ascend by stairs, and the hall is wainscoted. The property was bought from the Indians by Mr. Poore’s ancestors. He himself is the eighth in lineal descent from the purchaser from the Indians, and the property is now settled on his son, who is traveling in Palestine, and has been three years in Paris studying civil law, with a view to practicing in Louisiana as a lawyer. Mr. Poore is related to Sir Edward Poore, of a place near Lyndhurst in England, and who married a sister of the beautiful Miss MacLean. I met Lieutenant Sir Edward Poore at Golfhill twenty years ago ; he was then in a regiment of dragoons quartered at Glasgow, came to Golfhill in his handsome uniform, and after dinner sang a fine bass song for myself and some of my college companions, whom my grandfather had asked to dinner along with myself. Mr. Poore and his wife and daughter visited Sir Edward Poore in 1831–32, and regularly correspond with him. Mr. Poore showed me a large quarto volume presented to him by the Vicar of Salisbury, wherein he (Mr. Poore) is described as a lineal descendant of a brother of the Bishop Poore who founded Salisbury Cathedral. Mr. Poore beside his son Benjamin now in Syria, has a daughter, Louise, a pretty, intelligent girl of seventeen, not unlike our Charlotte, and another son named Walter Scott.

“ Both J. Walter and I were very much put out when the pretty Louise Poore waited upon us at dinner, and wanted to wait on ourselves, but were given to understand that this was the custom of the house, so thought it the best manners to submit.

"July 18, 1845. Visited a woollen factory at Amesbury driven by water power. We returned to Boston in the evening.

"Saturday, July 19, 1845. Started at 7 A. M. for Lowell and visited the Merrimack works, and also the Massachusetts Mill. These have spinning works, power looms, and printing works; also the Middlesex Woollen Mill and the Lowell Carpet Factory. We saw Mr. Sam. Lawrence, who gave us a very kind reception and asked us to stay to dinner. He sent his love to Harriet, who was an old acquaintance of his before our marriage. We got into the carpet factory, partly through Mr. Sam. Lawrence's introduction and partly owing to my Scottish tongue, Wright, the manager, being a Scotsman. Saw carpets woven on power looms, which have twenty-six shuttles for different colors, and stop when one of the threads breaks, by means of a piece of iron which comes down on the thread, and when the latter is broken it falls into a hole and stops the machinery. A patent has just been taken out for making Brussels carpets on power looms. There is beautiful clear water power at Lowell and pretty grounds about the factories.

"Mr. Sam. Lawrence's firm is Lawrence & Stone; a Mr. Kellogg went with us. On our return to Boston we called on A. & A. Lawrence and W. I. Paige & Co., and got samples and prices of goods. Both houses execute orders for the goods which they sell. They charge no commission or brokerage, and nothing for packing, all these items are included in the price of the goods. Nearly half of all the goods they sell are sold in this way. They have list prices, which they alter from time to time but don't sell below the rates on the existing list. We dined at the Tremont, and left Boston by the Western Railway at 4 P. M. for New Haven, but found that the train stopped at Hartford, 110 miles from Boston, where we arrived at 10 P. M., having been detained nearly half an hour at Springfield. *En route* my right eye was nearly put out by a burr thrown from a railway carriage passing us. I thought it was out, because for an hour or two I could not see by it, but it was merely paralyzed, for gradually I could see the light with it, and at last the sight was perfectly restored. The country we passed through was rocky and picturesque, but no high hills. We put up at the City Hotel, Hartford.

"Sunday, July 20, 1845. Heard in the morning Dr. Halsey, a

Congregational minister, and a strange minister in another Congregational church in the afternoon. Fine singing in both, and organ. The second was a very handsome church, both lofty. There are in Hartford four Congregational, two Episcopal, two Baptist, and two Methodist churches. The population is about ten thousand. There is a fine deaf and dumb asylum, and a pretty walk towards it.

"Monday, July 21, 1845. We saw the Wadsworth Museum of Antiquities, among them a three-legged pot of Miles Standish, and also a wooden chest, both said to have come over in the *Mayflower*, also a picture of Benjamin West by Laurens, and a glaring battle-piece by Trumbull. Dr. Robbins, the librarian, is an old antiquary.

"Mr. Baman took us through the State House, and showed us the charter of Charles II., signed Howard; no signature of the king, but there is a likeness of him at the beginning, engrossed on vellum, and weather-stained from lying in the Charter Oak for concealment when Governor Andros came to try and carry off the charter. There is a fine view from the top of the State House of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut up toward Mount Holyoke. We also went and saw the Charter Oak, a fine old tree on the Willis place, in a street fronting a Congregational church in Main Street; the tree is hollow. Mr. Baman is to give me a letter to Professor Larned at New Haven, where we arrived about noon, after passing through several miles of a sandy desert, looking like the bottom of some primeval sea; then between the East and West Rocks, where Goffe and Whalley, two of the judges of Charles I., hid themselves, and who were subsequently concealed by the Rev. John Russell for seventeen years. He was minister of Wethersfield, and then carried his church to Hadley, 1659. He died November 10, 1662. Hadley was attacked by the Indians, and then Colonels Goffe and Whalley sallied out fully armed to assist the inhabitants, and put the Indians to flight. There is an engraving of this skirmish with the Indians, which I have seen either at Hadley or Northampton, Mass. The Rev. John Russell was a remote ancestor of Harriet's through the Kanes, Mosses, and Russells. See Tom Kane's elaborate genealogy in my H. A. W. book.

"We put up at the Pavilion Hotel, New Haven, and after dinner drove up in the omnibus with Professor Larned to Yale College, a brick building, with a fine avenue of elms. I was disappointed with



the buildings ; there is a fine collection of minerals, Trumbull's paintings, etc., etc. In the evening had a long conversation with Professor Larned, who told me that Yale College was founded by the Congregationalists, and is filled by them. They also founded and still possess the following colleges in New England, to wit : Bowdoin College, Maine ; Dartmouth College, New Hampshire ; Middlebury College, Vermont ; \* Vermont University, Vermont ; Williams College, Massachusetts ; Amherst College, Massachusetts. They also founded Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., but it has passed into the hands of the Unitarians.

"Professor Larned wished to exchange reviews with the English Congregationalists ; his is the *New Englander*, published quarterly at New Haven. I asked him to visit me at Liverpool or New York.

"Tuesday, July 22, 1845. Arrived in New York at 4 A. M. per *Champion* steamer. Saw the Fish Market at Fulton Street and the ruins of the great fire before breakfast, which meal we took at Delmonico's. Busy in the office all day. Found my blessed wife and dear children all well at Glen Cove, thank God ! "

From July 23 till August 5, living with my wife and children at Glen Cove Hotel, and bathing every day. John Walter swam across the mouth of Hempstead Harbor, half a mile, I should think. One day we all crossed in a boat, and clambered up an immense bowlder on the shore, when Harriet got so frightened at the descent that we were afraid she would not have courage to attempt it ; however, she did eventually get down.

On August 5 I stayed at home, and Harriet and I, with little Harriet and Willie and Charles Winthrop, drove to Oyster Bay, and, on return, spent the rest of the day at Dosoris. Next day also stayed at home ; bathed ; walked with Harriet in the morning through the wood and on the beach. Began to read Disraeli's "Sibyl."

I continued to go down to New York to business, coming up by the afternoon boat, but sometimes taking a holiday and remaining up at Glen Cove all day with Harriet and the children. I note she was in bed with a bilious attack on August 23, 1845, when I

\* Little did I think and less did I imagine that it should bestow upon me on July 3, 1878, the degree of LL. D., when I was president of the New York Board of Education.

stayed up all day and had much quiet converse, and was built up in the faith by her. There was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. I bathed after dinner. After tea Mr. Ogden, Abraham, I think, told me that American whale ships have under the copper a coat of chunam ; that is, fine lime mixed with whale-oil ; this is put next the wood, and then the copper sheathing is nailed on. Tom Sellar came up from New York, and the three Mills girls were here.

On Wednesday, September 3, 1845, left Glen Cove for the New York Hotel, where we arrived about 11 A. M., and occupied rooms 158, 159, 160, 161, and 163, on the ground floor, fronting on Waverly Place.

" Thursday, September 11, 1845. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Buchanan of Canada, William C. Mylne, William H. Neilson, and Tom Sellar dined with us.

" Monday, September 15, 1845. We were married this day fifteen years ago. The four elder children dined with us, and we had a bottle of Heidseck champagne. After dinner Harriet and I walked to Maria De Peyster's. Charles Winthrop and his son, Robert, and Mylne and Tom Sellar called in the evening. A fine, full moon.

" On Tuesday, September 23, 1845, we left New York at 9 A. M. for Philadelphia per railway from Jersey City, *via* Newark, Trenton, etc., to Bristol on the Delaware, where we took the steamer *New Philadelphia* to Philadelphia, and arrived there about 3 P. M. I found Tom Kane waiting for me. We got a coach, and dropping William Mylne at Jones' Hotel, Chestnut Street, drove to Mr. Kane's house, corner of Locust and Schuylkill Seventh Streets ; this means the seventh street from the Schuylkill River. Broad Street divides Philadelphia, running from north to south. Towards Broad Street the streets running north and south are numbered, beginning No. 1, each river, so you have 1, 2, etc., etc., Delaware, and 1, 2, etc., Schuylkill. Mr. John K. Kane is attorney-general of Pennsylvania, and a leading Democratic politician. He is a most gentlemanly and intelligent man, about forty-eight. His wife, who was a Miss Leiper, is a beautiful woman, about forty-five, the daughter of a leading Democrat of the Revolution, Thomas Leiper, nicknamed ' Old Kingdom,' who was by birth a Scotsman, from Strathaven, Lanarkshire, and came out before the Revolution to Philadelphia,

with seventy guineas in his pocket, but died a very wealthy man. He was a great friend and correspondent of President Jefferson. Mr. J. K. Kane's family consists of Dr. Elisha Kane, aged 24 ; Tom, 22 ; Robert Patterson (or Pat), 17 ; John, 14 or 15 ; Elizabeth (Bessie), 13 ; William, about 6 or 7, a little white-headed urchin.

"Tom and I went and called at Dr. Patterson's ; he married a sister of Mrs. Kane, and is Director of the Mint. We heard their daughter, Miss Helen Patterson, sing very beautifully.

"September 24, 1845. Visited the Philadelphia High School, and was highly pleased with the natural history class, and the mode of ascertaining the conduct of each boy, each class, and the whole school. Supposing 100 perfection, then 87 is the normal condition of the school, and it does not differ from year to year more than by unity. In case of the average in any week going below this, the principal ascertains which class is below par, and then which boy. If one boy or more in a class be bad, then all the others try to raise him or them for their own sakes. The marks are given publicly, and there is an appeal on the boys' part from the class teacher to the principal, and then from him to the managing committee.

"Went in the afternoon to the Blind School with Dr. Patterson and Mr. Kane, who are directors, and was highly delighted with the music, vocal and instrumental. I saw there Bishop Chase of Illinois.

"In the evening went to Mr. Sam. Davis' to a party, and met Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Duncan of Natchez, and was introduced to Miss Linton.

"September 25, 1845. Visited the Eastern Penitentiary, which is a fine, clean, well-ventilated building. It can hold five hundred prisoners ; among them only twenty women and one Scotsman. You can see from the center down six galleries ; each has two stories, with cells on both sides. Cells large, airy, and clean, heated by steampipes ; each has water-closet stool ; then there are baths. No prisoner sees another, and they are only known by their numbers. Each cell has a little yard for exercise, and invalid prisoners are allowed to work in a large garden, but only one at a time. The prison is situated one hundred feet above the Schuylkill, with good drainage.

"We afterward visited Girard College, which is built of white marble, eight columns in a row in front and behind, and nine on

each side, making thirty-four splendid fluted Corinthian or composite pillars, six feet in diameter. All the building is of white marble and likewise the roof, which forms a magnificent promenade, from which you have a fine view of Philadelphia and the surrounding country.

"We then drove to Laurel Hill Cemetery on the banks of the Schuylkill; there I saw a statue of Walter Scott and Old Mortality, in red sandstone, with the horse of the latter, all by Thom, in bad taste, the horse the best of the three. The grounds tastefully laid out, many of the tombstones with single names, as 'Willie,' 'Emma,' etc.; nearly all the tombstones white marble. Mr. Kane's lot is on the banks of the Schuylkill, and is a cell, with a plain Etruscan or Egyptian doorway of granite, with an iron door. I saw the tomb of Commodore Isaac Hull, with a marble eagle and American flag.

"In the evening called with Mr. J. K. Kane on Vice President Dallas, and was introduced to him and Mrs. Dallas. He is very like Mirabeau, with long white hair; he is also like John Holmes of Liverpool.

"September 26, 1843. Visited the almshouse with Dr. Kane. It is across the Schuylkill; it is very clean and airy, with apparently plenty of good food. Old men and their wives live here; also insane and other diseased persons, but all classified in wards. There is a fine garden, with Isabella and Catawba grapes. Old Mr. Graham, the gardener, a Scotsman, once worked for the Duke of Buccleuch, Dalkeith Palace.

"I succeeded in my business arrangements with Mr. Davis, and am fully persuaded of the efficacy of a believing Christian's prayer even as to temporal matters.

"Mr. John K. Kane told me how his and Harriet's Grandfather Kane came to join the Royalists of the Revolution. He was elected to the First Continental Congress, but declined to sit. He was also elected colonel of the Dutchess County militia of New York. One day a dragoon brought a British protection, supposed to have been obtained through Captain Gilbert Livingston of the British army, who married Miss Kane, eldest daughter of John Kane and Sybil Kent. This occurred during Mr. Kane's absence from home. His wife sewed the document in the pillow-

case, but afterwards boasted of her daughter's influence to someone who betrayed her confidence. A guard was sent by the Americans to arrest Colonel Kane. He denied having any British protection, but the captain of the guard walked right to the bedroom, cut open the pillow, and took out the protection. It is said in the family that this was the only occasion on which he ever spoke harshly to his wife. He was marched off to West Point, tried by court martial, and honorably acquitted. But on returning home he found that he had been superseded in his command, became disgusted, and went over to the British lines. The Americans confiscated his property, attainted him, and set a price on his head, and the attainder was only reversed within the lifetime of Mr. J. K. Kane. From other sources I have learned that Colonel Kane was first sent to Poughkeepsie jail and kept there for a good while ; that he applied to Washington through a young lawyer whom he had befriended in earlier days ; that this young lawyer was John Jay, afterward Chief Justice of the United States ; and that he was at length set at liberty ; but probably he was at last promptly sent to West Point, tried, and acquitted. The daughters of Colonel Kane were all beautiful women, and as early as the last term of Washington's presidency, at the last reception he had, three of them sang together the then fashionable song of ' A Rose Tree in Full Bearing.'

" Wednesday, October 1, 1845. A lovely day. Mrs. De Peyster, Harriet, and I, with Willie and little Emily Hone, drove to Colonel Monroe's beautiful place on the Hudson, about eight miles from New York ; saw Mrs. and Miss Monroe, as well as the colonel and a nephew. The colonel himself is a nephew of President Monroe, and he married Miss Betsy Mary Douglas, with whom Oliver Kane, Harriet's brother, was in love at one time, and, oddly enough, also my handsome uncle, James Dennistoun, who, when he was in the United States about 1819-20, was called ' the destroying angel ' by the Baltimore belles of that day.

" Thursday, October 2, 1845. Crossed with Harriet and Mr. and Mrs. Fred. De Peyster to Brooklyn by the South Ferry, from which we drove to Greenwood Cemetery, where there are beautiful drives laid out for ten miles over undulating ground, commanding splendid views of the Hudson and the ocean and all the surrounding



country. The grounds are covered with fine natural wood ; this part of the country is said to be rather subject to bilious fever ; it is four miles from Brooklyn down the bay.\*

"We returned home by the Fulton Ferry, which Mr. De P. and even Harriet recollect used to be crossed by sailing boats. The first time I crossed that ferry in 1829 was in a *team* boat, *i. e.*, a boat moved by horses walking on a horizontal driving wheel.

"Friday, October 3, 1845. Mr. and Mrs. De Peyster, Harriet, and I went to the quarantine ground, Staten Island, eight miles from New York, got a barouche and drove to the south end of the island, from whence we had a fine view of Sandy Hook and the ocean. From this we drove to Mr. John Anthon's house, situated on the top ridge of the island. From the house you look down upon New York Bay, upper and lower, over Long Island to Rockaway and the ocean, the Hudson up to the Palisades, New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, Newark, and Elizabeth. The Anthon's had two black Lorraine glasses, *i. e.*, small black slightly convex mirrors, which, when turned to the landscape and looked into, gave a perfect miniature picture of the surrounding scenery. We plucked peaches and grapes grown in the open air, bushels of the former are given daily to the pigs. The yellow are said to be the finest. Mrs. Anthon and her daughters, the Misses Joanna and Caroline, are pleasant people. From the Anthon's we drove to New Brighton, at the north end of the island, and visited the Sailors' Snug Harbor, under the care of Captain De Peyster, a brother of Frederic. The building is of white marble in front, and can hold 400 sailors, but only 195 are in it at present. Nine acres of ground are surrounded by an expensive iron fence costing twenty-five thousand dollars, and put up by order of De Peyster Ogden, who used to be United States Consul at Liverpool. This Sailors' Snug Harbor was founded by a Captain Randall, who left a farm for the purpose of maintaining it. The farm lies about Washington Square, Ninth and Tenth Streets, and Fifth Avenue, and produces a yearly revenue of fifty thousand dollars.

\* How little any of us thought that day that my blessed Harriet, the youngest of the party, would, in about six months and a half, be laid in her narrow bed, just where we had looked at one of the finest views of the Atlantic from Ocean Hill !



"In the afternoon we gave a grand dinner party at the New York Hotel. The guests were Philip Hone, Frederic De Peyster, John Laurie, Wm. More, British Consul at New Orleans, Dr. Wilkes, Samuel Nicholson (married to Helen Kane), David Colden, Isaac Buchanan, Pendleton Hosack, Thomas Dixon, Wm. C. Mylne, Thomas Sellar, and John Hone. My recollection is that Dr. Elisha K. Kane was there, and that Harriet presided, looking beautiful as usual ; the likeness between her and Dr. Kane was striking. Isaac Buchanan, after dinner, made one of his funny speeches about 'the best blood in America's diadem being English,' and all in this strain. Colden and some of the others began to bristle up at this and looked displeased, when Buchanan burst into one of his most extraordinary laughs, and set the whole party into convulsions of laughter and hearty good humor.

"October 21, 1845. My thirty-seventh birthday. Many and most undeserved mercies have I enjoyed during the past year. My dear wife and children all spared to me in good health after all their peril by sea and land. Oh, that I might live more to God and less to this world ! The cares of business choke the Word and 'vain thoughts lodge within me,' about exchanges and cotton, and all such worldly matters. I may truly say, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner.'

"I dined to-day at Mr. De Peyster's with Harriet, J. Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, and little Harriet ; John Hone and his wife and Fred. Foster also there. All very kind as usual. In the evening called, with De Peyster, Maria, and Harriet, and John Walter, at Mr. Henry Beekman's, who is married to Harriet's cousin, Catherine Livingston. She told me that Harriet's grandfather's family consisted of : Miss Kane = Mrs. Livingston, her mother ; Mrs. Lawrence, married to Dr. Lawrence of the British Army—she lived at Fort Edward, New York State ; Mrs. Yates, wife of Governor Yates of New York, she was named Sibyl Kane—all the Yates have died out ; Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Sybilla Adeline Kane ; Mrs. Thomas Morris, Sarah Kane. The sons were : John, Harriet's father ; Elisha,\* father of Judge John K. Kane ; Elias, father of United States Senator Kane of Illinois ; Oliver,\* father of Delancey, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Russell, etc.; Archibald, went to St. Domingo and married a half-breed daughter of the Emperor Faustin ; James,\* died a bachelor ;

Charles,\* lived at Schenectady, father of the beautiful Mrs. Augusta Cobb of Boston, etc.†

"October 31, 1845. There dined with us at the New York Hotel to-day the Rev. Thomas Spencer of Hawton Charterhouse, England, near Bath, a great anti-Corn Law and temperance man, with Mrs. Spencer and young James O. Heyworth, a cousin of Lawrence Heyworth. I asked to meet them Mr. and Mrs. De Peyster, Mr. Conway, Philip Hone, J. R. Brodhead, and Tom Sellar.

"November 14, 1845. Went to Hoboken with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and J. O. Heyworth, crossing at the Canal Street ferry; walked about the woods at Hoboken, and returned to New York by the Barclay Street ferry. Took the party to Columbia College, at the west end of Park Place. Mr. Spencer was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. He says it is next to, if not equal to, Trinity, and has produced more senior wranglers than any other college. Any boy who intends to enter must be examined by an M. A., and if he can read the Greek Testament and some Latin classics, the examining M. A. certifies this to the master of the college, who puts the boy's name on the books, which gives him the choice of rooms the sooner. Mr. Spencer is an M. A., and would give John Walter the necessary certificate. He says that it ought not to cost a steady young man over two hundred pounds per annum to keep him at St. John's. There's a long vacation of four months in summer, and of one month at Christmas. During these vacations the student either studies by himself or joins a private tutor, and boards somewhere in the country. The tutor's charge is ten pounds per month, exclusive of board. The age for boys entering is from seventeen to twenty-one, on the average about nineteen. It is not well to go too young, because you have then to strive for honors with men much older and of more experience and information. Dined at Mr. De Peyster's with Harriet and a party, it being the anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. De P.'s wedding, and also of Emily's and Fred Foster's wedding.

"November 20, 1845. Called with Harriet and Mr. and Mrs. De Peyster on the Spencers at 356 Broadway. Then Mrs. De P. left cards at the Thornes'. Afterwards Mr. De Peyster and I went to

† The four marked thus \* I have seen.

the Tombs, the jail so-called, built in the Egyptian style, of white granite. Saw the recorder's court in session, with Recorder Tallmage, a fine-looking man, on the bench. Afterward visited the male and female prisoners in their wards ; there was apparently no classification. This is only a receiving prison, except in special cases, as in that of Babe the pirate, whom we saw. He has been respited from death year after year. He is a bad, coarse-looking young man, with a whitey-brown complexion, petty-looking face, and thick neck. No prison dress and no cropped hair. Prostitutes, although making no disturbance, are arrested and sent for three or four months to Blackwell's Island.

"Sunday, November 23, 1845. Went to the North Dutch Church, Fulton Street, Harriet's old family church, where her father was an elder, and in a vault outside he is buried ; the vault belongs to the Kane family. There was an immense crowd to hear the Rev. George Bethune of Philadelphia, a grandson of Mrs. Isabella Graham. He has a look of Oliver Cromwell ; was disappointed with him as an orator. Much cry and little wool.

"Tuesday, November 25, 1845. Dined with Harriet at Mr. W. H. Russell's, 686 Broadway—a farewell dinner. Miss Emily Moore, Mrs. Van den Heuvel, Miss Russell, and Mr. Draper present—a pleasant party and neat dinner. In the evening we went to John Hone's and met Mr. and Mrs. Fred. De Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. F. Foster, Miss Elizabeth Jones, Miss Susan Robinson and her sister Mrs. Jones, Morris Robinson, and two Messrs. Irving, etc., also a Mr. and Mrs. Leander Starr, Canadians, I think.

"Wednesday, November 27, 1845. Left my dear wife and children at the New York Hotel at 8.30 A. M. for Philadelphia, which I reached at 3 P. M. It rained heavily most of the way, but cleared up before we got to Bristol ; from thence we went by steamer to Philadelphia. There I was met by Tom Kane and dined at his father's, who gave me letters of introduction to President Polk and the Vice President, and also to Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury, and expressed a hope that I would see and talk with the last about free trade. These letters also introduce Tom Sellar, who is traveling with me, which is very kind. We left Philadelphia at 4 P. M. and arrived at Baltimore 1 A. M., November 28, 1845, owing to detention on the road, and having to go back seven miles to let the other cars

pass us ; but for this we ought to have reached Baltimore 11 P. M., November 27. We stopped twice, once one and a half hours after we started ; got excellent oyster soup and bad coffee. Then, again, in a curious, house-like steamer we crossed the Susquehanna and had stewed oysters, coffee, etc. The spitting in the railway car was awful ; there was absolutely a certain depth of tobacco spittle on the ground. Put up at the Exchange Hotel, which was very comfortable. Cold morning, but very clear ; comfortable breakfast, excellent black tea, and fresh butter. Wrote letter *No. 1* to my dearest Harriet, found *her* note to me last night and Charlotte's hymns this morning."

Before copying out the letter from Harriet above referred to, I shall insert here two interesting notes to me, giving her views as to remaining in the United States or returning to Liverpool in 1845. They were written in New Orleans prior to our leaving that city in May, 1845, and ought to have been inserted in this autobiography at that time, but were accidentally omitted. The first is entitled :

" MY VIEWS AS A CHRISTIAN.

" I think in remaining in America we place ourselves voluntarily in a post of danger as well as temptation. This feeling of *unsettledness*, and following *hard after* certain things and events (exclusively worldly), is not good for the health of the soul, neither is it for the health of the body. The mind is in a feverish state, looking eagerly forward to this month and that month as the period of some great effort to be made ; this accomplished, fresh objects are in view—*all worldly*, all tending to drive our thoughts into the world and from God—though hitherto, through his great mercy, our bodies have suffered, our business has not prospered, and our separations have been painful ; so that has driven us *to God*, though *the cares of the world* have tended to choke the Word, and we are still in mercy spared to *follow on* in things spiritual—faint, yet pursuing. If we should remain, I think one inducement to do so (cloak it as we may) would, in a great measure, if not altogether, be *covetousness*, which is *idolatry*, and God has said ' From all their idols will I cleanse them,' and we wish to have it so, yet how will this be accomplished ?

Through much tribulation, I fear. Rather, let us yield our idols to God, bring forward 'our curious books and burn them,' and be content *with such things as we have*, for He has said 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' We have Christian friends in Liverpool, a good Christian pastor, and neither *my* health, nor Bessie's, nor Willie's, has been as good since we came here. Another year circumstances might arise to separate us for nearly *half the year* from each other if we remain, a sacrifice dearly purchased by seeing some more of the old accounts put ship-shape ; and, in being separated for so long a time. Death might separate us forever, and thus, in hasting to be rich, we should pierce ourselves through with many sorrows. This, of course, might equally occur at home, but we should then have nothing to reproach ourselves with. All the children but one earnestly desire to feel settled *at home*, and perhaps the very desire that this one has to go wandering about is the very reason he should go home."

"MY VIEWS AS A MERCHANT.\*"

"Your letter leaves it entirely optional with me either to return home or to remain here another year. I would have been better pleased had you repeated decidedly your former wish that I should *at all events return*. As it is, I have been completely at a loss what to do. There is evidently so much to be done that the necessity seems as urgent as ever that I should remain—yet the difficulty lies in this, the doing what is to be done is not left entirely with me, but now that the visiting of planters is over I must act through Mylne and Murray Thomson, and this being *master* with *master*, the task is neither an easy nor a pleasant one. I have therefore concluded, after much deliberation, that I had better return to my old post at Liverpool, and trust to your letters from the other side doing what my counsels and presence have failed to do. These should be strong and urgent as to the necessity of close attention to the old accounts."

\* This was given to me with the intention of my embodying it in a letter to Alex. Dennistoun, John Dennistoun, and William Cross.

## CHAPTER VI.

ON MY WAY TO NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER, 1845.

THE following series of letters was written during my journey to, residence at, and return from, New Orleans in 1845-46 :

The first of these letters is addressed to "William Wood, Esq., Wanderer, Face of the Earth." It was wrapped in my nightshirt, and found when I reached Baltimore, where I slept at the Exchange Hotel the first night from home, November 27, 1845.

"NEW YORK, November 26, 1845.

"MY BELOVED HUSBAND :

"Keep up your spirits for my sake and endeavor even to enjoy this jaunt, and I will promise you to bear up as much as I can under so heavy an affliction, for I know how necessary it is that I should not give way for the dear children's sake and my own. Indeed I *must not* allow myself to *think*, or wish, that you had not gone, for it is hard enough silently to *endure*, even from moment to moment—bearing the present meekly and *not* looking forward to the *length* of the separation, and to painful possibilities ; and you, dearest Will, must do the same. God give us strength and courage to submit cheerfully to this trial, and may we only feel it in so far that we may profit by it, reflecting that the time must come when we shall be separated by the death of one of us. May we, my darling, grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, laying up treasure in heaven, and fearing alway lest the *cares* of this world and the deceitfulness of riches and the lust of other things choke the Word within us.

"Six o'clock, after dinner. Interrupted at 3 P. M. by Julia Mills coming in. Mr. Sellar's words have given me great hope, and perhaps if you find you can be equally useful, or even *almost* as useful, by visiting St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati, you may return here by March 1. If possible, I know you will do it. In the mean-



time I will try and 'hope on, hope ever,' bearing in mind these lines :

“ ‘ Strength is *promised*, strength is *given*,  
When by grief the heart is riven,  
But *foredate* the day of woe  
And *alone* thou bearest the blow.’ ”

And now, my darling, farewell for a time, and may God's peace rest upon us both, and dwell in our hearts by faith in our blessed Redeemer, and oh, may he unite us together again with sound minds and sound bodies, *before your own appointed time*, if it be his will.

“Your own devoted wife,

“H.”

“NEW YORK, November 26, 1845.

“MY BLESSED HARRIET :

“I know you will like to have a few lines after I leave you, if it be only to say God bless you. To tell you *how much* I love you is *impossible*. If *you love me* you must try and keep up your spirits, not only for my sake, but for that of our dear children. I wish you to write to me on Friday ; direct your letter to me, ‘Post Office, Washington,’ and I will get the letter on Monday morning. You must send it to Mr. Dawson, 124 Bleecker Street, on Friday night, and he will send it off on Saturday. The next time you should write to me will be on Thursday week ; that is, send the letter to Mr. Dawson's on Thursday evening, December 4 ; direct it ‘Care of Messrs. Mitchell & Mure, Charleston.’ I will write to you on the way where your third letter should be directed to me. John Walter may write his first letter on Saturday first, and you can inclose it in yours to Charleston. I will write on the road where Charlotte's first letter of the following Saturday is to be sent.

“I have given you a note of my assets. If you should live after me, I don't know but you had better settle here. Get Mr. De Peyster to invest your money in bond and mortgage, take a small house and educate the children as well as you can, bring them up in the fear of God, and may he watch over you and them. Pray for direction as to John Walter's profession. I think that of a lawyer might be the best. I hope, however, I may be spared to come back to you, and find you and all my children well. God

Almighty bless you and them, and may he watch over us all, and unite us again in health and happiness. And oh, may he enable us to live more to God and to bring every thought in subjection to Christ. Do not give way to grief, my beloved one, 'put a cheerful courage on,' and trust the Lord and pray for me.

"If you write to England, your letters must be sent to Mr. Dawson's on Friday evening. I write in haste, amid talking and business, and would write more, but I know you would rather have my bodily presence with you than a longer letter.

"Ever your own attached husband,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

The memorandum of my assets referred to above is as follows :

- £3500 insured on my life and settled on Harriet's trustees.
- £4000 or £5000 settled on her trustees as per deed of trust ; something to be added in case of Eliza's death before she marries, say £7000 or £8000 ; not liable for my debts.
- £2000 insured on my life ; liable for my debts.
- £2000, a moderate valuation for house and furniture at Liverpool ; my box of silver plate is in Royal Bank, Liverpool ; liable for my debts.
- £1200, I fancy, may be the value of my share in the Clyde Co. ; liable for my debts.
- £800, say, due from my underwriting, Liverpool ; liable for my debts, which may be that amount or more.
- £6000, house at Elie, settled on John Walter, but with life rent to Harriet.

"NEW YORK HOTEL, NEW YORK,

"November 27 and 28, 1845.

"MY PRECIOUS WILLIAM :

"I have waited till late before beginning my letter, that I may tell you at the last moment how we all are, and now I fear every minute will bring someone upon me to interrupt me.

"Yesterday was a day of intense sorrow to me, a feeling like that when the dead have left the house, a vacant stillness is felt throughout the deserted rooms, and a horror of deep gloom. Not a soul looked near me, man, woman, or child. The children all went to school, except the little ones, and my head was so painful I could not bear their footsteps. Maria wrote me a note saying her cold was so bad that Mr. De Peyster forbade her leaving the house,

and Julia Mills, who came before on a wet day, never came. Nor did John Hone, Mr. De Peyster, nor Charles Winthrop, though I did not want to see them, yet all helped to make it seem to me as the longest and dreariest day I had ever spent. As soon as you left I walked up and down with my children till they were obliged to go to school, then read my Bible (some most comforting chapters), and prayed fervently for us both, and felt that God was indeed a very present help in time of trouble, and that he would care for me and watch over my beloved one, who, for Christ's sake, was precious in his sight. I then went to work and helped Powell to change and arrange the children's drawers and boxes, and felt, in busying myself for their comfort, I was attending to my own. Sometimes I stopped to pray, and always felt comforted ; sometimes to weep, and felt relieved. I had soon the rooms in complete order—that is, by two o'clock. The cot in my room, the bureau opposite the other one, and the wardrobe moved nearer the door. Your portrait hung up on the little nail near the glass, and the whole room looking comfortable and snug. I could not read anything yet but my precious, comforting Bible and your dear letter, which was read six or seven times that day. Did you get mine in the inside of your nightshirt ? About three I began to read De Foe, and got interested in it, though with a leaden weight at my heart ; then the children came home, and dinner occupied some time. Dear Charlotte behaved like a little angel, so like a Christian, and so tender and affectionate. A card for Mrs. B. Neilson's ball for December 9 came, which I answered after tea, and continued my reading till bedtime. Read the evening Jay aloud and three Psalms of the Bible to the children. Charlotte sang 'Thy will be done,' and I took them to my own room and we all knelt down together and prayed for our blessed father, friend, and husband. We went to bed about ten. I awoke about four times in the night, and prayed for my darling husband, but this last time I must have been half asleep, as I prayed about *Zebedee*, and then remembered that I was not *thinking* when I began, but *praying*. At quarter to six I awoke, lit my lamp to see my watch, and finding it so early lay down again till quarter to seven, was dressed by quarter to eight, and had worship, reading one of Jay's prayers, which I had abridged, and the continuation of Deuteronomy and Corinthians. The weather to-day is colder than we have yet had it at all. You

see I am determined to get and *keep myself well*. I then read my Psalms and chapter in John's Gospel, went to my own room, had a comfortable outpouring of heart before God, and taught dear Willie a very long lesson ; he was very attentive and very bright. I told him I should tell you, then took my sewing, and Caroline Neilson came in and sat with me till twelve, when Maria came. She had been so ill as to make her get up and sit up from the oppression of breathing. To-day she is better, and is coming here again this evening, which is the reason I am writing for dear life lest I have to cut short my letter. Julia Mills just came in, but had the sense to go off, seeing me writing ; says she will come to-morrow ; and a washerwoman came in with a note from Sallie Morris, recommending her, and the children have interrupted me several times. Soon after Maria came Emily came, and then came Mrs. Isaac Hone, but I went to my bedroom, as I did not feel able to see her. Caroline Neilson stayed with me till after they had all gone, and then insisted on my coming up to her house for a walk ; she was most affectionate and tender. Dear Maria also was everything that was lovely, but she had to pay these calls with Mrs. Isaac Hone. Eliza Kane also was here, but I did not see her. Maria insisted on my coming to-morrow with all the four children to spend the day and dine with her, and I insisted as hard that I could not, for I do not feel able to speak to Mr. Foster and Mr. De Peyster, but I have promised to go up early there to-morrow about eleven and take a drive with her in the country, and meet Caroline Neilson there at two o'clock, bringing all the children. I have got a card for us to Mrs. Colden's ball on December 5. Will you go ? God bless you, my too tenderly beloved husband. I *never* loved you so much as now, and never felt your absence more, but, thank God, I feel *his* presence and have an inward peace which passeth understanding. May *you* have the same, my own blessed husband. Remember me kindly to Sellar.

“ Ever thine,

“ H.”

“ EXCHANGE HOTEL, BALTIMORE, November 28, 1845.

“ MY BELOVED WIFE :

“ Mr. De Peyster would tell you of our embarkation in the rain, and that I was in wonderfully good spirits, considering. I parted

with him at Jersey City. Sellar and I took our seats in the rail cars. I immediately began to read about Oregon in the *Journal of Commerce*, which occupied me nearly two hours, but at one o'clock I prayed with you as we had agreed to do, and I trust our petitions ascended together to the Throne of Grace and found acceptance through the Beloved.

"After finishing the paper on Oregon, I began the article on De Foe in the *Edinburgh Review*, and kept reading at it until we reached Bristol, by which time, by the way, the rain had ceased. There we got into a steamer and steamed down the Delaware sixteen or eighteen miles to Philadelphia. I expected to have gone on to Camden, opposite Philadelphia, and then just have crossed the ferry, but this I did not do, but went the same route as I had gone in summer. We dined on board the steamer, and had a very comfortable dinner. At Philadelphia Tom Kane was waiting for us on the wharf, and insisted on us both going to dine at his father's. I went, but Tom Sellar remained at the railway station to look after the baggage. We were about an hour in Philadelphia, and I was most hospitably welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Kane and all the family, and did my best to partake of this second dinner. I left them and got into the rail car at 4 P. M., Tom Kane going to see me off. He gave me a packet directed to me, containing letters of introduction, he said. On opening this I found letters addressed to 'The President,' 'The Vice President,' 'Honorable R. J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury,' and not only introducing me, but also Sellar, which I thought was very kind. We had a very long, wearisome time of it from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and did not arrive until after one o'clock this morning, instead of at eleven last night, and then we had to wait an hour before we got our baggage, so that it was after 2 A. M. before I got to bed. I had, however, a very comfortable bed and capital sleep. I was up at half-past seven, and have had a capital breakfast. I have not seen Tom Sellar this morning, and fancy he is taking it easy and his breakfast in bed.

"When taking out my nightshirt last night, or rather this morning, out fell your dear little cheering and cheerful note, it made me smile, and I went to bed full of thankfulness and cheerfulness. By the way, the rail car I was in from Philadelphia here was very dirty, and so crowded that a good many passengers had to stand for fifty



miles. Sellar and I were fortunate in getting seats. Last night and this morning before I got up I was wondering what 'onder arth' dear Charlotte could have been doing the night before I left, for I thought she was writing me a letter or something, and as I found none, I began to think it was too bad, her sitting in the nursery all that evening. But after breakfast I came up to my own room to write to you, and opened my American Traveler, and out dropped my dear little child's 'Diamonds and Pearls,' God bless her! I read every word through before I began this letter, and she could not have given me a more acceptable gift, or 'Shewn unto me a more excellent way.'

"I hope, my darling wife, you are keeping up your spirits; I am absolutely surprised at the goodness of mine. The weather became excessively cold last evening and continues so, but the atmosphere is clear and bracing. However, it is somewhat of a labor of love sitting in this bedroom without a fire, and my hands quite blue with cold, so I will take a spell at Jay, and warm my hands in my pockets. The Jay is a very good one on, 'Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.' Say that from me to my dear John Walter, whose pale face I have before me now as he stood at the door of the New York Hotel—and talking of hotels, it is a great shame you don't get better butter. I had excellent fresh butter here this morning. I wish when Captain Comstock comes, Mr. De Peyster would ask Mr. Morgan, the real owner, to give a hint to Comstock to be attentive to you; I am sure that would do good. I have just seen Tom Sellar; he has not breakfasted yet, half past nine, and slept ill. I slept famously. Then Jay to-day quotes the text Proverbs 33 and 17th verse. Now, there are only thirty-one chapters in Proverbs, and the seventeenth chapter has not thirty-three verses.

"I read one chapter of John to-day, and the 1st Psalm. God bless you, my blessed Harriet, give my warmest love to John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, Harriet, and Willie, and kiss little sweet 'Pectorosey' for me. I think of you and them all, and love you most dearly. Remember me kindly to Powell, and give my best love to Maria and Mr. De P. I intend to write you from Washington on Sunday, and I suppose you will get the letter on Tuesday. We leave for Washington to-night at five o'clock. After I write some business letters, I am going out to see Baltimore. The



Kanes spoke of J. Walter's visit, and still wish Charlotte to accompany him.

"Ever your own attached husband,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

"No 10, COLEMAN'S NATIONAL HOTEL,

"WASHINGTON, November 29, 1845.

"MY BLESSED HARRIET :

"I wrote to you yesterday from Baltimore. After closing my letter I made two business calls, and then went to the Catholic cathedral, where you and I went and saw the two paintings presented by Louis XVIII. and Charles X., which, I suppose from my taste being improved by a greater experience, I did not think so much of as at my last visit. We also saw the monument to Washington, and the monument to those who fell at the battle of North Point, where you recollect Mr. May Humphreys was, and amused us all by an account of his sensations as he saw the British red line appearing. Baltimore lies on ground ascending pretty steeply from the water, and is a cheerful place, the men well dressed, and the women pretty and lively looking. Sellar called on a Miss Macteth and was well received and highly pleased. Yesterday there was hard frost and bitter cold. We left for Washington by railway at 5 P. M. The cars very full, and although the distance is thirty-seven miles only, we did not arrive till 8 P. M. This hotel is the one formerly kept by Gadsby, and is a comfortable enough one. You recollect you and I were here. My room is, I think, just in the story above the room we had, or else directly opposite. 'Do you remember, love?' 'The place is so lovely,' and the beautiful vision I saw? 'Teach, oh! teach me to forget.' My room is about the size of John Walter's in the New York Hotel, and you get to it, like all the rest, by an outside gallery, which in this bitter cold weather is not agreeable. However, I slept well last night, and to-day I have a fire, which at the present is roasting, and I am forced to retreat into the farthest corner of the room, as it is of anthracite and scorching. The weather has been most bitterly and detestably cold all day, but a little snow has fallen in the afternoon, and rather tempered the atmosphere.

"After breakfast Sellar and I went to the Capitol, and to the

paintings which were there in the Rotunda fifteen years ago are added the Baptism of Pocahontas, and the Pilgrim Fathers at Worship on Board Ship. We saw the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives, neither of which struck me so much as they did before. The Capitol is a fine building, but the dome is out of proportion large. Washington itself is a miserable place, and it must take a good deal of honor and pay to make it endurable. Pennsylvania Avenue is the main street, and it is handsome from being broad, and having the Capitol at one end and the White House (the President's residence) nearly at the other ; but it has no fine buildings in it. The Post Office and Patent Office are fine buildings, so that you may say there are just four fine buildings in Washington. We called on Foster's friend, Mr. Riggs, and then went to the White House, but were told the President was attending a cabinet council, and would not be disengaged for two hours ; but we looked at the public rooms, and in the dining room saw the deal dining table used by Jefferson, and still used by the President when he gives dinners to the Congressmen, but there was a strong contrast to it in the chairs, which were handsome rosewood, covered with violet-colored velvet. There was also an old, but rather handsome, mahogany sideboard which had belonged to Washington. We then went to the Patent Office, where we saw many interesting curiosities and also several gimcracks. We saw the original Declaration of Independence, and had pointed out to us where it had been begun wrong, and badly engrossed by one hand, and afterwards properly begun and finished by another hand, but they could not have it all executed by the good hand, because another sheet of parchment of the same size could not be got in the country at the time.

"The United States Government has at the Smithsonian Washington's coat, waistcoat, and breeches on exhibition, which is of a piece with England's keeping Nelson's coat, etc., at Westminster Abbey, and Sir Walter's at Abbotsford, showing that mother and daughter have the same tastes in relics, and that, a questionable one, reminding one too much of 'old clo'."

"After this we returned again to the White House, and the President being still engaged at the council, we were ushered into a room, and the black servant brought us some newspapers, among which I

was pleased to see the *League* and *Economist* of October 18, 1845 ; mention this to Foster with my respects. After a little the servant came and said the President was ready to receive us. We were then ushered into a sort of library, with two tables covered with books, and plainly furnished. In about a minute another door opened, from that by which we entered, and a moderate-sized man appeared, whom I knew at once, by his resemblance to the portraits, to be James K. Polk. I walked up and shook hands, introduced Sellar, and gave the President Mr. Kane's letter, which he read, and then we had a 'two-handed crack' about Indian corn, free trade, etc., etc. Mr. Polk said, 'All restrictions on both sides are bad.' He talked a great deal about Indian corn, how cheaply it could be grown and what excellent food it was ; that even 'here,' he himself ate nothing else for bread ; that the valley of the Mississippi could grow enough to feed all Europe, with its surplus ; that if our ports were opened they could feed 'the *starving* population of England.' The epithet *starving* rather stuck in Tom Sellar's gizzard. James Knox Polk is a plain, unassuming man, with grizzled hair, rather short, thin, and careworn-looking, with his hair brushed back like Jackson's, somewhat 'dour' looking, and I doubt not would go to war rather than give up an inch of Oregon, once having made up his mind that it belonged to this country. He looked like a respectable undertaker.

"I got him on his family, and he told me his father's ancestors were from Scotland, but emigrated to the north of Ireland, and from thence to the east coast of Maryland, where they landed 125 years ago, and finally moved to Tennessee. It must be all nonsense about Ferguson Carter being his second cousin. His mother is a descendant of John Knox, and she has a snuffbox made out of Knox's pulpit. I have in my journal a more minute account of my interview and conversation with the President, but I dare say you have got enough of it. I have not yet called on Mr. Dallas, the Vice President. I believe he is in this hotel. I called twice on Mr. R. J. Walker, the Secretary of the Treasury, but he was out.

"Mr. John Slidell has not arrived here. Mr. Campbell, Mr. De Peyster's friend, is in this hotel, but I have not yet got hold of him to deliver the letter of introduction to him. It is now 9 P. M., and I shall say good-night, and God bless you and my dear children, my

darling one. When one thinks of it, it is something to have talked so sociably with the man who, on Monday or Tuesday, may deliver a message which may lead to a general war, and who may have been giving the last finishing touch to that message at the very cabinet council held to-day while Tom Sellar and I were reading the newspapers in a room of the very house where it was held.

"Sunday, November 30, 1845. I have just returned from church whither I went with Mr. William W. Campbell, a member of Congress, to whom Mr. De Peyster gave me a letter, and who is a pleasant, intelligent man. Sellar went with us. We heard a Dr. Laurie, a Presbyterian, and father of a Dr. Laurie whom I met in Arkansas, and who you may recollect surprised me by quoting Tennyson. The father is a hard-headed old Scotsman, not unlike my Grandfather Dennistoun, and gave us a sort of Nebuchadnezzar sermon of commonplaces. But he seemed to have a sort of dry humor, for in reference to a collection taken up to supply fuel, he said on the day of the previous collection the weather was so inclement that the congregation was very small, and *the collection was in conformity*. And again in reference to the prayer meeting to be held on Tuesday, he hoped the congregation would bear in mind that prayer meetings were not instituted *solely for the benefit of the pastors*, and would, therefore, be more constant in their attendance than they had hitherto been.

"I have not yet decided whether to leave this to-morrow night or Tuesday night, but unless I find more strong inducement to stay, I shall start to-morrow night ; that is, go on board the steamer, for it does not start till 3 A. M. It takes us to a place called Acquia Creek, on the Potomac, and there we get on the railway, which takes us to Richmond. I fancy the creek is about thirty or forty miles below this. I hope to receive a letter from you to-morrow. God grant it bring me good news of you. I have read the Bible and Jay to-day. I don't think I will take a spell at 'Goode's Better Covenant' until I reach New Orleans ; I *may* do so, however, this evening, when I intend also to read my dear little Charlotte's hymns. We dine in this hotel at two o'clock on Sunday, and the mail leaves for New York at 3.30 P. M. It is now half past one, and I am just going to wash my hands before dinner. I have been reading a part of the first article in the *Quarterly*, entitled : 'Religious

Controversy in France,' which is well written, and I think by W. E. Gladstone. I suppose *you* will be taking your dinner to-day at two o'clock also, now that the *governor* is on his travels. The weather here is still cold, and snow on the ground, but I think there are symptoms of thaw this afternoon. God bless you, my beloved wife, and all my dear ones, John Walter and Charlotte and little round-faced Bessie and Harriet, and dear simple-hearted Willie and 'Ninny, ninny, nursery, ne,' how I love you, and each and all of them. God grant we may soon be restored to each other, in health of body and mind, and meanwhile may all of us grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Ever your attached husband,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

"NEW YORK HOTEL, Sunday, November 30, 1845, after church.  
"MY BELOVED WILLIAM:

"Ten thousand thanks for your unexpected and cheering letter No. 1 from Baltimore. What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits unto us? Surely 'he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows,' and let us, dear Will, dedicate ourselves afresh to his service, and no longer be barren and unfruitful in the work of the Lord, but be daily inquiring, and from *moment* to *moment*, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' And in the midst of all your business duties let your religion be seen and felt. Give cheerfully when you have an opportunity, as God has prospered you, and do not let Satan delude you by saying you have 'nothing to give.' God 'has not prospered you,' but remember the widow's mite, and give according to your ability, knowing that his eyes are upon us, watching the amount which *we* cast into his treasury, and let us not only be cheerful givers of our money, but let us give our time, such as we may lawfully give from our business and our duty, to our fellow-men. Surely God requires it as an expression of our gratitude to him for all his mercies. We ought indeed to do more for him and for his people. *You* can be gathering information which may be useful to others when you go home, and endeavor to lend a helping hand when any reformation is needed, and remember that *now* is the time to work, when God has given you excellent health of body and



a sound and cheerful mind, not to work only in your business calling—there you are ever ready and sometimes *over*-diligent—but to do something for God and something that may tell after you are laid to rest. What record shall we leave of the time that is passing so swiftly! The day set for your starting on this journey once seemed so far away, but day after day and month after month passed rapidly, and it has come and gone. Now we look forward to the distant period of your return; that also will certainly come if life be spared. And just as certainly is there a time fixed for us to leave this world and pass to our Father's house, and, although we know not the day, we are just as certainly getting on our way toward it, nearer and nearer, just as you, my beloved one, are going from stage to stage nearer and nearer to New Orleans. Let us then pray earnestly to God that we 'may pass the time of our sojourning here in fear, redeeming the time.' My health has been excellent since you left, except the one day's sick headache, and all the children and Powell are well, and, like you, I have wondered at my calm and cheerful mind.

"On Friday evening Emily and Foster, Charles and Anna, and Maria and De Peyster were here. Yesterday I took the three girls and went to Maria's early; the day was so bitterly cold that we did not go to the country for a drive, but I went with Maria down town and purchased a muff for myself, and one for Charlotte, both costing ten dollars; mine was six dollars, and a very nice one. By this arrangement Helen can get Harriet's muff, for I see that to do without *all* winter would be next to impossible. I also purchased long stockings for Charlotte, and called at Mrs. Okill's. Margaret Hone, Cassy, and the Millses were here in my absence. To-day it is snowing and very cold, but we all went to church. Little Willie behaved like a little old man, listening all the time, and at prayer covering his eyes with his little hands. I sat between him and Harriet at the head of the pew. The sermon was most excellent, one full of praise to God and thanksgiving, in which I and my children heartily joined. I will not fill my letter with its subject, as I must leave room to tell you all the news from this till Thursday, which is the day appointed for Thanksgiving.

"We dine to-day at three o'clock, and Powell goes to church. My heart is so full of love to you and yearning to see you that I



could not refrain from writing. Your sweet face has been so cheerful that your miniature is less agreeable to me than formerly, and in looking at it I pass my eyes rapidly from the grim face to the dear figure, which is to the life, while I have in my heart of hearts a more delightful picture of you, as you sat on that chair opposite mine in my bedroom window, with your head bowed down over the weekly bill, rectifying some error you discovered. Oh, how my heart glows with gratitude to God for all his mercies to you and to me! Farewell for the present, my beloved one.

"Thursday, December 4, 1845. Well, love, hoping you have recovered from the effects of your Sunday's sermon from me, which, I am free to confess, is as grim as your dear miniature, I resume my pen. Since I last wrote to you I have received your two delightful letters from Washington, November 29 and 30, and one December 1. Mr. Dawson called in the evening and brought me your letter of 30th,—his wife had called previously,—and the one of December 1 he sent about eight in the evening. That of same date directed to the hotel did not arrive till between eleven and twelve next day. I am grieved that you have a touch of your old complaint, but am obliged to you, and feel that I can trust you now in being so faithful as to conceal nothing from me.

"It is now one o'clock, and at two I am going to Maria's to spend the day, she sending the carriage for us, the three elder children and myself. Poor wee Harriet I leave at home; Jane and John, and Belle Perry (Bessie's friend) and her aunt, who are staying with Jane, are to be there, and also Muller. We are also going to dine there on Christmas Day. Mr. De Peyster and Maria insist upon it; they were quite hurt (really) at my persisting in not coming every Saturday to dine, and bringing all the children; but I would rather not go so often, and they are quite reconciled to it now. I keep quite cheerful at home, and love to be with my children, *all of them*, and *alone*. I have had an invitation to-day to the Millses', also to meet Mrs. Minton, and a general one again from the Philip Hones. I could not go to church to-day, as it began to rain on the top of the snow, and, though not so cold, it has made dreadful walking.

"W. Forsyth is now in town; he called here yesterday, and I am sending up by him a five-dollar gold piece to Mary Smyth as a Christmas gift. Have I done right? Maria asked me what money I had in

the house, and told me not to keep too much, as she thought very small sums would be safer to have in the hotel, the servants knowing I was alone and would likely have money to pay my weekly bills. I then told her *what* you had given me, and she begged me, after consulting Mr. De Peyster, to let her keep it, and gave me a receipt for it, I getting from her what I want. I gave her \$150. Did I do rightly in this also? Here is your next dear letter just come up by Johnnie Yuille; I must stop to read it. Your letter is dated December 2, and, I thank God, written in excellent spirits, and, I hope, not wholly owing to the champagne. I shall read the President's Message carefully the first opportunity. I am now in a hurry to dress. The telegraph is surely most wonderful. But don't get too radical—remember, it is not such a bad government, after all, on the other side of the ocean. I am very glad you stayed to see the House open, but don't now much like to have you go further from me; there is a comfort in being only a day's mail off.

“Mr. De Peyster paid me a long friendly call yesterday, and then told me (about 10 A. M.) the contents of the Message; *he* also was pleased with it; this Message must have been received here on Tuesday. It is curious that you should have been lying awake early on Wednesday; so also was I. I woke first at five minutes to three, and got up and lighted my lamp and looked at my watch. I then put out the lamp and must have lain till near morning *wide awake*. I don't know what disturbed me last night; I slept well all night through. We have just such weather as you have had Sunday—snow and very cold in the morning, thaw and rain in the afternoon, and a pour of rain all day Monday. Yesterday was snow again and very cold. To-day it is thaw and rain. I am trying to keep up my spirits by dividing our separation into periods of three weeks each, counting on your getting home, if possible, by March 1. I am very busy stuffing dolls, etc., for Christmas, and it keeps me amused. Last night Laurie called, but I sent word I was not very well. I was very tired, and, as I told you, I don't intend to see gentlemen company till your return. I have read De Foe, which I thought very interesting and well written; Willis' ‘Dashes at Life,’ most amusing; and ‘Religious Controversy in France,’ which I thought rather heavy and not at all *Sunday reading*—that's for *you*! I forgot to say how I proportion my time: From this till 25th will be

three weeks, that I can surely bear ; then three weeks more will bring it to six weeks, that, too, I might bear if you were to be here at the end of it ; then I must not look into the twelve weeks to March 1 till I reach the six weeks, but try and keep my eye steadfastly fixed on the first three, then the end of the second quarter ; when I get there, begin again, and try to bear another three, and in the *last three* you will *surely, surely* be thinking of turning your face homeward. But I must write no more, as I am very late. What did you do with the agreement about our room for April 1 ? I could not find it. And did you say I was to enter the money drawn for the hotel bills in the back part of the account book, as well as in the column for house expenses ? Excuse my stupidity, and God bless you a thousand times. 'Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long,' is in Proverbs, 23d chapter and 17th verse. I read the Jay at Anna Winthrop's.

"Your own

"H."

"WASHINGTON, Monday, December 1, 1845.

"MY BLESSED HARRIET :

"I have just been at the post office and got your dear letter of Friday, November 28. It grieves me to see that you suffered so much on the day I left, but thank God that he supported and comforted you, and that you felt that he was a very present help in trouble. It was strange that you should have been left so completely alone the day I left, when you have generally so many people when you don't want them. I am thankful to dear Maria and Carrie Neilson for their kindness to you. I hope the former will take care of her cold in this vile weather. The frost has gone to-day, and there is an even down-pour of rain, which will make the opening of Congress not so satisfactory as it might have been. The House assembles at twelve o'clock, and it is now half past eleven, and as we have fully half a mile to go, we must be setting off. I sent you a long letter yesterday, addressed to the care of Dennistoun & Co., which I hope reached you in due course.

"We have just returned from the House of Representatives where we saw the Speaker elected ; the person chosen was a Mr. John W. Davis, a large and rather good-looking man, like a master mason. The votes for him were 120 out of a House of 211, conse-

quently he had, as required by law, a clear majority of the whole. The clerk then requested two members to lead the Speaker to the chair, and two respectable elderly, but awkward-looking, men went to Mr. Davis, but instead of giving him *their* arms, took *his*, so that the effect was precisely as if they had been leading off a pickpocket to jail. The general appearance of the House of Representatives was that of well clothed (not well *dressed*) mediocrity. The members looked like decent shopkeepers and farmers dressed in their Sunday clothes, in short not by any means an aristocratic, but a very respectable, democratic assembly; the only really gentlemanlike man I saw, was the venerable John Quincy Adams. He seemed to be the oldest member of the House, and swore in the Speaker, I suppose on that account. Everything was conducted in the most orderly way, not a single cheer when the Democratic party elected their Speaker. We find that the President's Message is not to be delivered until to-morrow. I was for going off to-night but Sellar was anxious to hear it, or rather see it delivered, so we tossed up whether to go, or remain another day, and Sellar won, so we shall stay till to-morrow. It is now not far from 3 P. M., when we dine, and I must take this to the post office before that time, so I must close.

"I read the first chapter and the introduction of 'Goode's Better Covenant' yesterday evening, and also some of my dear Charlotte's hymns. I keep wonderfully cheerful, considering, but want to be moving again, as traveling agrees better with me than staying still. It has turned out a fine afternoon. I hope to write to you to-morrow, but as I will keep this letter open probably till evening, you will not receive it for two days after you get this. I intend to send you a letter addressed to the New York Hotel along with this; please write to me to Charleston which you get first. God bless you and my darling children.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"WASHINGTON, December 2, 1845.

"MY DARLING HARRIET:

"Here I am seated at the window of my bedroom, which looks on a balcony in the interior square of the hotel, at 4.30 P. M., after

dining in the ladies' ordinary, where Sellar and I got admittance to-day, being tired of the ordinary for the tobacco chewers. We took a bottle of champagne for the good of the house, and are now in a 'concatenation accordingly.' After breakfast to-day we went to the magnetic telegraph office. The telegraph communicates with Baltimore, thirty-seven miles distant, and a question is asked and replied to from Baltimore in less than half a minute. A signal, merely calling for attention at the Baltimore end, was absolutely replied to as quick as thought ! It beat Herr Alexander's tricks all to sticks, and really was like magic. We asked the price of flour at Baltimore, and had a reply in a minute, 'Six dollars.' I asked them to repeat my name from Baltimore, which was given them from this, and almost instantaneously the reply was received, 'William Wood.' I inclose the little slip of paper on which the telegraph marks the answer. You will see that the letters are composed of dots and lines : for instance : " - — — " means W. I enclose also the telegraphic alphabet and numerals, which I have no doubt, with a little explanation from Curly Head, commonly called John Walter, you will easily comprehend. The paper on which the indents are made is on a small wheel and unrolls by the action of the galvanism, and the dots and lines are made by knocking on a sort of key, the dot by a smart rap, the line by a rap and then leaving the finger on for an instant. It requires great practice to do the thing correctly, every word has to be spelled, and the spelling it by raps and pauses would require as long a time as to learn to play on the piano. After this we went to the Capitol. Sellar being a Conservative went to the Senate, I being a Radical went to the House of Representatives. After some business of a routine nature, such as moving that the House do now appoint a public printer, and two speeches thereon, a messenger arrived from the President with his Message. This was wrapped up in a paper like a very large letter. The clerk of the House opened it, and immediately began to read. A flag was hoisted on the top of the Capitol, and the moment it was seen the magnetic telegraph gave a signal to Baltimore, thirty-seven miles distant, and there, packed in a railway car under the control of the postmaster, were numerous printed copies of the Message. And as soon as the signal was given that the Message was begun to be read in Congress, off started



this car to Philadelphia, and then by express the Message would be conveyed to New York, and you will have it there, I fancy, to-night, but certainly to-morrow morning. Soon after the Message was brought in, and while the clerk was reading it, printed copies were distributed to the members, and after that boys came round and sold them for five cents to the *canaille* in the gallery, of whom I, being one, bought the inclosed, which please 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' I think it on the whole a creditable document to James K. Polk, and hardly so warlike as I anticipated, and were I an American I would say amen to every word of it, barring some little weaknesses on the tariff. I do think we Britishers may be proud of our child. It is grand to see a young and great nation using our own language, and extending its power over this continent, and its influence over the world. I heartily and *ex animo* bid it God speed, but at the same time it mustn't think to get Oregon from the old gentleman, just yet. But if it have patience and wait, adopt as Mr. Calhoun says, 'a masterly inactivity,' Oregon in time will drop into its mouth, and Canada also, for I am persuaded that self-government has such charms that all the states on this continent will in time be attracted into the federation of the United States, and I only wish I saw my own country under the sway of its people, and queens and nobles sent on their travels.

"We go on board the steamer for Acquia Creek (about forty-four miles distant) to-night at nine o'clock, and I suppose will reach Richmond to-morrow (Wednesday) about dinner time. I don't know how long we may stay there, nor when you will receive another letter from me, but probably not for three or four days after you get this. There was a beautiful little child sat opposite to me to-day at dinner, about three or four years old, with long curly hair; she behaved remarkably well, and had a sort of dignity about her like our little Helen. I had 'a time of refreshing from the Lord' this morning before I got up, and I prayed for all of you individually. May God bless and watch over you all. Give my kind love to Maria and Mr. De Peyster. Tell John Hone that Mr. Slidell has gone as Minister to Mexico, and I have left his letter to him in the post office here. God forever bless you and my darling children, and restore us to each other in health and happiness.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."



“EXCHANGE HOTEL, RICHMOND, VA., December 3, 1845.

“MY SWEETEST WIFE :

“We went on board the steamer *Augusta* last evening at Washington about eight o'clock. I sat up till ten reading the *Edinburgh Review*, and then took off my coat and shoes, lay down in my berth, where I got snatches of sleep until about 5.30 A. M., when I rose, went on deck to the washing room and performed my ablutions in a tin basin and with a jack-towel ; there was no soap, but I fortunately had my own cake. I rose before any of the rest and had in consequence the washroom all to myself, and the first wipe of the jack-towel. There was a brush and comb for the accommodation of those who were not selfish enough to carry such luxuries for their own peculiar use. Poor Sellar, who did not rise for twenty minutes after me, complained bitterly of the want of soap, etc., and did not get himself shaved, which I did, although the water was piercing cold, the morning being very frosty. About three in the morning the passengers who left New York on Tuesday morning came on board, so that I might have been as far on my journey as I now am (had I not stopped on the way) if I had not left you till yesterday morning. The thought of this bothered me, although I am glad that I have seen the President and the opening of Congress. We passed Mount Vernon, the birth and burial place of Washington, before daylight. When day broke I found the shores of the Potomac like those of Hempstead Harbor, Long Island. We landed at Acquia Creek, a very pretty inlet from the Potomac, which was covered with wild ducks. Here a long wharf projected into the water, on which the railway ran out. We got seated comfortably in a plain, but commodious car, and passed through a poor, bleak country, the weather awfully cold and our feet frozen, although there was a stove in the car ; but for the sake of good air Sellar and I sat as far from it as we could. In the course of our journey we passed Fredericksburg, a straggling, dull-looking town on the Rappahannock, and about half past twelve we arrived here. This town is situated on the James River, and is celebrated for its flour and tobacco ; it is the metropolis of Virginia, and here the Legislature meets. This is a large, dingy, but pretty comfortable hotel. I am in No. 19, ‘up three pair,’ with two little beds in it. I have on a fire. We dined in the ladies’ ordinary, and near us sat

a Mr. Lee, who I found out was Mr. De Peyster's friend, Mr. Carter Lee; so after dinner I delivered Mr. De Peyster's letter to him. He is a very gentlemanly, pleasant man, and gave me a very cordial greeting; asked why I did not deliver the letter to him during dinner, that he might have had a glass of wine with me, and introduced me to his friends. He said he had a very good esteem for Mr. De P., etc., etc. He introduced me to several gentlemen, and after I had gone up to my room to write this letter, he came up and asked me to go with him to an evening party at a Mr. Ellis'. I begged off on the plea of being tired, and an old married man, but he asked Sellar to go, and *he* is going at nine o'clock, although he feels pretty well knocked up. It has been snowing ever since we came here, nevertheless we have made two calls, and were shown by Mr. Haxall over his flour mills, which were well worth seeing. Mr. Haxall, who is a friend of Dawson's, has asked us to dine with him to-morrow at five o'clock, which we intend doing, and think of leaving on Friday morning, at eight o'clock, for Petersburg. Coming on the railway to-day I read in the *Edinburgh Review* 'Heimskringla,' and all 'McCulloch on Taxation,' so I don't think I can be accused of light frivolous reading. I feel seedy and stupid to-night, and as it is about half past eight I shall betake myself to bed. I inclose picture of the hotel at Washington at which I stayed, for my dear little Willie. God bless you, dearest one. Good-night.

"Thursday, December 4, 1845. It is a week to-day since I left home. I slept well last night, and have just breakfasted. Sellar has not yet made his appearance. This is a nasty, cold, sleety, sloppy day, which is a pity, as I fancy in good weather that this is a pretty place. I have just been re-reading your letter of November 28, and thank God that you feel his presence.

I think, when John Walter goes to Philadelphia, he ought to take, as *from Charlotte*, a present to Bessie Kane, 'a little balm and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds'—that is to say, a case of sewing implements, a *very neat one*, as, really, Mr. Kane has been very kind to me. Sellar has just come into my room (five minutes past ten), not having got to bed till two this morning. There was a very large party, and he has got an invitation to a large ball on Friday. The great belle here is a Miss Emma Carmichael, who lives at this

hotel, and is a great flirt. Sellar says he knew her as well in six minutes as he ever knew any other woman in six months.

The following lines quoted from the Venerable Bede in the review of *Heimskringla*, I have learnt and they keep rhyming in my head :

“ ‘ For that inevitable road  
That leads him to his last abode  
None can too well prepare;  
Or weigh too wisely ere he go  
The good or ill his soul must know,  
When brought to judgment there.’ ”\*

“ Thanks be to God that our preparation was made on Calvary, and that he giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“ 3 P. M. Sellar and I have just returned from making sundry business calls, and from seeing the House of Delegates in session, etc. We go to dine at Mrs. Haxall's at five o'clock, and intend to start for Petersburg at 8 A. M. to-morrow. We hope to do what we have to do in Petersburg in the course of to-morrow, and leave it to-morrow afternoon for Wilmington. If we manage this we should, traveling all night, reach Wilmington on Saturday about noon, which would bring us to Charleston on Sunday morning. I don't think you can hear from me again, therefore, till Thursday or Friday next—that is, till 11th or 12th inst. God forever bless you and my beloved children, and watch over us all, and unite us again in health and happiness.

“ Ever your own attached husband,

“ WILLIAM WOOD.”

“ PETERSBURG, VA., Friday, December 5, 1845.

“ MY BLESSED WIFE :

“ I have only just time to say that we left Richmond this morning at eight and arrived here at ten, and leave again at 3 P. M. for Wilmington, where we should arrive at noon to-morrow. The weather is still very cold and frosty, but clear. We have been making business calls, and, since making them, I have been writing a business letter to New Orleans. I merely send these few lines to say I am quite well, knowing that you would prefer such a short scrawl as I

\* These lines are by Walter Scott, and, I think, from the “Lay of the Last Minstrel.”—November 6, 1891.

now send, to nothing. I think we have laid the foundation for future business both here and at Richmond, which is satisfactory.

"We had quite a pleasant dinner party yesterday at Mr. Haxall's. Mr. Carter Lee, Mr. De Peyster's friend, was asked to meet us. He is a most comical fellow, and yet a perfect gentleman. He sang us a negro song, and told us some capital Yankee stories. Sellar has nearly lost his heart to Miss Carmichael, who is a great flirt and about twenty-eight or thirty, I should judge; is pretty and has a fine figure. I don't think he seriously cares about her, but he certainly is a little 'smitified,' and she gave him plenty of encouragement.

"God forever bless you, my dear one. Give my kindest love to all my dear children. God bless them, and may he watch over you and them and me, and unite us all in health of body and mind.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK HOTEL, December 7, 1845.

"(Charlotte's Birthday.)

"MY BELOVED WILL:

"Your dear letter No. 6 arrived last night, and made me feel very sad—it was cheerful too—yet the thought of your now being fairly on the move, and getting beyond one day's mail from me makes me feel as if you had started afresh, and then those touching lines of Bede's [Scott's] quite upset me.

" 'For that inevitable road  
That leads him to his last abode  
None can too well prepare;  
Or weigh too wisely 'ere he go  
The good or ill his soul must know,  
When brought to judgment there.' "

"I had Harriet Mills here to-day, and felt, as well as low-spirited, discontented and rebellious, but Aunt Patty [Mrs. David Codwise.—W. W.] came in after church to spend the evening. She had just come from the funeral of the husband of a friend of hers. Aunt Patty said that the widow was a child of God, yet could not be comforted, and that they feared the loss of her reason. This incident spoke to me as a solemn warning from God, and Aunt Patty con-

versed in a sweet Christian strain, comforting me and convincing me of sin. In my murmuring and rebellion against God she said : 'Have you not often prayed that God would draw nearer to you ; and has not your husband so satisfied and filled your mind that it seemed a sort of barrier to that close communion with Him ? Now he is withdrawn and Christ can interpose and come near ; he has separated both of you to place himself between.' I felt the truth of this, and blessed God for the truth he had sent to me through her instrumentality.

"To-day the letters by the steamer arrived. One from Miss Perfect again, whose last I did not answer, you remember. Her health is slowly sinking, and she writes in her usual devotional and comforting strain. A letter also to dear Charlotte, in which she exhorts her to make God her portion and assures her how unceasing her prayers have been and will be for us all, drew plentiful tears from both of us.

"There is a long letter from dear Mary, written with cheerful submission, and asking for your prayers for her and Mr. Ferguson, that their trials may be sanctified to them. The date is November 15, No. 44 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, where they have taken a house till March. She says Mr. F.'s complaint is a disease of the blood vessels of the chest, and a slight palsy of one of the optic muscles owing to a local fullness of blood. He is ordered to give up all business for three months ; at the end of that time, if *better*, he may take a moderate share of work, but all hard work and head work must be forever given up, and perhaps he may live to be an old man, but never a strong one. She herself is much better and they are treated with great kindness in Edinburgh and like it very much. They are going to sell their Newton Place house and live at Blantyre Lodge entirely. This is all her news. I send you Cross' letter and all the business letters. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson have just been here and he thought I had better do so. Also he assures me you could not leave Charleston for some days, and this letter will be sure to catch you. Maria and De Peyster, and John and Jane Hone have also been here. Lawrie called again night before last, and I thought I had better not send him away. Mr. De P. came in when he was here and took J. Walter to the historical lecture with him. All well. God bless you my own.

"H."

"ROOM NO. 31, CHARLESTON HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.,

"Sunday, December 7, 1845.

"MY BLESSED HARRIET :

"I arrived here at four this morning after an excellent passage from Wilmington, which we left at 1 P. M. yesterday. My last to you was written from Petersburg that day at 4 P. M. Traveled all that night in dirty, uncomfortable railway cars, stopping at 10 P. M. for supper at Weldon, N. C., and then at 7 A. M. on Saturday at a wooden house by the roadside. The weather was bitterly cold until we got near Wilmington, N. C., which we did at 11 A. M., Saturday. Here the weather became delightfully mild, and there being abundance of a sort of live oak, as well as pines, the country looked quite green and pretty.

"We got into a tolerably good steamer called the *Wilmington*, and really had quite a delightful passage; the night was most lovely, and the moon and stars shining in all their splendor. The boat was very dirty, and so I lay down without undressing. I feel rather seedy to-day, and have only five minutes before the mail closes. Sellar and I have been at church to hear a Dr. Post, who gave us a very good sermon as regarded doctrine. He is a Presbyterian and wore a gown and bands. The church was very large and circular and old-fashioned, but had a good organ. The congregation small. I shall not leave this, I think, till Thursday. You might write, when you receive this, to me addressed 'Care of R. Hutchison, Esq., Savannah,' and if sent off in due course, your letter may catch me there, and if not it will be sent after me. God bless you, my dearest one. Thank God with me for all his mercies in bringing me safe thus far, when two engines were smashed to pieces, only two days before we came, on the Weldon railway. A gentleman who left New York with us, but did not stay on the road as we did, was in the train at the time. No one was seriously hurt. God bless and watch over my dear children. Kiss them all for me.

"Ever your own attached husband,

"WILLIAM WOOD."



“CHARLESTON, S. C., Sunday, December 7, 1845.

“MY DEAREST HARRIET :

“I wrote you a few lines this morning to tell you of my safe arrival, and, by the kindness of the postmaster, got my letter in after the box was closed. I omitted to say that your letter of Thursday has not arrived yet ; it is not due, indeed, until to-morrow, so that the only letter I have received from you yet is the one I got at Washington, written the day after I left, so that the one I expect to-morrow will give me a week's later intelligence, and God grant I may receive good news of all my precious ones.

“I have so far been most mercifully dealt with on my journey, and my spirits have kept up wonderfully—not but that I often wish I were thus far on my journey home instead of so far on my way from it. I think you must let my dear little Bessie's hair grow long behind and curl. Now, Bessie, you needn't say ‘Bother!’ because it will make you look a great deal better after it does grow. I have just seen a little girl of your age in the ladies' parlor with curls down to her waist, and she looked remarkably pretty. This day was delightful, mild as milk and quite clear. I saw lots of roses in full bloom in the open air ; yucca gloriosa, laura mundi, and magnolia trees all quite green and beautiful. A great part of this town puts me in mind of the French part of New Orleans and of the houses far out in Camp Street. The city is situated on a point or neck of land, on one side of which runs the river Ashley and on the other the river Cooper, both falling or running into Charleston Bay, which washes the point between the two rivers. There is a fine promenade, like the paved part of the Battery in New York, along a portion of the bay. I saw the old mansion that used to belong to Buchanan, Wood & Co. some twenty-four years ago ; it must have been a very fine house in its day ; even now it is large and substantial. Three windows on one side the door, and three stories high, and very lofty, built of yellowish brick ; and here my poor father spent six or seven months miserably before his unhappy death. It was very hard for him to be separated from his wife and family—they at such a distance—business bad, traveling horrible, and he suffering awfully from seasickness. By the way, I really think it quite providential that we went by sea last winter instead of coming this route, or ‘rowt’ as the natives call it. No doubt we could have done it, but

it would have been awfully uncomfortable, and I fancy the worst has to come yet, so I really feel thankful that you are all safe and comfortable, as I hope, in New York instead of leading the nomadic life I am doing. There has been nothing at all interesting to be seen after leaving Washington, the country being generally bleak and barren. Tom Sellar and I took a long walk this afternoon, our dinner making us too late for afternoon church. I was rather inclined to go into one, but he said he was tired and sleepy, and so was I, rather, so we took a small 'meditation among the tombs.' How I would like to be with you this evening! I hope God is manifesting himself to you and that you, my beloved one, have by his blessed Spirit been enabled to speak sound words to my dear children, so that both she that soweth and they that reap may rejoice together, and I hope your united prayers will ascend to the Throne of Grace for me, that I may be blessed spiritually and temporally, and preserved in all my journeyings, and may God in his infinite mercy bless and protect you and my children and spare us all to each other. Good-night, my beloved; good-night, John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, Harriet, dear, tender-hearted Willie, and little lady Helen. I will now go and take a spell at Goode before going to bed. Tom Sellar is sitting reading Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'

"December 8. The mail is in, but brings no letters from you. In fact, no letters are received later than December 3. Yours would leave the 5th, so it won't be here before to-morrow. I have been very busy all morning, and have just time to add these few lines before dinner. This is a delicious, warm day, like an English summer. The only marvels I have seen to-day are the turkey buzzards, hopping in flocks about the streets, as tame as pigeons, picking up the garbage. It seems they are the only scavengers in Charleston, and no one is allowed to molest them, so they increase and multiply. I shall not probably write again-until Wednesday, which will be my last from this. I continue very well. God bless you all.

"Ever your own attached

"WM. W."

“CHARLESTON, S. C., December 9, 1845.

“MY DARLING WIFE :

“I am still without any letters from you, owing to the failure of the confounded mail, nothing having been received to-day north of Petersburg. I dined to-day at a Mrs. Muir’s, and after dinner spent the evening at old John Fraser’s. He is a very old correspondent of our house, and a fine-looking old man. He will have spent forty-five consecutive Christmases in Charleston if he lives till next Christmas. Sellar and I also called on a Mr. Thomas Aston Coffin, a planter who lives here, and a gentlemanly, well-informed little man ; has a fine large house, and lives in good style. He has a plantation in Mississippi of which we have the management. He was very polite to us, drove us in his carriage to see a rice mill, and put his carriage at our disposal ; we are to dine with him to-morrow. We then called on a Mr. Mitchell King, to whom Jacob Harvey gave us, unasked, a letter of introduction. He lives in a magnificent large house, the largest in Charleston, I think, and I was rather indisposed to go. However, we went, and in the course of conversation it came out that he knew my father intimately twenty-four years ago, and that when my father was in Charleston he was quite domesticated at Mr. King’s, who, being a lawyer, was the legal adviser of my father’s house, Buchanan, Wood & Co. ; and, more than that, Mr. King himself came, forty years ago, from Crail in the East Neuk o’ Fife, which is just nine miles from Elie, so you may be sure I got a most cordial reception. We were asked to dinner to-morrow, but, being engaged, we are to go there in the evening, and from thence to a scientific party at a Dr. Bachman’s. Mr. King is going on to Savannah on Thursday along with us. Old Mr. Fraser said that seeing me did him a deal of good ; ‘he felt as if he had met a second cousin,’ which would not convey any great cordiality of feeling to your mind or Maria’s, but means a great deal of kindness when said by a Highlander.

“I heard a negro woman, very black, say to a man of the same color, ‘You shan’t kiss me, you ugly, black nigger!’ Sambo grinned from ear to ear as I passed, and I couldn’t help laughing at such an example of the ‘pot calling the kettle black,’ etc., etc. Now I intended to have written you a longer screed, but just as I sat down at half past nine, in came a business dispatch from New Orleans,

in reply to which I had to write a reply of four pages, which letter I must rise and put in the post office by six to-morrow morning ; so I must be up at five, and it is now 10.45 P. M. All my larger paper is finished with writing to you and business letters, and lending Tom Sellar, who has bought none for himself. Good-night. God bless you and all my dear ones. By the way, Mr. Coffin knows Delancy Kane and Anna Russell, and went down the Mississippi in the same boat with Helen Nicholson in October, but did not know she was Anna Russell's sister. He and his family go to Newport in summer.

"December 19. Your most delightful letter of November 30 and December 4 has come to hand to-day. Thank you a thousand times for all the kindness and tenderness and good advice it contains. God forever bless you, my dearest one, and thank my dear John Walter for his excellent, well-expressed letter, with only one ill-spelled word in it : '*Stayed* for some time,' ought to be '*Staid* for some time.' [I rather think *he* was right.—WM. W., June 18, 1891.] You must enter your weekly bills *both* in the *front* and *back* of the book. You will find the agreement, about getting the room on the first April, wrapped inside the original agreement about our board and lodging, and that, I think, is in the sort of queer pocket in the top of your portmanteau. I know I put it carefully past somewhere, but cannot quite recollect where. I intend to leave this for Savannah at 9 A. M. to-morrow, so I will not get my English letters or any from you to-morrow, but hope to receive them in Savannah on Saturday, December 13. By the way, was not the 5th or the 7th dear Charlotte's birthday ? I can no more recollect which is the real day than I can tell which of the brothers is *John* and which *George Lawrie*.

"I do indeed thank God that you are keeping up your spirits so well, and that they appear to be stayed upon the Rock of Ages. Mine are supported by mixed considerations, partly, I hope, and chiefly, I hope, by support from above, partly by being busy, and partly by the excitement of traveling, and partly by thinking that our *separation* is, at all events, over, and if God spares us the next thing to look to is *meeting*. Continue to pray for me that I may be enabled to redeem the time, to walk worthy of my profession, and to speak a word in season on religious matters to Sellar, or

others with whom I may come in contact, and that I may be kept prudent as to business and not go too far at low prices. My Uncle Alick will likely make a mint of money on the flour we bought for him in New Orleans; we get a good commission. So far I really seem to find favor with those among whom I go. I was up this morning a quarter to five, walked nearly a mile in the dark to the post office, and then had to trudge up and down in front of it for three-quarters of an hour till it opened, in order to send off an important letter to New Orleans. Give my kindest love to my dear J. Walter and my dear Tot and Bessie and Harriet, and my little Willie—I fancy I see the dear little fellow at church—and kiss my little Lady Helen for me. Oh, may God bless and watch over you all.

“I could write on all day, but I must go and attend to business. May God unite us all in health and peace. Since you like to know exactly how I am, I am in capital health, never better. I slept with my window open last night and was bothered by a mosquito. You did quite right in giving the money to Maria, as you do in everything else, you dear one.

“Ever thine own attached

“WM. W.”

“NEW YORK HOTEL, Wednesday Evening, December 10, 1845.

“MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

“I do indeed thank God for all his mercies to you, my very precious William, and to *me through you*. I have just got your letter from Charleston, number seven. This voyage I have been dreading, and am so thankful that it was safely and *even pleasantly* accomplished. I am sure we may well say ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us,’ and do not let us ever distrust his goodness and wisdom. If you had not remained those two days in Washington, you might have been in one of those railway trains that were smashed to pieces. I have been looking at the new moon to-night, and wondering whether you had been gazing at the same, and whether you had at last got out of this horrid cold weather, sleet and snow, thaw and wind alternately.

“I have not been out since Sunday morning till to-day, owing to the wet weather, and my having a very bad cold in the head—

this seems going off to-night, and to-morrow I intend paying some calls, with Maria, on that Mrs. Robinson whom we met at John Hone's, Mrs. David Cobden, after her ball, Miss Kitty Bridgen, and Anna Winthrop, whose children have all been ill of chicken-pox. Maria and Emily go to-night to Angelica Livingston's wedding. Do you remember we met her in the Albany boat last winter? I got your dear letter from Petersburg on Monday afternoon. It was indeed most welcome, but I do not wish you, my beloved one, to sacrifice needful rest as *you do* and *have done* for me, but write only when your body is refreshed, or if you *will* write, let your letters, when you are tired, be shorter; one page is quite sufficient to assure me you are well and safe, and is enough till you can write more comfortably.

"I sent off letters from Europe and one from Charlotte and myself last Sunday to you. I hope, as you remain so long in Charleston, you will get them there. Let me know whether you wish me to send Mary's, Anna's, and Eliza's letters to you when you are at New Orleans. I wish you were well there now and at work, preparing to come back to me again. The children are all well and good, but very noisy just now. Helen is on a chair leaning over my back, with a bright color, and her long fair hair falling over her cheeks. Every now and then she catches hold of me and kisses me and says, 'Now, mamma, pese more, ne, ne.' I see she is pointing to some flowers Margaret Hone brought me this morning, and which are lying on the table. Willie and Harriet are kicking up their heels and sliding down off the sofa, making a horrible racket. Charlotte sits at one side of the table, with her hands over her book, rocking in her chair backward and forward, studying. Elizabeth sits at the other end doing sums on her slate, and J. Walter is at the dancing school. Charlotte has risen three places higher in her class at their last review. Caroline Neilson's child continues to get better. She was at Mrs. A. B. Neilson's ball last night in her black velvet dress, and white lace scarf on her head. Her husband wanted to show her, and also to show that although she never went out, she was worth being seen. I think of getting her a handsome inkstand or something for the center of her table, as I proposed before you went away, and also getting a 'Lady's Companion,' or something else pretty for Bessie



Kane, as you desired. I think then, in all, I shall have spent twenty-five dollars for Christmas, which is not much, as it includes the five dollars to Mary Smyth, the gold-pencil case to Margaret Lawrence, and the paper case to Harriet Mills, including, of course, some eight to ten dollars for these gifts to C. Neilson and Bessie Kane.

"I shall have a grand display for Christmas in my own little family, and not much money spent on them. The display is to be made in my bedroom, on the large dining table, at 9.30 A. M., and Margaret Hone, Jane Hone, Harriet Mills, and Maria are coming to see it. Then we elder ones go to church, and after church to Anna Winthrop's to spend the day, she being very anxious to have us, and there being other children there makes our children more anxious to go than to Maria's. John Walter has just returned and says Aunt Anna was at dancing school, and all the children. They have had the measles, but it is very slightly, and they are all now quite well. I have thought a great deal of dear Mary and her husband. Do not forget to pray for her, my darling, as she has asked you to do so.

"Have you found out yet if Sellar has a Bible? If not, make him a present of one at Christmas, and if you are not in a good place to get one at Christmas get one for New Year's.

"Mr. De Peyster was highly pleased that you found his friend Carter Lee agreeable. He came here last evening and left Maria with me and called for her again. *She* was here also in the morning; also Julia Mills, the day before C. Neilson and Margaret Lawrence were here. Mr. De Peyster spoke to Mr. B. H. Field about mentioning me to Captain Comstock [the lessee of the New York Hotel.—W. W.] and the consequence is that we had so marked a change in our breakfast and dinner, and in the attention of Reynolds, the chambermaid, and Mr. Whitman, that both I and the children were noticing it before we knew the cause. Samuel, the waiter, has broken my blue glass card case into three pieces. I sent it to be riveted, but know not how it will look.

"I am reading the chapter in John every day. I suppose you do the same, and at night I read the same Psalm with you, having begun at the beginning on the Friday after you left. I do not intend to see company on New Year's Day; the expense of liqueurs and

cake would be a great deal, and it would be very fatiguing. They do not give port and sherry, but three or four sorts of liqueurs, cherry brandy, etc., plum cake and New Year's cake. Maria had invited me to go there *without* the children, and Aunt Catherine Beekman has invited me to go *with* the children. I should not like to leave the poor things moping at home alone, and to take any of them would be decidedly too many in the room. If Anna Winthrop do not see company I may go there and stay till the calling hours are over. If she do I will just say that Mrs. Wood does not see company. Brodhead called here the other night, and Lawrie again, did I tell you? The latter I saw and think I shall have to let in others occasionally too, if they call more than once, as it may look rude not to do so, and I cannot always say I am ill or engaged. Dear Willie was heard praying for you the other night all alone in his bed in the dark. He said: 'Oh! my Father in heaven, send our other dear father safe home,' to which prayer we all say Amen!

"With kind love to Sellar from me and the children, believe me, my own wandering Willie,

"Thine own fond

"H.

"I have read the President's Message and think it well written, but very *warlike*; also one or two war articles in the *Edinburgh*."

## CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY TO NEW ORLEANS CONCLUDED, ARRIVING THERE  
DECEMBER 31, 1845.

“NO. 74, PULASKI HOTEL, SAVANNAH, GA.,

“Friday, December 12, 1845.

“MY SWEET WIFE :

“I left Charleston yesterday at 9 A. M. in a very neat little steamer called the *William Seabrook*, a complete contrast to the Wilmington boat, everything in the *Seabrook* being as neat and clean as possible, and at dinner there were two tablecloths, one of which was taken off before the sweets came, and both as white as driven snow. In the boat were Mr. Mitchell King and his two daughters, and several other ladies and gentlemen; among the latter Mr. Huger (pronounced Ugee), at the house of whose father, or grandfather, Lafayette begged for admittance the first night he landed from his French ship to join the American revolutionary force. We went by what is called the Outer Passage for about five hours, and had the whole swell of the Atlantic, and we rolled about famously; fortunately the wind was in our favor. After this we went the rest of the way by the Inner Passage, which is a sort of salt-water canal or river, running between the mainland and the Sea Islands on which the celebrated cotton is grown, and which lie all along the coast from Charleston to Florida. The sail between them is something like that between Hunter's Islands near New Rochelle, only that the Sea Islands are composed of sand and gravel, covered with trees and plantations, instead of being rocky like Hunter's Islands. The canal or river winds about very prettily, and is, of course, quite calm; so that the voyage was very pleasant, excepting that the weather was cold. We stopped at Beaufort (pronounced Bewfort) to land passengers and freight. I walked ashore and found plenty of orange and lemon trees in full bearing, and also fig trees with unripe figs still on them. Beaufort is a mere place of residence for planters,

and has no trade ; it is on an island. We arrived at Savannah about 9 p. m. in the midst of a deluge of rain, so that in going from the steamer to the hotel my carpetbag got wet. The streets are all in puddles of water. I have not been out yet, and I shall write this until about ten, when it will be time to go and pay my business calls. The rain is good for us, inasmuch as it will probably raise the water in the Chattahoochee River, and enable us to go down by steamer to Appalachicola, instead of staging it from Columbus. So Providence watches over us ! By the way, I forgot to tell you that the day before I left Charleston we dined at Mr. Thomas Aston Coffin's. The only person besides ourselves was a Mr. Goudin. Mrs. Coffin is a very pleasant woman, something like your sister Charlotte, but taller, with fine black eyes and superb eyebrows, but somewhat *passée*. We had dinner in a remarkably neat room at a round table ; capital soup, fish, wild turkey, venison, and sweetmeats, everything admirably cooked and hot. More like an English dinner than anything I have seen in America. Both Mr. and Mrs. Coffin have been in England, and she prefers it to America. The champagne, sherry, and madeira would, as Maria says, 'make your hair curl.' After dinner we went to Mr. Mitchell King's, whose house is very handsome and comfortable. I hear that his name was originally Michael King ; that he left Crail to become a teacher, was wrecked on his way out to the United States, found his way to Charleston, studied law, and has become a leading lawyer. From his house we went to Dr. Bachman's to attend a club which met at his house that evening. He is employed jointly with Audubon in bringing out a large illustrated work on the quadrupeds of America, and he gave us a sort of address on the subject, showing the difficulty (or 'bother,' as he called it) and expense that had to be encountered in giving accurate descriptions. 'And after all,' said he, 'our books are necessarily so expensive that those who would read them can't afford to buy them, and those who can afford to buy them won't read.' His discourse, which he delivered sitting and quite colloquially, was interesting, because it was illustrated by drawings made by Audubon. John Walter would have enjoyed it. By the by, there is not a single rabbit (native) in all North America, but plenty of hares. I had thought that the reverse was the case. Rabbits *burrow* ; hares *squat*. Dr. Bachman is a temperance man, but gave us a very nice supper ;

he is a kind-hearted enthusiast, like Martin Luther in appearance, and of German extraction. We got home at 10.30, after which I had to pack up my things, and as I wrote you I was up at 4.45 A. M. Well, there was a note to me, as I read it, from Mr. *Menlone*, asking me to take a package of gold to New Orleans. I thought it was a bore, but wrote a note, saying it would afford me pleasure, etc., and sent the note to the bar to be delivered to Mr. Menlone. Yesterday morning Mr. *Trenholm* came to the boat to see us off, and asked if I had got *his* note, and if the gold had been sent down. I said : ' *Your* note ! No ; I got a note from Mr. Menlone, asking me to take gold.' ' No,' says Sellar, ' it was from Mr. *Trenholm*.' ' Then,' said I, ' I answered it to Mr. Menlone, who, when he gets it, will think I am cracked.' This caused a great laugh, and Mr. Trenholm said : ' I must tell Tom Coffin how his champagne affected you.' It did certainly look as if champagne had got into my head, but it was *not so*. I was as sober as a judge, and had been at two houses after dinner, and listened for an hour and a half to a discourse on natural history ; but I was sleepy and tired, and merely glanced at the note and fancied *Trenholm* was *Menlone*. I confess that there is mighty little resemblance between the two names. I am just as well pleased to be rid of the gold, however (probably ten or twenty thousand dollars on account of the Bank of Charleston), and we might have got robbed of it, which would have been awkward. I was much annoyed at my mistake, but still could not help laughing, especially when I thought of Menlone getting my note. I asked Trenholm to explain to him the mistake I had made.

" December 12, 1845, 7.45 P. M. We have just returned from dining with Mr. Robert Hutchison [our Savannah agent], who lives in a capital house and good style. You know his wife and children were lost at sea in a steamer between Savannah and New York ; but his mother-in-law, a Mrs. Bullock, and her daughter by her first husband, a Miss Elliot, are staying with him. In the course of conversation it came out that the only two religious books that they liked were Jay's ' Exercises ' and the ' Life of Mrs. Isabella Graham,' so I told them of ' The Life of Dr. Arnold ' and Goode's ' Better Covenant.' On Sunday we have arranged to go with them to an Independent church here, the minister of which is said to be a good one. To-morrow we dine at

Mr. Low's, and on Sunday we leave this at 11 P. M., which is the same as starting on Monday morning early. I would have gone to-morrow night, but, besides making us travel on Sunday, there is no train leaves on Saturday. This must be a beautiful place in summer; even now it looks very pretty. It is all laid out in streets and squares, every alternate block being an open square, and the streets are lined with trees, most of which are even now in full leaf.

"Give my kind love to Maria and Mr. De Peyster when you see them, and may God bless you and my dear children and unite us all in health and happiness. I shall try and send you a few lines from this on Sunday. This letter goes to-night by a steamer to Charleston, and will reach you as soon as the mail which leaves this to-morrow night. God bless and protect you!

"Ever your own attached

"WM. W."

"SAVANNAH, GA., Sunday, December 14, 1845.

"MY DEAREST LOVE :

"I am much disappointed at not receiving a letter from you to-day, and also my English letters by the steamer of November 19, which I had expected to receive in Charleston, and made sure they would reach me here. I know, my dearest one, that it is no fault of yours that I have not heard from you, but probably my own, as I believe I did not name Savannah among the places I was to be addressed at. I am in hopes I may get these English letters, and one from your dear, sweet self at Columbus, which, as we intend stopping a day at Macon, we shall not reach before Wednesday, 17th inst.

"I sent off my last from this late in the evening of the 12th inst. Yesterday was a cold, bleak, cloudy day, but without rain. I arranged some business matters, and walked all over the town, which in summer, from the long double lines of trees in the streets, must really be very pretty. At 3 P. M. we went to drive with Mr. Andrew Low, Jr. He is a man of about thirty-two years, Scotch by birth, but married to a Savannah lady—quite a pleasant woman, and a little like Helen Kane. There was also a Miss Hunter there—rather pretty—a Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Crowder of Liverpool, who is now established here in partnership with Mr. Hamilton. Crowder is



very good-looking and gentlemanly, but with a Jewish face, however, not unlike his sister Caroline. He is the eldest son, and talks as if he were a pretty wild fellow. His brother (J. Walter's friend), he says, has grown very tall, and is studying surgery with Mr. Bainbrigge. The Listers still live next door to our old house. Lister's father is dead. It seems that at one time it was proposed to knock down Crowder's house, and run a street through it and the garden, with small houses on each side, but the idea has since been abandoned, owing to its being found that too many small houses had been built already. Crowder left on October 4, and came out in the same steamer as the Spencers. He may possibly be in New Orleans this winter. I asked him to come and see me, which appeared to gratify him. This is a drenching, wet, muggy day, which is a great pity, as I would like to have seen Savannah in good weather. I was at the Presbyterian church this morning, which is very large and handsome. Congregation small, but respectable. Singing and organ playing beautiful, and two of the hymns also beautiful, but the sermon worse than 'bosh.' It was not the regular minister, but a Methodist, a Dr. Pearce, I believe. The text was 'Whether you eat or drink,' etc., and the sermon the most Arminian I ever heard, so much so that I neither rose at the last prayer nor blessing. He said we were to carry our religion into all our acts, not only into those which, in common parlance, were called religious. This was all very well, but then, as far as his words went, it appeared that we could only gain heaven, and were certain of gaining heaven, if, whether we ate or drank, we did all to the glory of God. Now, if that be true, there is no hope for any poor guilty sinner like me, either here or hereafter. But thanks be to God that while I was yet a great way off my Father saw me and had compassion on me, and laid my help upon One who was mighty to save, and neither Dr. Pearce nor any other doctor can pluck me out of his hand.

“ ‘ Oh, how unlike the complex works of man  
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan !’

“ It will please you to know that I had three separate invitations to dinner to-day, and declined all—the two first on the ground that I never went out on Sunday, and Sellar declined the third for me on the same plea. I have just dined, and I am now going to after-

noon church, and I hope I may have better luck than in the morning.

"6.45 P. M. The afternoon was, and is, very wet. Only about 25 people in a church that would hold 2500. The sermon was very poor.

"By the way, I find that I had carefully put in my pocketbook the agreement about the rooms in the New York Hotel, which I now inclose, and which please take care not to lose.

"I was glad you sent the gold piece as a Christmas gift to Mary Smyth. I believe I omitted to say so in my last. I only wish we were able to send more in the same direction. Tom Sellar is dining with Mr. Francis Wood, and so I am 'awn-an-ony' as wee Helen says. Kiss the dear little pet for me. I just think I see the way she drops her eyelids when she is pretending to be Mrs. Caudle, with a towel for a sheet, and laid out full length. And my dear little Willie and Harrie and Bessie and Charlotte, and Willie's 'big brother,' and your dear, blessed self are all before my mental vision. We may probably stay a day at Macon. My next will not be written until I reach Columbus, and will probably not reach you for a week after this. God have us all in his holy keeping.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"NO. 57, FLOYD HOUSE, MACON, GA.,

"Monday, December 15, 1845.

"MY BLESSED WIFE :

"I sent No. 11 to the post office at Savannah last night at seven, and then lay down on the top of my bed in my dressing gown, not feeling well, which was anything but pleasant in anticipation of a night journey of 190 miles when it was raining cats and dogs. However, I was determined to 'go thorough,' as Archbishop Laud said he would do, and lost his head in consequence, and at ten I went and took a supper of ham sandwiches, and on the top of that a good jorum of hot brandy toddy, which did me a deal of good. At 11 P. M. we set off for the railway in an omnibus, the rain pouring pitchforks, and I got my baggage all wet. The car was the neatest and cleanest I have seen south of New York, and, as there were only a few passengers, each of us had an entire seat, but

perhaps we were not so contented as if we had been less sated with luxury, for each man tried to lie at full length on his little seat instead of sitting bolt upright, as he would need to do if the cars had been full, and trying to lie out made us painfully sensible that we were not in bed, and inclined to grumble because our rose leaf of whole seat was crumpled. For myself, I was as restless as 'a cub bear,' as they say in Virginia. However, hard traveling does me good, and after washing in the open<sup>n</sup>air in<sup>n</sup>front of the station, with brown soap in a tin basin, and in a pour of rain, I was as fresh as a lark and perfectly well, whereas poor Sellar felt as if he had been pounded to atoms. We dined at half past one, and have since delivered our letters here and seen sundry business people. We intend to start for Columbus to-morrow at noon by stage, and will travel all that night, reaching Columbus, [I believe, at 7 A. M. on Wednesday, and how long we will remain there will depend upon the state of the Chattahoochee River. By the way, this place is situated—and rather prettily situated—on the Ocmulgee River. It is a straggling Southern town, with some handsome private residences. The country is undulating, and from<sup>n</sup>the upper part of the town there is a very pretty and extensive view over a thickly wooded country, chiefly pine, although I have seen cypress, palmetto, and canebroke, which are indications of a southern climate. We are here farther north than Savannah; about as far north as Charleston. The weather is very cold, with a strong gale from northwest, but no frost. The rain is over, which is a comfort. A small gale blows into my room through the window, but I have a rousing wood fire of pitch pine and hickory. The wood depot for this part of the house is just outside my door, so I don't fail to help myself, and shall just go and put on a good whopping log now, and a fine blaze it will make. Tom Sellar always comes and sits in my bedroom, and is writing beside me now. Do you know anything of Gouverneur Wilkins? He was introduced to me on the way to Philadelphia by Isaac Hone, and I met him again at Savannah. A Mr. Dehon, brother of the ladies we met at Saratoga, came with us from Savannah, and is now in this house, but I have not spoken to him.

"I fancy you will get this about Monday next, and I trust that it will find you and all my dear ones quite well. That will be Christmas

week, and dear John Walter will be leaving for Philadelphia the Friday after. Mr. Kane's house is corner of Locust and Schuylkill Seventh. He had better get a cab when he lands, which will cost him about one dollar, but it can't be helped ; and don't let Tom Kane pay for anything for him if he can help it, so let him have several half and quarter dollars in his waistcoat pocket ready to produce on the instant.

"As my dear Charlotte and Bessie have done so well at school, I wish you would give Charlotte from me a \$2.50 gold piece, Bessie \$1 in silver, Harrie, who has also done well according to her *métier*, 50 cents in silver, Willie 25 cents in silver, and little Helen the same, all on Christmas Day, to do what they like with. John Walter's jaunt is to be his Christmas gift from me. God bless us all. Good-night. I will finish this in the morning, as the mail closes at 9.30 A. M.

"December 16, 1845, 8.30 A. M. I was up by 6.30 A. M., and kindled my own fire in a most beautiful and scientific manner, and, having plenty of logs, made a blaze that would have roasted an ox. This is a clear, cold day, and we start about 12.30 P. M. for Columbus, distant about 130 miles. I suppose it will be the roughest portion of our journey. Poor Sellar could get nothing fit to eat at breakfast to-day, but I did pretty well. I would like to have Fred. Foster here praising his country and inwardly cursing the pork and greasy 'chicken fixin's,' which he was compelled to swallow as a good patriot without a murmur. The rough traveling agrees with me bodily and mentally. It will probably be four or five days before you receive another letter from me. God bless you and my dear children, and unite us all in health and peace of mind.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"NO. 23, OGLETHORPE HOTEL, COLUMBUS, GA.,

"Wednesday, December 17, 1845.

MY BELOVED WIFE :

"I wrote to you yesterday from Macon, and at 12.30 P. M. we started for this place in a four-horse stage, carrying nine inside passengers. We supped at 6.30 P. M. yesterday near the Flint River, which said river we crossed in a big square scow, on which we drove coach and all. We had to get out thrice in the night to walk over bad bits.

Most fortunately it was clear moonlight, and the rain was all gone ; had it been raining, our baggage would have been wet through, and instead of getting here by 7 A. M. (ninety-five miles) it would probably have been 2 or 3 P. M. After breakfast I washed from top to toe in cold water, and felt perfectly well, only sleepy. I have written two long business letters, have been all over the town looking at cotton and seeing a cotton mill, and have still to write a few lines to Mary Ferguson, and perhaps to Cross, for the steamer of January 1, as it will be too late to write for her when we reach Appalachicola. We intend to leave for that place to-morrow afternoon per steamer *Augusta*. It will take us two days, the distance being four hundred miles down the Chattahoochee, which is really a pretty stream, running here between high banks and over a rocky bed. There are great rapids just at this town, giving the inhabitants thereof an 'almighty water privilege,' of which they have availed themselves to erect sawmills and a cotton mill and power-loom factory, worked by white labor. The superintendent of the factory told me they wanted no tariff, and could get on perfectly well without it ; that no manufacturer in Georgia wanted it ; on the contrary, all they wanted was to be let alone. I clapped him on the shoulder and said I rejoiced to hear such 'noble sentiments.' Just tell this about the tariff to Mr. De Peyster and friend Foster. I found out about their profits and all the rest of it ; but that would not interest you. But if it would, is it not written in the 'Book of the Chronicles of My Travels' ?

"The Chattahoochee is spanned by a very long wooden bridge, supported by two stone piers, and is navigable for large steamers to just below the bridge. This river is the dividing line between Georgia and Alabama. I saw many male and female slaves for sale to-day. One I was really sorry for. She was more than half white, had on black silk mits, a well-made printed gown and Leghorn hat, and not woolly hair ; she seemed sad and dejected, and might be about twenty. I saw a great big regular negress stand up while an intending purchaser felt her arms and made her show her foot, or rather kicked her petticoat away from it. She did not appear to feel the degradation, but the punching a fellow-creature like a horse made me shiver all over, and makes me feel quite uncomfortable yet.

"I was horridly disappointed and *triste* at getting no letters from you here to-day ; however, I may get them to-morrow ; if not, then I won't get them till I reach New Orleans, and when that may be I can't tell: I may find no opportunity direct from Appalachicola, but be obliged to come up here again and go from this by Montgomery to Mobile and thence to New Orleans.

"December 18, 1845. Your dear letter of the 7th and my sweet little Charlotte's of the 6th inst. have just reached me this morning, and delighted and thankful I am that you are all keeping so well. Getting my business letters at the same time, I have scarcely been able to digest yours and Charlotte's yet.

"Did Mr. Dawson tell you how nearly D. & Co. had been cheated out of eight thousand dollars by C. Brugière's partner? If he has not, say nothing about it to him or anyone else. Fortunately, and thanks to Dawson's firmness, they (D. & Co.) escaped without loss.

"I don't think the steamer will leave this until to-morrow, but I must close now for to-day's mail. If you don't hear from me within two days after getting this, you may not hear from me for ten days, as the mails from Appalachicola are very irregular.

"God forever bless you and my darling children. Dear Charlotte's letter pleased me very much. May God in his mercy unite us all again in health of body and mind.

"Ever thine own attached

"WM. W."

"COLUMBUS, GA., December 18, 1845.

"MY BLESSED HARRIET :

"I have written to you already to-day, but, having just finished two business letters and one to Cross, I sit down to send you a few lines, as it will probably be a long time before you hear from me again, the mails from Appalachicola being so irregular.

"We are to go on board the steamer *Augusta* to-morrow morning before breakfast, and she is advertised to start at 8 A. M. She is not quite so large as the *Wabash Valley*, but a nice enough boat. I suppose Sellar and I will be the only passengers. After dinner to-day we strolled down the banks of the river about a mile and a half ; the walk was really beautiful, and the river quite picturesque ; the weather also has cleared up delightfully, and is warm. Sellar



desires me to tell Charlotte that he saw two square rooms at Mr. Hutchison's at Savannah, but they were too square. By the way, I wish you would write on a separate sheet from the children, as I like to keep your letters distinct, and when writing is crossed, I can't see how the children write. I am glad that you found Aunt Patty's\* conversation did you good, but, if it please God, I hope that for the future 'nought but death shall part thee and me.'

"You don't tell me how Captain Comstock † treats you compared with Billings, and how you are getting on in respect to 'meats and drinks and divers washings.'

"You know how Mr. Hutchison, who dined with us, praised Anna and Cross. He also sent them either one or two barrels of apples, and when I dined with him in Savannah, he spoke of sending Cross a present of two dozen 'very particular madeira,' of which he had given us a bottle when he was in Liverpool. He told me of a certain arrangement which Cross had made for doing his business, which he (Hutchison) thought extremely 'liberal,' but which I thought was extremely *soft*. I wrote to Cross to ask if he could possibly have made it. The reply came to-day that Hutchison had entirely mistaken Cross if he supposed anything of the sort, so I had to write to Hutchison and tell him this, and I could not help laughing when I did it to think how he will be 'stumped' when he finds he has been laboring under a delusion, and that his apples have been as good as thrown away. I only hope he may have sent Cross the madeira before he gets my letter! This shows that all business arrangements should be made in writing to prevent mistakes. But for my letter to Cross the business would probably have been gone into, and then when it was finished there would have been a row with Hutchison about the terms.

"Fortunately, nothing has been done, but it is rather disgusting that I should have the task of dissipating Hutchison's pleasant dreams. Cross ought to have written direct to him as I told him in my letter to-day. Don't say anything about this to anyone.

"It is now 8.15 P. M. Sellar and I are sitting in my bedroom at two little tables, each with a candle and my small ink bottle in common. The embers of a wood fire are dying on the hearth. There

\* Mrs. David Codwise, formerly Patty Livingston.

† Landlord of the New York Hotel.

are two four-posted beds in the room without curtains. By the way, as soon as one gets to Richmond he finds himself in the country of four-posted bedsteads. We have not seen a French bedstead since we reached it.

"Why didn't you send Mary's letter forward? Poor thing, I am really sorry for her and Ferguson, particularly for him, he is so active, and will feel so much being laid on the shelf. I am sure I have great reason for thankfulness for the excellent health I have hitherto enjoyed, and, as dear Charlotte says, 'for the thousands of blessings I possess.' May God crown all his blessings by restoring us all to each other in health and happiness.

"Be sure and tell me all about what you give the dear little chicks at Christmas, and how Harrie and Willie and 'Bebie' behave themselves. John Walter, Charlotte, and Bessie I look upon as gentleman and ladies, who no doubt will consider themselves 'in a concatenation accordingly.' May God bless and watch over you all, and over me. You will have found this letter mighty stupid, but I really had nothing to say, and so I sat down and chattered about whatever came uppermost. Talking of crossing letters, I wish you would take two sheets when you have more to say than will fill one. A *sheet and a half* only costs a single postage, and it is much pleasanter to read uncrossed letters.

"The captain of our steamer is a cousin of Hamilton Allen's wife. He (Allen) is one of our clerks at New Orleans, and the captain knows all about A. & J. Dennistoun & Co.; so I suppose he will treat us well, which news, I think, will relieve your mind. God forever bless you, my own beloved wife.

"Ever your attached

"WM. W."

NEW YORK, Friday, December 19, 1845.

"MY BELOVED HUSBAND:

"Your long-awaited-for letter of Friday, 12th inst., reached me only last night. I had just been heaving a deep sigh as John Yuille entered, having thought all hope for one that day was gone. When he entered, instead of saying: 'How d'ye do?' I jumped up and exclaimed: 'Oh! God bless you, where's my letter?'

"Oh, my darling, how much I have to thank God for, who has

not only brought you safely another stage on your journey, but given you kind friends and refreshment of mind and body along the road, and prospered thus far the object of your journey. I am glad that your 'blunther,' as Dr. Blackburn says, was the means of your escaping so troublesome a charge as the gold would have been. I am thankful, too, that you have the prospect of hearing a good minister on Sunday. *My* Sunday was a very delightful day to me. But I must go back a little and retrace my adventures, such as they are, from the time I wrote to you last week—Sunday, December 7.

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed away quietly and pleasantly with calls from C. Neilson, Maria, Emily Foster and Eliza Kane, Julia Mills, C. Beekman and Jane Hone. On Friday we dined with Maria De Peyster, and in the evening I went to church, preparatory to taking the Lord's Supper on Sunday. For account of the evening church I refer you to J. Walter's letter, only mentioning that Bessie went with me, and was greatly impressed. Mr. De Peyster and Mr. Foster took me there, and John Walter came with me to take me home. On our return he fell flat down on the pavement in the street, and carried Bessie over with him, and *I* kept my feet.

"Mr. De Peyster calls here at the hotel almost every night to see me, and is very kind and attentive, and on one of these calls two days ago, as he was entering the house, which was quite dark, he stumbled against something bulky and *fell sprawling* his full length, bringing that something over, too, which proved to be a buxom young woman with her tub, scrubbing. But to go back to Sunday last, the 4th. On that day there was a heavy pour of rain on the top of deep snow which had fallen the previous night, and it was bitterly cold. I had just told John Walter to go to the bar and order them to get a coach for me, as I wanted so much to go to church, when in came a very neat note from Miss Caroline Howland, saying, if I were not afraid to venture out, they would call for me in their carriage, and they hoped I would sit in their pew, as I then would not have to change my seat. I went with J. W. only, and Mr. Howland got out and came to the room door for me, helping me in as carefully as if I had been a child, *almost carrying me*, as it was very slippery.

"The sermon was excellent and the address very affecting and solemn. I had prayed that I might be able to control my feelings

at the address, for when my heart is tender, as at present, there is nothing affects me more than a solemn appeal at the communion season, and I was afraid I would weep the whole time. However, I shed no tears, though I felt every word ; but on coming out, when we were in the carriage, Mr. Howland turned to me, and in a faltering voice said : ‘ Mrs. Wood, was not that address excellent ?—and so feelingly delivered.’ I then saw the tears brimming in his eyes, and he turned from me quickly to conceal his emotion. This nearly upset me, but I controlled myself till I got within the house, and then gave praise to God for his power over the strong man ‘ who was bowed down,’ and for his mercy to another poor sinner, for if ever there was ‘ a brand snatched from the burning ’ besides myself, it was poor, light-hearted, thoughtless, gay S. H.

“On Monday J. Walter went to school as usual, and hung up his coat and new cap in the lobby upstairs between many others, but when he went to put them on at 3 P. M. they were gone,—coat, cap, and lilac gloves,—and they have not been heard of since. This has been a sore grief to me, when I was trying to be economical, and money goes so fast ! I immediately consulted Mr. De Peyster about speaking to the police. One man whom Mr. De P. had personally obliged undertook to visit all the pawnbrokers for him, but as yet we have heard nothing of them. Mr. De P. has lent J. W. one of his greatcoats in the meantime. It is rather too large for him, but he can wear it. To-morrow he goes to get a new cap. His own best one was rather too small for him, which he said was his reason for wearing it every day. I at first thought of keeping him from going to Philadelphia, if his coat could not be found, on account of the expense, for another one he must have, his summer overcoat being so thin and too small for him, and the weather is piercing cold ; but I consulted Maria, who thinks I had better wait till Monday, and if his coat be not found, then order another for him, which the tailor says he can make in two days, and let him go to Philadelphia. He is not very anxious to go himself, but would rather like it than remaining at home. No other coat was stolen but his.

“On Wednesday dear Bess went to Parmley’s,\* had her tooth out, and behaved like a little woman. She had been much troubled with

\* A dentist, formerly an admirer of Mrs. William Wood, when Harriet Kane.

toothache, night after night kept awake by it, and on examining her mouth I found that the old tooth was broken quite down to the gum and the new one growing out at the side. I called first on Parmley with Margaret Hone. He took no notice of her and of a roomful of ladies waiting for him, but rushed up to me, declaring how glad he was to see me, and asking after you. He had meant to call on New Year's Day, when, he said, everybody was privileged to call, and if agreeable, then name a day to visit you in the evening ; that he had been storing up an immense amount of evidence, etc., and was so sorry you had left for New Orleans. He then said he would see Bessie any time. On coming home I found her returned from school and crying with pain, but, being very tired, Jane Hone would not allow me to return with her, but said she would take her there for me. Dear Bessie said she prayed for fortitude before she went and while she was there, but that the pain was awful. Parmley had to pull three of the pieces out separately. I gave her a shilling for her courage.

“ On Thursday J. Walter went to Charrnaud's grand ball ; he went at seven and came away at ten, and looked right down handsome. He wore your white satin waistcoat, had his hair nicely arranged, one of my cambric handkerchiefs and some scent upon it, and a nice pair of white kid gloves. He has behaved very well ever since you left, and I must not forget to tell you that *he* was much impressed with the address to *spectators* on Sunday. Dr. Hutton asked : ‘ Why is it you keep away ? You will soon be summoned to the bar of God, and you know not how soon, and what answer would you give ? ’ J. Walter said he had often thought he ought soon to become a member of the Church, and now more than ever, for really, he said, if called to answer why he was not one, he would not know what to say. In understanding he ought certainly to come, and in belief, he thought, too ; and if he only stayed away because he was worldly, would staying away make him less worldly ? Would not joining the Church rather prove, under God, a preservative from temptation and going into the world ? I knew not what answer to give to all this, but thank God such thoughts were in his heart.

“ The cold weather agrees with us all capitally and we are all quite well.

"The agreement for the room is *not* in the pocket of the port-manteau, but I had already entered the bills in the back and front of the account book. Did I tell you that we now have sperm candles for the bedrooms instead of those abominable lamps?

"Anna Winthrop's children are very ill of measles. Robert has been dangerously ill, but to-day is better.

"Mr. De Peyster told me to tell you that to-day there is a letter received from Mr. Webster, written to Astor or Professor Cogswell, saying that at present he had not the least apprehension of war.

"Mr. De Peyster, Maria, Emily, John Hone, Charles Winthrop, and Julia Mills all begged me to send their love to you.

"Saturday, December 20, 1845. A bitterly cold day, and it looks like snow. I am going up to see Maria with my work this morning. If the Winthrops are not perfectly well and out by Tuesday, I shall not venture there on Christmas. God bless you, my darling. I am sending this letter to the office for Dawson to send off by the first opportunity. I shall write next week to Mary Ferguson and Eleanor Dennistoun. God bless you. No mail in yet on account of the snow. The steamer is in from Liverpool.

"Willie said to me yesterday: 'Oh! mamma, do read me dear papa's letter.' I read that part to him about the children and about 'dear little Willie,' 'Oh!' said he, 'what a nice letter; you ought to keep that letter.'

"Ever your own

"H. W."

"NO. 230, MANSION HOUSE, APPALACHICOLA, FLA.,

"Sunday, December 21, 1845.

"MY OWN SWEET WIFE:

"This place is the very fag end of creation; two steps further and you fall over the edge. You remember the southwest pass of the Mississippi? Imagine the misbegotten land at the entrance of it covered with pure white sand, on that sand a few pines and palmettos, and perhaps forty or fifty warehouses and wooden houses, and then you have a pretty fair idea of the city of Appalachicola.

"I wrote to you last from Columbus; next morning I was up before daylight, lit my candle, and was dressed and ready, my Bible read, etc., etc., by 7.30, but Sellar, trusting to a cat-witted nigger to



awake him, did not get up till 7.30, by which time the dray to take our 'plunder' to the steamer was at the door. He had to hurry-scurry to get dressed, and meantime I sent down my baggage. When I went to the door, I found my portmanteau had gone nobody seemed to know whither, but some said to the boat, and no dray was there. In a little while another dray was got; this is simply four wheels on which are placed three planks; then two horses are harnessed, and a negro drives them. Sellar and I mounted on the top of our baggage, fearing to be too late for the steamer, and a fine jolt we had of it for a mile or so. However, neither we nor our baggage fell off. As soon as I got to the steamer I asked for my portmanteau; it had not come, and I was in a fine 'fix,' when, looking about, I saw it on a dray with another man's baggage, and joyfully welcomed my stray sheep. We immediately started off in the *Augusta*, in which Sellar and I had the two best staterooms.

"Chattahoochee is very pretty, and the river winds about a great deal, but, on the whole, like all American rivers I have seen except the Hudson, it becomes monotonous. We passed Eufala, a small but prettily situated town in Alabama, about sixty miles below Columbus. The river here is spanned by a very high wooden bridge, under which the steamers go without lowering their funnels. We lay-to at Fort Gaines Friday night, and it was so cold that the water in the tin basin which I had 'boned' from the general trough and put under my bed or berth froze as thick as a dollar and the water on deck froze an inch thick. I was positively afraid that my nose would be frozen off; it chilled my fingers to touch it. Yesterday (Saturday) we kept steaming on, stopping occasionally to take in cotton and to 'wood up.' Then Sellar and I would land and take a stroll in the woods or into a cotton field, and pick some of the seed vessels or pods with the cotton in them. During the day we passed the mouth of the Flint River. After the junction of the two rivers (Chattahoochee and Flint) the united stream takes the name of the Appalachicola, and just about here we got into Florida. Last night we lay-to at the head of the narrows. Here the river runs very swiftly, yet pursues such a tortuous course that a steamer can scarcely turn about. We struck a tree and carried away some of our paddles this morning coming through the narrows. After passing these the river gets wide, and the shores

low like those of the Mississippi near the Balize, with cypress swamps and then pine barrens, and I saw several palmetto trees which looked exactly like palms. The palmetto or Spanish dagger J. Walter will remember at New Orleans, growing like a weed ; well, here it grows into a tree, and the stem is reticulated in a most curious way, exactly like trelliswork ; the old leaves fall off, and the lower part of the stem splits as the trunk expands, but the upper part of the stem continues attached. The trelliswork is so beautifully regular that Sellar could hardly believe it was not artificial. We passed to-day the remains of Fort Gadsden, which, being held by Spaniards and runaway negroes, Andrew Jackson blew up in the Florida war.

“We arrived at Appalachicola about noon. This is a wooden hotel of two stories, but large and commodious, nice and clean. Sellar, in whose room I am now sitting, has a large square room with four windows, a carpet, a fine wood fire, and nice dimity curtains. My room is very small, and has no fire or fireplace. Sellar wished to give me this room, but I insisted on tossing up, and lost my toss. My room is very small, with Indian matting on the floor, but it is neat and clean. After dinner took a walk along the seashore, for this place stands on the right bank of the Appalachicola just as it enters Appalachicola Bay. There seem to be very decent, respectable people staying in the inn. We have just returned from evening church, Presbyterian, ‘in an upper room furnished.’ Congregation chiefly young men, several of whom made the choir, one playing the fiddle. First hymn, ‘There is a fountain filled with blood,’ etc.; the last, ‘Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,’ etc. Text of the sermon, ‘What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?’ etc. In the sermon the preacher said that a man’s soul was worth ‘not *one cent* less than God’s heart’s blood.’ From this brick you may judge of the building. I was glad and rejoiced to know that here at the end of the earth there were some eighty or one hundred people who could meet and sing ‘There is a fountain filled with blood.’ At the last prayer I was going to sit still and lean my head down, but got a nudge from Sellar, so rose up ; he told me he had fallen asleep early in the sermon and was awake by the people rising up, and, seeing me, thought I was in the same condemnation as himself, which was ‘pot calling kettle black,’ etc.

"We were much interested in the steward of our boat, a fine honest creature, a colored man and a slave; his owner hires him out, as he says, 'to himself.' That is, Sam pays his owner \$150 per annum, and what he makes more he keeps to himself. He wants to buy his freedom, for which his owner asks \$850, but he says he is now nearly forty, and he fears he may not be able to get it. He says the colored people speak and think of nothing else but their freedom; but I have full details of his most interesting and simple-hearted conversation in my notebook, which began by his asking me if the country I came from was a State. He said: 'Well, master, we be all equal in heaven.' He has a wife, but no children. Sellar and I gave him \$2.50 each toward his freedom. His wife's master asks \$650 for her. He says nearly all the slaves in Georgia are permitted to go to church on Sunday, and have it as a holiday. If many of the slaves be as intelligent as this man, I can see that if Great Britain landed black troops on the southern Atlantic coast and proclaimed 'liberty to the captive,' all the negroes would rise in insurrection, which I don't think they would do in Louisiana and Mississippi.

"The propeller we expected here is not arrived, and it is quite uncertain when she may come. A sailing schooner is expected daily, but if she doesn't arrive to-morrow, I think we shall return to Columbus and proceed from there to Mobile and New Orleans.

"Good-night, my dearest. God forever bless you and my beloved children. It is again freezing hard and killing the orange trees. It must be fearfully cold weather with you.

"Monday, December, 22, 1845. I find that there will be no opportunity from this for New Orleans for a week, so we have decided to return up the river to Columbus to-night by either the *Champion* or the *Emily*. Mr. Burgoyne from New York, who has already waited here a week, will accompany us. We hope to reach Columbus on Wednesday, and proceed from there to Montgomery, and so on to Mobile. I do not know whether I shall have time to write to you from Columbus or not. My next will probably be from New Orleans, which may not reach you for a fortnight after this or more.

"Although this place is on the verge of creation, yet there are plenty of oysters, fish, venison, wild turkeys, canvasback ducks, so that Emily and Foster, with the aid of old Bridget to cook for

them, would get on pretty well here together for a year or so. The frost has gone and the weather is delightfully mild.

"God forever bless you and my darling children, and unite us again in health of mind and body, and keep all of us from evil and from temptation.

"Ever your own attached

"WM. W."

"Steamer EMILY, Chattahoochee River,

"Tuesday, December 23, 1845.

"MY SWEET WIFE :

"I wrote to you yesterday from Appalachicola, but I should not wonder if this reached you first, as I intend to put it into the mail at Columbus, where I hope to arrive to-morrow morning in time to start by the stagecoach for Montgomery. We found, as I told you yesterday, that there was no chance of our getting away from Appalachicola direct for New Orleans within five days, and then only by a sailing schooner, which might take from thirty-six hours to two weeks to get there. So we decided to return up the river to Columbus again, which, by the way, has been half burned down since we left it, a fire having broken out in the evening of the day we left, and consumed sixty houses. There were two steamers lying at Appalachicola, the *Champion* and the *Emily*, both fast boats, but the latter the newer, so, after much hesitation, we decided on the latter. It eventually started first. We left yesterday at 5 P. M., I having first laid in three pine-apples and one dozen oranges, and Tom Sellar four pints of porter. A Mr. Burgoyne of New York is the only passenger besides ourselves. The staterooms are large and commodious, and we are as comfortable as it is possible to be. The captain is a fine hearty old gentleman of the name of Roland, and the clerk is a reduced gentleman ; all the waiters and chambermaids are white.

"We saw numerous palmetto trees for twenty or thirty miles after we left Appalachicola ; they are of two sorts : one, called cabbage palmetto, bears a sort of cabbage, and is taller and slenderer than the saw palmetto, of which I attempted to send you a drawing in my last. I was told at Columbus of a Frenchman who had landed from Europe at Appalachicola, and after looking around exclaimed : ' Well, if dis is America, I am disgooost,' and I don't wonder at it.

"We saw this morning on the bank of the river a flock of not less than twenty wild turkeys. We stopped to wood, and Sellar, Burgoyne, and I have been about a mile into the woods, and got a bottle of fine milk for tea. We had an excellent baked redfish for dinner to-day; but the boat is going along with such a head of steam, and shakes so much, that I can't write.

"Wednesday, December 24, 1845. Still on board the *Emily*, and instead of reaching Columbus this morning in time to start by the stage, which leaves at 9 A. M., it is a great chance if we get there to-night, owing to the low state of the river. We are now about fifty-five miles below Columbus.

"I was reading yesterday 'Macaulay's Essays' on 'the lives of Warren Hastings and Frederick the Great, and I am now at his Roman ballads. Last night I sewed some buttons on my clothes. When I took out the 'housewife,' 'I kissed the *B* in Benjamin,' for its dear maker's sake. Blessings rich and manifold, spiritual and temporal, be on your head, my darling wife. You are inexpressibly dear to me. What would this world be without you? And with you and my beloved children in sound health of body and mind, and myself in the enjoyment of the same great blessings, we may well be contented—'contented wi' little and canty wi' mair.' A fragment from Burns runs in my head, 'the echo of an idle song, which went and came a thousand times,' and so I give it you :

" 'What though as commoners of air  
We wander forth, we know not where,  
But\* either house or hall,  
Yet nature's charms, the fields, the woods,  
The sweeping vales, the foaming floods,  
Are free alike to all.'

"What a comfort it is, dearest one, when we are absent from each other, to feel and know that we have the same Father in heaven, with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning; that not one hair of our head can fall to the ground without his knowledge; that though our course here may be dark and troublous (*ours* has only been *checkered*), we can, through the merit of our blessed Saviour, look forward to that rest which remaineth for the people of

\* 'But' is a Scottish word signifying *without*.

God, where there shall be no more selfishness, no more sorrow or sighing, no more separations, and where God shall wipe away the tears from all eyes. God grant that we and all our dear children may there meet around the throne, clothed in the robes of Christ's righteousness !

"We have been wooding, and are now again setting off, so I must stop, and go and eat an orange.

"COLUMBUS, Christmas, 1845. Many happy Christmases to you, and all my dear children. We arrived here last night about eight o'clock, and had to walk in a pitch-dark night from the river to the hotel, about three-quarters of a mile, and a good part of the way over the ankles in mud. However, here we are, safe and sound. It is now about 8 A. M., and I am writing this on my bed for want of a table, and expect every moment to be called to breakfast. We shall not know whether we can get on to Montgomery to-day until the stage comes in from Macon. If it has more than four passengers who are going through, we shall require to wait all day, which will be a bore ; but if you don't get a letter from me the day after you get this, then you may conclude that we have got on, and my next will be from Mobile or New Orleans, probably a week or ten days after you get this.

"After being so much out of the world as we were at Appalachi-cola you can't imagine with what avidity we laid hold of the New York and New Orleans papers. My latest date from you is December 7, but there are New York papers here of December 18. I don't expect any letters from you till I reach New Orleans. As we start soon after breakfast, I must send this off now.

"God forever bless you and my dear children. John Walter takes his flight to Philadelphia to-morrow. May our heavenly Father watch over him, and comfort you in his absence.

"Ever thine own attached husband,

"WM. W."

Fort Gadsden, referred to in a foregoing letter, was blown up by a bomb fired by General Jackson from a schooner in which he was sailing past. The bomb lighted on the magazine and blew the fort to pieces. Vessels taking in cargo at Appalachicola lie off on the verge of the horizon and are loaded by lighters.



“NEW YORK, December 26, 1845.

“MY DEAREST WILLIAM :

“I have been feeling low-spirited and cross for several days past, from a consciousness that I ought to write to you, and not knowing *where* to write. I longed so much to pour out my heart to you ! I hope you got my last long, closely written letter, sent to Dawson to direct for me. I will *not* cross my letters or write so illegibly again, you dear fellow, but I did it for economy's sake. My last to you acknowledged receipt of yours of December 9-10, and to-day those of December 12, 14, 15, and 16 have come to hand. I shall proceed in a business way to notice some of the particulars of each before I forget. First, let me thank you for your unwearied kindness and goodness in so constantly writing to me. God bless and reward you for it, and may I be a better and more deserving wife to you when you return.

“In No. 11 you write about Dr. Pearce's sermon. Maria remarked I ought to tell you how wrong you were not to conform to the decency of custom in standing at prayer, though you disapproved, and rising at the blessing ; that the congregation who noticed you would never dream of your motive, and would think you were acting out of a disrespect to the house of God. Now, I fully agree with her there, and though you may not join in the prayer of a preacher whom you disapprove, you may rise and pray to God to forgive the error of the preacher, to grant him the teaching of his Holy Spirit, and to keep you and those who hear him from being led away by any doctrines contrary to the Word of God.

“No. 12, from Macon, is written in a most lively strain, and made me laugh heartily several times, though I grieved to think you had not been well, and cheated me in your last by never mentioning it.

“I shall be sure to tell Foster and Mr. De Peyster about the manufacturers in Georgia wanting no tariff. I always deliver all your messages faithfully, and give all the interesting anecdotes of your letters to Mr. De Peyster, who takes a very great interest in them. He has been quite unwell with his liver for some days, but is now better again.

“No. 14 arrived also to-day, and tells me of Hutchison's mistake. It was too bad in our friend Cross to put off the writing of

the explanatory letter to Hutchison upon you, as, of course, he must have known that an explanation was to be made. My last letter told you of the improvement in our breakfasts and dinners. I sent for friend Whitman to scold about our fire being always heaped halfway up the chimney in spite of my remonstrances, and sent also for the fireman to make his appearance. This was on the 23d. Little Comstock also came to see the row. I said : ' Captain Comstock, I presume ? ' for the little fellow never spoke, but stood at the door, hearing me scold. He then asked me if we were comfortable, etc., and while they were present down came heaps of burning soot, the chimney having taken fire. Fortunately a heavy fall of snow helped to put it out soon.

" I did not send you Mary's letter on account of the postage of so many, but you *had* all the news in it. I had another from Mary to me last steamer, and one from Eleanor. There were no letters for you. Dear Mary's was merely one of condolence to me on your absence, and saying her husband was a great deal easier, and that Dr. Wood would permit him in another week to go to Glasgow for a few days to see what was doing ; that her children were improving at their classes ; that both Dr. Wood's family and your Uncle Patrick's were very kind and attentive ; Uncle Patrick much better, and her own health a little improved, so that she could drive out daily. Eleanor writes that her mother is not so well, and that poor Mrs. Young had a very severe illness in September, and mourned our absence much ; she has now recovered. Eliza and James were in London, Robert Dennistoun in Liverpool on his way to join them on the Continent ; herself and family well ; Uncle Alick grumbling about money matters, but looking fat and happy in spite of it ; Murray had written her that he thought you would find business matters in such a train at New Orleans that you might return sooner than you expected to New York.

" John Walter goes to-morrow to Philadelphia. I have attended to all your advice for him, and I trust he will enjoy himself and get no harm, but good, of his journey. He seems sober-minded and thoughtful, having just recovered from a pretty smart attack of fever, headache, and sickness. Charlotte will tell you we have been all ailing, that is, all but Helen and Willie. Powell and Charlotte herself are now the worst. None of us could go to Anna's on account

of the measles, but they had a grand jollification there and a very pleasant one. J. Walter and I dined at Jane Hone's with Maria and De Peyster. Charlotte was too ill to go, and Bessie preferred to stay at home with her. She (Charlotte) was not too ill to enjoy herself at home, but, her throat being sore, and it being a very wet day, she did not go out. I returned at seven with poor J. Walter feeling wretched. A good dose of medicine and a hot drink have revived him, and he feels able to go to-morrow.

"I inclose a letter sent by Dawson to-night with a parcel of papers, etc. Shall I send the latter on to you? I have read Tot's letter, which I think gives you enough of the Christmas, and my paper is out. I sent a pretty card basket (three dollars) to C. Neilson, a work-box (six shillings) to E. Mills, a gold pencil case like the one you gave me to Margaret Lawrence, and the paper case to Harriet Mills. J. W. takes on a velvet bag embroidered with gold like Margaret Hone's to Bessie Kane. Margaret Hone sent our Bessie a book and Willie a box of handsome marbles. Jane Hone sent him some little books. Emily Foster gave Bessie the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' and Maria gave Bessie a morocco case with silver working implements. Emily Foster gave Mr. De Peyster a pair of gold spectacles, and Maria a camel's-hair scarf for her neck. Mr. De Peyster gave her a silver slop basin, and Mr. Foster gave her a magnificent silver tea urn. God bless you, my very dear William. I have left no room to tell you all I feel to you.

"Johnny has his new greatcoat, which is quilted in the front with silk, and has better velvet upon it than the other, and deeper cuffs, to allow for his growing. I made a bargain with Jennings to make it for fifteen dollars. His new cap was two dollars, very nice, and I gave him new dark gloves, and also a new pair of white kid, and lent him two of my white handkerchiefs. He is to return on Wednesday night. I have an invitation to Mrs. James De Peyster's on Monday next. Mr. Spencer was here last Saturday. He returned on Friday. They are at the Astor House.

"December 27, 1845. Dear Johnny is off; much better—indeed, quite well. A fine, frosty day; crisp snow underneath your feet. I am just going with all five children to take a walk, 'Bebie' and all. Powell's cold is so bad I am afraid to let her go. God bless you.

"Ever thine

"H."

“ Steamer MARENGO, Alabama River,

“ December 27, 1845.

“ MY OWN SWEET WIFE :

“ I wrote you a few lines of postscript on Christmas morning, and sent off my letter at Columbus, which place we left that day about 9 A. M. Sellar rode beside the driver, and as there were only seven inside, including a negro, we were pretty comfortable. The road was very bad—a good deal of corduroy, deep red clay, creeks to cross, coming up to the bottom of the carriage, and the rest of the way over pine barrens. We took ten hours to do the forty-seven miles to Chehaw, where we stopped for the night. We dined about halfway between Columbus and Chehaw ; the house we stopped at was of frame, and there was a tolerably decent parlor, with a rousing fire of pine logs, but the dinner was laid in an outhouse, built of logs and only lighted by a hole in the wall. As the day was bitter cold, and the wind blew keenly through said hole, we had at least plenty of fresh air with our Christmas dinner. The tablecloth was dirty, and the knives and forks ditto. No bread, but hoe-cakes of Indian corn, broiled quails, and a villainously bad chicken pie. I ate the hoe-cake and quails (broiled), and washed all down with tumblers of delicious milk, and, in fact, made a capital dinner.

“ ‘ Monarchs, we envy not your fate ;  
We look with pity on the great.’

“ There were some very pleasant fellows in the coach—among them a Mr. Wall, a member of the Senate of Florida, and a Mr. Macmachie, an old Scotsman, who left ‘ mine own, my native land ’ in 1818, and has not been there since. They had some wine with them, and uncorked two bottles of prime champagne, of which I took two tumblers, or thereabouts, and we were all as merry as crickets.

“ After this we had still twenty miles to make of horrid road to Montgomery, which we reached at 7 P. M. By the way, we passed on the road a grave, with a wooden fence round it, where rest the remains of two passengers killed by the Creek Indians in 1836, only nine years ago ! The Creeks attacked the coach, burned it, killed the horses, and shot these two passengers, the driver and the rest escaping into the woods and swamps. At Chehaw we found really

(‘for them diggin’s’) a very comfortable inn, with a nice parlor and rousing fire of pine. Four of the passengers were put into a room with four beds, and Sellar and I in one with two, and famous fires in all. The night was piercing cold, and the wind blowing a small gale through the window at the head of my bed. However, first let me tell you we had a capital supper of partridge, ham, etc., etc., tea, coffee, and *milk*. I gave out a great lot of *my* tea, but it was drawn too long and as black as coffee and as bitter as gall. Alas, alas, for the treat we had been all expecting! After this, when we returned to the parlor, I volunteered to make a big bowl of eggnog for the company, so I sent out and got eight eggs, one for each, and with these, sugar, nutmeg, and a bottle and a half of good madeira, I made a great brew, and we kept Christmas night at Chehaw to the best of our abilities.

“ ‘The nicht drave on wi’ sangs and clatter,  
And aye the ale was growin’ better,’

as Burns says in ‘Tam o’ Shanter.’ *We* had no songs, although Sellar bribed one of the negroes by the offer of half a dollar to sing a negro melody, but it was a failure. So we gave him a tumbler of eggnog, which made him grin with delight from ear to ear. Upon the whole we really had some fun, more than anyone could reasonably have anticipated in the center of the woods of Alabama, in a frame house and the frost bitter. And so I spent my Christmas!

“We had good, clean, comfortable beds, but I had taken such strong tea that I hardly closed an eye all night. I lay watching the embers and wondering if I should catch cold from the wind blowing in at the back of my head (which, I am happy to say, I have not), and planning business matters. It seemed to me that, to carry on our business, I ought to reside in New York, visit England every year, and make a tour like the present every winter to New Orleans, the only objection to which neat little scheme would be the necessity of leaving you and my darling children for five months or so out of every twelve. Then I thought whether it was not my duty to submit to this sacrifice in order to have you and them comfortably settled in New York—you with your sisters and they at good schools; and I arose in much doubt on the subject. And so I spent the night of Christmas, 1845, having frequently during the day thought of you

and the children and their Christmas gifts, and fearing that you would not enjoy the day from thinking of parting with John Walter to-morrow.

"Yesterday we left Chehaw about 10.30 A. M., went by railway forty miles to Montgomery, where we got into this steamer about 4 P. M., and are now about 160 miles down the Alabama. We have still about 220 miles to go to Mobile.

"Last night I slept well, but woke this morning dreaming I had just seen you. You looked well, but sad, in one of your white muslin dressing gowns, and you were just about to sail for Liverpool in a packet without me. Then it seemed to me you had gone, and I saw the ship sailing away. I felt dreadful, and woke in a fright, vowing to myself that business and everything else might go to the dogs, but that if I were once with you again, by God's blessing, nothing but death should part us; and, bad as it is to be away from you now, at least there is not the ocean between us, and that is some comfort, my beloved one. (A deer is just swimming across the river ahead of us.)

"I have been reading, for want of better, 'The White Slave,' a novel, the scene of which is laid in Russia. It is written, I believe, by the Honorable Mr. Smythe (a son of Lord Strangford), M. P. for Canterbury. It is pretty interesting, as you may judge when I sat up till near midnight reading it; but I hate novels, and only wish I had some useful book to read. I took a good spell at the Bible this morning, and read, as I always do, old Jay. Having finished John's Gospel, I am reading on in the Acts. I think on January 1 (God willing) I will begin 1st chapter Luke and read on.

"Now the boat is moving again (we have just been wooding), so I must stop. I thought much of dear John Walter yesterday on his journey to Philadelphia, and prayed fervently that he might be kept from evil and from temptation. It is *four* weeks past on Christmas since I left you, my sweet darling.

"MOBILE, Sunday, December 28, 1845. We arrived here about 11 A. M. to-day safe and sound, and I have since been detained looking for rooms and writing a few lines to Murray Thomson. I intend to stay here till Tuesday in order to find out the general opinion about the cotton crop. I am now standing in my greatcoat writing this on the mattress of a bed without sheets. The weather is clear



and cold. My room is pretty large, but is dusty and dirty, in a sort of offshoot from the Mansion House, which is full. I was in the same hotel last time I was here. It is quiet, and is called the Eutaw. We sleep here and dine at the Mansion House. I am now going to get a bath and general cleansing before dinner, which we take at 2 P. M., and as the mail closes early to-day, I have to put this in it before dinner. I intend to go to church after dinner.

"God forever bless you and my darling children. I have much to be thankful for in being brought so near the end of my journey in health and happiness—that is, as much happiness as I can have away from you and my darling children. God grant I may get good news of you when I reach New Orleans. I have, of course, nothing later from you than December 7.

"I had some interesting conversation last night with two old Methodist planters. When I brought out my Bible and read before the fire in the steamer to-day, they brought out the one his Bible and the other a religious book.

"Ever thine own attached                      "WM. W."

"MOBILE, Sunday, December 28, 1845.

"MY DARLING HARRIET :

"I sent off No. 17 to you on my arrival here this morning, having added a few lines to say I had got here safe and sound. After dinner we went to a Presbyterian church, but the minister was absent, very few people there, and they only held a prayer meeting. The interior of the church was large and handsome, but as the people did not speak out we could not hear a word, so, after sitting out two prayers and two hymns, we took our departure and walked into the country. There is frost, but not hard frost, the sun bright and the sky clear as crystal ; in fact, splendid weather. People say they do not recollect seeing so severe a winter in the South since '30, so I fear it must have been dreadfully cold with you. My bedroom is now quite comfortable. I have a roaring hickory fire and two little oil lamps, Tom Sellar having brought in his. My ink is done, so I shall now go and read the Bible and some hymns. You see I have nothing to tell you, only I just like to sit down and have a chat with you, you dear, dear blessed Harriet.

"I suppose John Walter will be at Philadelphia to-night,—may God

keep him from evil,—and my blessed Charlotte will be with you, comforting you, and dear, sweet Bessie, to whom I shall send through the post some of ‘Macaulay’s Essays’ and his ‘Lays of Rome,’ which I have read on my journey. She will like the ‘Life of Warren Hastings’ and ‘Frederick the Great.’ I wish Charlotte would read them. By the by, while I recollect, ‘Arnold’s Sermons’ have just been published by Appleton & Co. Send and buy and read them. I will try and get them in New Orleans.

“How is my dear little Harrie? Can she spell ‘fatal,’ ‘venison’? And my blessed Willie with his pug nose, and little Lady Helen? Bless them all, and you, too. May we all meet in health and happiness. *Good-night.*

“December 29, 1845. To-day the news by the Liverpool steamer of December 4 was received here. I shall not get my letters, however, till I reach New Orleans, but I rejoice to see by the papers that Lord John Russell and Lord Morpeth have come out in favor of a total repeal of the corn laws. This is the best news I have heard this long time. I see there has been a great meeting in the Amphitheater in Liverpool; four thousand people present. Among the speakers were dear old Dr. Blackburn, William Rathbone, etc., and if we live six months, we shall see the day when we shall sing the requiem of the corn laws. ‘Hurrah! three cheers for total and immediate repeal!’ Cotton in Liverpool is down, and flour in bond is likely to rise with a repeal of the corn laws, so that if I had made the news it could not have been more in accordance with my wishes; and, moreover, every chance of peace being preserved between the two countries. Only let our corn laws be repealed and the American tariff reduced to a revenue standard (which it will be in spite of Master F. G. Foster!), and the trade between this country and Great Britain, large as it is now, will be doubled within the next ten or fifteen years.

“Although very frosty this morning, the weather is milder this afternoon, and the day has been clear and beautiful. After dinner Sellar and I and a Mr. Littlejohn took a walk to Choctaw Point, down on the sea about two miles from Mobile; and a beautiful country walk it was; there is nothing equal to it at New Orleans. The fine, clear, bracing weather we have here is truly delightful and makes one have a pleasure in mere existence.

"I saw Mr. Hoppin to-day. He is no longer mayor, and looks rather seedy. He tells me that Mrs. Humphreys, at the date of his last letter, was at Brighton under the medical treatment of Sir James Clarke.

"I sent 'Macaulay's Essays' to-day, directed to 'Miss Bessie Wood, 158, New York Hotel, New York.' I wonder if they will reach her. Please tell me. I shall leave this open till to-morrow to tell you what sort of a day we have for our voyage to New Orleans. Good-night, my dear one.

"MOBILE, December 30, 1845 (Tuesday). This is a beautiful day, so I hope we shall have a fine passage to New Orleans. The boat from New Orleans is not in, and I fear the letters by her will not be delivered until after we leave here. In that case I shall not get your letters, or at least one of them, until the day after to-morrow, as I wrote to Murray T. on Sunday, telling him if there were more than one letter from you to send on here the *first* received, fully expecting that I would have got it the day before I left.

"God bless you, my beloved one, and all my dear children. Pray for me that I may be kept from evil and from temptation, and may be enabled to show to those about me that I am a good soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that I may be kept from all secret sin of mind or body. God forever bless you.

"Your own attached

"WM. W."

## CHAPTER VIII.

OPENING OF 1846—THE SADDEST YEAR OF MY LIFE—LETTERS  
BETWEEN ME IN NEW ORLEANS AND MY WIFE IN NEW YORK.

“NEW ORLEANS, December 31, 1845.

“MY OWN SWEET WIFE :

“Here I am, safe and sound, thank God, and, looking back upon my journey, I am sure your prayers have been heard and answered on my behalf. Sellar has more than once remarked how fortunate we have been in our sea voyages, and also with regard to weather on our land journeys.

“I wrote to you yesterday from Mobile. We had from thence a very pleasant voyage, the sea the whole way as smooth as a lake ; in fact, looking as if it had been frozen. I lay on a sofa berth, and did not undress last night, but nevertheless slept well. We arrived at Lake Pontchartrain before daylight this morning, and saw the sun rise. When going along the railway, I suppose we took on board no less than twenty deer from the lake end, and from Mobile we brought quantities of splendid wild turkeys for the New Year's festivities here. When I arrived at No. 50 Chartres Street, Mylne and Murray Thomson were not up, so I deposited my baggage and went with Sellar to the office to deposit his there. When there, I got your dear letter of December 10, and that is the only letter which has come here for me, although there are New York dates of December 20 in town. I do hope, my darling, that this does not arise from your being ill, but only from not thinking I would be here so soon, as I see yours of December 10 was intended to reach me at Savannah. I wish you would send me on any of Mary's or Anna's letters which you have.

“We had a nice, clean, comfortable breakfast at Murray's, and after that I went up to my room, which is large and comfortable, with clean carpet, pretty washstand, basins, etc., and foot bath. I have left myself little time to tell you that I am well here before

the mail closes. I see I shall have plenty to do, which I am well pleased at.

"God bless that dear little Willie for his prayer for me, the darling pet. As soon as I had got into my own room I went on my knees and thanked God for all his mercies toward me. Pray for me that I may be moderate in business, and discreet and prudent. This is going to be an eventful year, and may result in great loss or great gain, so pray that I be kept from evil and temptation. Give my love to all my dear children. Kiss John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, Harrie, Willie, and Helen all round for me.

"I have a long letter from John Dennistoun; he and Fanny all safe at home in their magnificent house. All their children well. James and Eliza gone to the Continent, and Robert Dennistoun was to join them in Paris in a week. Kindest love to Maria and De Peyster and little Em.

"In haste, ever thine own attached husband,

"WM. W."

"NEW ORLEANS, December 31, 1845.

"MY DARLING WIFE:

"I have already written you to-day, but as I want to write to you again to-morrow, and know not what time I may have, I take time by the forelock and sit down to-night to my labor of love. Well, here I am seated in Murray and Mylne's dining room; *they* are both out at the Pelican Club and I am left here alone, which I rather enjoy, and I have (after concocting certain business letters to be written to-morrow) just read your dear letter of the 10th inst. over again. I fancy you have sent a subsequent letter to Columbus, and it may probably be three or four days before it reaches me. I am rejoiced to see that dear Charlotte has gained three places in her class, and I am glad to see that Captain Comstock is taking proper care of you. How I should have liked to be with you on Christmas, and to have seen all the dear little faces so happy when they came into your room and saw the gifts, and dear little Lady Helen, with her look of bewilderment!

"I went with Sellar to the St. Charles to-day, but found it full, so took him to the St. Louis, which looks clean and nice, and much quieter than the St. Charles. I saw Mme. Hawley and Mr. De

Jalais, who both asked very kindly after you, and madame expressed great regret that you were not to be here this winter. De Jalais told me that a woman had been here asking after Carr with two children, which she said were his and that she was his wife, but that he did not believe she was.\* After dinner Mylne, Sellar, and I took a walk along the Levee, and in coming home (past Lafayette Square, which looks well) I saw Thompson & Co.'s coal yard, so I went in and asked about Carr. Mr. Thompson said that Carr and his wife [Mary Brown] left this for Louisville and Cincinnati on August 8; that if he (Carr) had chosen he might have cheated Thompson & Co. out of two to three thousand dollars, but he had left everything correct, and had said he wanted the situation kept open for him, and he would return in the fall, and would also write from Louisville; that he has not returned and has never written. Thompson also said a woman with two children had come out here after him and said *she* was his wife; but he (Thompson) did not believe it, from the account some passengers gave of her on the voyage out. Mary Brown's clothes are still at Thompson & Co.'s, and a letter has come out to me by the last steamer from her sister, a Mrs. Elcock, asking for some account of her, as they had heard nothing from her since last March, and did not know what had become of her! Some of Thompson & Co.'s workpeople saw Carr in Louisville or Cincinnati last autumn, and Carr had not then got any situation.

"It seems from John D.'s letter to me that he has been blowing up Cross for not replying minutely to the queries in my letters, and he also gives me a scolding for not *condensing* my letters more, which would the more readily enable Cross to reply to them categorically. There is a good deal of truth in this, but at the same time my letters have necessarily been so much about the details of business that it was almost impossible to make them otherwise than prolix. Moreover, I have felt so much the want of details in business letters from them that I have thought *I* could not give *them* too many.

"Good-night, my dearest. Blessings on thee and my darling children. Good-by till *next year*.

"January 1, 1846. Many, many happy years to you, my blessed wife, and to my darling children. God has been very gracious to us

\* Carr was a man who had married Mary Brown, a nursemaid of Mrs. Wood's, during the winter the family spent in New Orleans.



all during the past year, and, oh, may he continue his loving kindness to us all during the present one, and, if it be his blessed will, spare us all to each other, and cause us each and all to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"I find Sellar has no Bible with him here, so as soon as I can get my letters closed for the mail I am going out to buy him one.

"We breakfast at half past eight and I am like to have all the evenings to myself. Sellar will depart for the sugar country on Saturday probably. I prayed for you all this morning before breakfast. Began Luke and Jay for January 1. Now, this is a short, unsatisfactory scrawl, but I have not time even for this. I will not write to you again before Monday, 5th inst. God forever bless you and my dear ones. As the mails are very irregular, don't be alarmed at not hearing from me regularly.

"Ever thine own attached husband,

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK, January 1, 1846.

"MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

"A happy New Year to you and to all of us, and may we soon meet in this happy year, never more in this world to be separated except for a few days. Your precious letter of December 23-24, written on steamer *Emily* (No. 15 from Appalachicola has not yet arrived), and finished at Columbus on Christmas Day, reached me this morning, and, oh, it was balm and cordial to me, though I regret you should have had to return to Columbus, thereby delaying the time of your reaching New Orleans, for I feel as if I could not give you up longer than the middle of March *at furthest*. Since I last wrote to you, which was on Friday, 26th (finished Saturday, December 27), much has occurred, and much for which your presence and counsel were needed ; but I have had very kind friends in your absence, of whom, in the male line, Mr. De Peyster and Uncle Philip Hone and Sam Howland have been chief. Let me relieve your anxiety by saying that our dear John Walter, who went, as you know, on Saturday morning, took ill that night at Philadelphia, and instead of coming home yesterday, as I expected, a letter came from him instead, written like a drunken man, and just stating that he was ill in bed and the doctor did not yet know what it was that ailed

him. Another came at the same time from Tom Kane to Mr. De Peyster, inclosing to him the particulars, which I did not see. I was dining at Maria's with Charlotte and Bessie, expecting each ring would bring dear J. W., and they never gave me the letter till after they had fortified me with a good dinner and a glass of wine. I had previously heard from J. W., who wrote on Saturday evening the moment he arrived, telling me he was quite well, and had received such a kind welcome, and that a party was to be given that night in honor of him. I felt very ill, as you may suppose, when I got his second letter, and Mr. De Peyster brought me home at seven o'clock, and was kindness itself.

"He came in and drew my cherry brandy and raspberry brandy for me, having brought a corkscrew with him, and saw that my decanters were in order for to-day. The reasons for my remaining at home and seeing company after all were these : Anna Winthrop, at whose house we were to dine to-day, was fearful her Gertrude had taken whooping cough, and as there was a possibility that she had, I would not go. I did not want to go to Maria's, for she sees such a world of people, and my spirits were not equal to *seeing* a crowd ; neither did I feel sufficiently strong, and also I was glad to remain at home and run in and out to see my darlings. Well, this morning dear Johnny Hone, who has been another dear, kind friend to me, went down to the post office early, and brought the third letter from dear J. W., written in a firmer hand, better spirits, and better in every way. He says that the doctor thinks his disease varioloid, but cannot tell, but that whatever it is it is very slight. (I think it measles, taken from the Winthrops, and have no doubt about the matter.) He complained chiefly of the dark room, his low diet, and doses of castor oil, but says Tom is most affectionate and kind ; that he reads the Bible to him every day, and has left his own room to sleep in the one next to his, and that he sleeps with a string tied round his wrist which is fastened to J. W.'s bedpost that he may waken him whenever he wants anything ; that the doctor thinks he will be able to return home in three or four days, and that he only wants now nursing and care, with strict diet, and to be kept in a dark room. There was also another letter from Tom to Mr. De Peyster confirming what J. W. says of himself. Mr. De Peyster had promised, if he were not better, to go on to-morrow to

Philadelphia to see him, and Maria, too, had offered to go if I wished it. This letter from dear J. W. comforted me not a little, and then yours, too, brought by John Yuille, made my heart light and thankful. It is very late, and I will finish to-morrow.

“January 2, 1846. My other reason for seeing company at all (contrary, as you know, to my wish) was this : partly to gratify dear Charlotte and Elizabeth, who wanted very much to see what sort of a thing it was, and partly because I had no place to hide myself if I remained at home—our parlor being so handy that many would just open the door and come in ; and so, if dressed, and cake and wine ready, I might better see *all* who came at once. My cake and wine cost me only \$3.75. I had a bottle of cherry and raspberry, *best*, a large iced fruit cake, and a silver cake basket of Maria’s filled with macaroons and New Year’s cake. We had all our little knick-knacks out, and the room looked very nice, having been beautifully cleaned. Charlotte looked very well in her crimson silk, white lace hand ruffles of mamma’s, white kid gloves, her aunt’s hair bracelet, worn for the first time, her hair tied up with crimson ribbon, and white lace upon the neck of the dress. Bess also looked well, for her. Sweet Helen had on her scarlet merino dress, with its very long waist, fitting her beautifully, and her long fair hair curling down her back, and her cheeks like roses ; I never saw her or any other child look so sweet. But the little ones were in the nursery, and no one asked to see them but Mr. Waddington, Dawson, and Neilson. Margaret Hone sat with us, and she saw the little ones, too, but that was all. Your old lady had a good color, first from crying when writing to dear J. W., then from a mixture from a flush of excitement from reading your dear letter and a glass of raspberry taken to fortify me. Thirty-six called in all, counting the family, which, considering I gave out very generally I was not to be at home, was pretty well. Old Woolsey Rogers called, George Hoffman (my old adorer), William Maitland, Mr. Russell (the elder), not Anna R.’s husband, Delancey Kane, Oddie, Dixon, Mr. Jenks, who praised Johnny very highly, and whom I asked to come and see me some evening, James De Peyster, B. H. Field, Brodhead, and others.

“Now comes my other reason for not staying *incog.* in my bedroom or nursery, and my other trouble : my nursery and parlor both began to smoke together. From the time of the taking fire of the parlor

chimney the parlor not only smoked, but for three days the smoke came down in gusts, and blew the fire fairly out of the grate, and us out of the room. The firemen would not come to put the fire on in the morning till insisted on by the authorities of the house, for they knew the consequence, and the chambermaids would not come to clean the room, for *they* knew it was labor lost. I sent to know if a fire could be put on in my bedroom and have our meals there, but they said that chimney was the worst of any, so Samuel set the table and we ran in like frightened geese, and got our plates filled and ran off with them, and ate on our laps or chairs, as we best could, in the nursery. After trying hard coal, keeping up the blower till red hot, and all other expedients had failed, we gave up trying and let the fire alone, so we had the cold room, and a horrible smell of back smoke.

“The nursery fortunately smoked but little in our worst days in the parlor, but the day before our chimney was swept it began and burst forth in all directions, from the grate, stovepipe, and back fire-board, and the children were driven forth from there. My patience was now taxed to the utmost. I had sent to Captain Comstock to tell the state of matters, and to demand another room immediately, if only to eat or sit down in. The children were black as soot, and Whitman [clerk of the hotel] stood like the statue of Melancholy, and said everything had been done that could be done. I then sent for Captain Comstock to come to me, and for the second time harangued him eloquently upon the impropriety of any decent family being in such a state for a moment. He said the sweeps were coming that day to sweep both chimneys, and that the manufacturer (probably architect) was to come to see the state of the building, if anything was wrong with the chimneys, and if any other ventilator for the top would do good. I said that of course we could not remain in the house if something were not done immediately—other rooms on the second floor given us or these chimneys altered. He said he saw that plainly, and regretted much that I was in such discomfort; to add to my misery the vexation and annoyance brought on severe, sharp pains. This was on Saturday and Sunday last, and I could not, of course, leave the uncomfortable house either to go to Maria’s or to church. I spent a miserable Sunday, feeling very ill and with no fire in my room,

expecting and fearing the children were to have measles, for Willie and Helen were both complaining, and not knowing *where* to go if we had to go. Mr. De Peyster and Uncle Philip Hone now took the matter in their own hands, and told Captain C. we must go if not attended to and other rooms given at once. Other rooms are promised in the second story next week, if I choose to take them. In the meantime the chimneys have been swept, and the rooms thoroughly scoured and cleansed. It was found that they never had been swept since the house was built, and were choked up with soot, that a brick was also misplaced in the parlor, and that the ventilators at the top were rusted and would not act, or turn with the wind. We have now the comfort of seeing a cheerful fire of Liverpool coal (for we were choked with the sulphur before) in both rooms, and only occasionally a puff of smoke from each chimney, say about three a day, but not bad enough for us to open the windows or drive us out of the room. On Monday I went to Maria's to spend the day. Charlotte has written to J. Walter to-day a lively letter, and I have written to Mrs. Kane.

"Bessie sends you this mark for your Bible as a New Year's gift. Bessie bought the material with some of her Christmas money and worked this all herself.

"I am sorry to cross this, but I have so much to say that I have not time to say God bless you at the end, and these little postscripts at the top will bother you more than crossing, I fear. God bless you, my precious husband; I feel that God is good and wise in all he does for us, and even dear J. W.'s illness away has perhaps spared the others getting ill till our smoke was cured, and I able to nurse them. Powell is nearly well again.

"Thine own devoted wife."

"50 CHARTRES STREET, NEW ORLEANS,

"January 4, 1846.

"MY BLESSED WIFE:

"I am still without any later letters from you than that of December 10. To be sure, the mail has failed this morning from beyond Montgomery, but if the mail comes regularly through to-morrow and next day, and I do not hear, I shall be very anxious, and yet surely, if you or the children had been ill, either J. Walter, Charlotte, or



Maria would have written to me, so I will e'en 'hope on, hope ever.'

"I have just returned from Dr. Scott's church, where I partook of the Lord's Supper. The church was well filled by a respectable congregation. I sat in Mr. P. Maxwell's seat just across the aisle from our old one, and I think I have not felt so much at home in a church since I left New Orleans. There is an earnestness and sincerity about Dr. Scott which carry you with him, even although you wish that his references to 'heathen Greek and Babylonish' were a little more rare. The text was: 'For as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.' One thing he noted as curious, and it certainly is: that Æsculapius, the god of physic, should have had a brazen serpent as his symbol. Also, that God, who forbade the making of graven images, should expressly order the serpent to be made. It was not, however, in any way intended to be worshiped, for he said that seven hundred years later, in the reign of Hezekiah, when the Jews began to regard the brazen serpent as a god and to worship it, God commanded it to be destroyed.

"When we as sinners find our condition hopeless, cureless, and, turning to the Son of God, cry: 'Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner,' we feel ourselves like the serpent-bitten Israelites, and like the woman whom our Saviour healed; that we are freed from that plague of sin and clothed in the robes of Christ's righteousness.

"The singing was as good as ever, and some of the hymns very pretty. One was: "'Twas on that dark and doleful night.' The church goes in at seven this evening, and I intend to go. There is a prayer meeting at 4 P. M., to which I *don't* intend to go. There were 15 people added to the church—10 from other churches, and 5 on examination. The New Orleans Bible Society since its institution in, I think, March, 1843, has distributed 10,000 Bibles, of which upward of 7000 have been *sold*, the rest *given*. May God prosper the good work! even where Satan's seat is, as one of the ministers who prayed said of New Orleans, rather more bluntly than politely. After all, I suspect it is not so much behind its sister cities in this country and in Europe as many believe. Prayer meetings and Bible classes seem to be in active operation.

"My last was finished and sent off on the 1st inst. I called with Sellar that day on Helen Nicholson, and was very graciously received



both by her and her husband. She had a regular levee of gentlemen paying their respects. Afterward Sellar and I and a Mr. Mills, a Glasgow man, took a walk along Canal Street, past old Dr. McCaulay's school, but it came on to rain, and so we had to go home. Sellar dined at 50 Chartres Street, as he did also on the 2d. I bought him a very prettily bound Bible for \$1.50, and wrote on the title-page: 'Thomas Sellar, from his friend Harriet A. Wood, January, 1, 1846.' I thought of writing below:

" Within this sacred volume lies  
 The mystery of mysteries.  
 Happiest he of human race  
 To whom God has granted grace  
 To read, to watch, to fast and pray,  
 To lift the latch and force the way;  
 But happier had he ne'er been born  
 Than read to laugh, or laugh to scorn'—

but on second thought I decided that any human writing commendatory of the Bible was something like Uzziah putting forth his hand to prevent the Ark of the Testimony being shaken when it was on its way to the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite, so I let it alone. Sellar seemed much gratified by your remembrance of him, and as he had not a Bible with him, I trust that the good seed now sown may take root and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. I inclose a note which Sellar asked me to send to you; he left New Orleans yesterday for the sugar country, and may possibly be a week or two, or even a month, there, but don't say to anyone where he is, or what he is about—just that he is not in New Orleans, but attending to some business in the country. He went up with a Mr. Key, a planter who bought one of our plantations, and quite a gentlemanly man. He will be at Pelton's in the course of his tour.

" By the way, we expect Mr. and Mrs. Lyall here; they have letters to our house [A. & J. Dennistoun & Co.], and are making a second tour through the United States. Have you heard or seen anything of the Spencers? I was asked to-day to dine with Mr. Mills to eat a wild turkey, but, of course, declined. The weather to-day is perfection, like a fine balmy spring or summer day in England.

" My precious little Willie's prayer 'for our other dear father' has

moved me more than anything I have heard this long time, and almost brings the tears to my eyes when I think of it. How thankful I felt to-day in church in thinking that you and my dear John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, Harrie, Willie, and Helen were all under the watchful eye of *our* Father in heaven, and that he had given me grace to desire one thing supereminently for my children, and that is that they all may be heirs of eternal life, and have their inheritance with the saints. With firm trust in God, and with sound minds in sound bodies, their earthly inheritance is of very minor importance.

"I continue to be much bothered about staying in this country, if we be spared, or returning to England. There are many inducements to remain, and a good many to go back to England. I think I would like to stay another year, so as to see how we would like New York in winter if we were all there together ; but if I did this, I would require to go home for two or three months, say on July 16, and return by steamer, October 4. Don't speak of this, or write of it, to anyone, but let me know fully what you think of the matter yourself, and pray that God will guide us. I can't tell you how dear and precious you are to me, my dear beloved one, and how I long to clasp you again to my heart, and to kiss all my dear children. I find I like them, and that they are dearer to me than I could have believed, so that I have a liking to all little brats of children I see for their sakes.

"I am again neck and crop into the Arkansas lands business, and a good deal bothered about the same, John Slidell having gone off as United States Minister to Mexico without signing an important paper. I should not wonder if I should have to go up to Natchez to see old Jefferson Davis about those infernal lands. I have got beautiful maps made of them, and I really do believe that some day, barring the curse of slavery, Arkansas will be the finest State in the Union. It certainly has some of the finest land and most picturesque scenery.\*

\* In my Memorandum Book under date of *January 5, 1846*, referring to their careless bookkeeping, I say : "It seems to me that all that has been done for our two partners here has had very little effect in exciting them to energy in looking after these old affairs. I am by no means sure that it might not be the part of prudent men for my uncles to sell off their assets in this part of the world for what they will bring, and close the house here."

It is now 3 P. M., and I see the table is set for dinner, which I suppose I shall take in company with my own noble self, as I fancy Mylne and Murray T. are to dine out. Good-by for the present.

"Both Murray T. and Mylne have just come in to dinner, and bring word of one of the tugboats having been blown up and several people killed.

"Monday, January 5, 1846. There is a letter of December 24 here to-day from the New York house, but not a scrape of a pen from you yet, later than December 10. I fancy you must have thought I would not be here before January 8, and so have delayed writing till after Christmas. I should feel very uneasy, but D. & Co. do not say that you or any of the children are ill, so I hope 'no news is good news.' Do write to me every Sunday and Wednesday, as I intend to write to you, sending off my letters on Monday and Thursday; but as the mails are very irregular, you must not expect to *get* my letters as regularly as they may be written. This is a gloomy, rainy day. God forever bless you and my dear children.

"I was at Dr. Scott's church last evening, which was well filled. Sermon so-so. I hear that Dr. Hawks was very eloquent and impressive yesterday morning.

"Thine own

"WM. W."

## CHAPTER IX.

WM. W. IN NEW ORLEANS, AND H. A. W. IN NEW YORK, DIS-  
CUSSING A FUTURE WHICH GOD DECIDED FAR OTHERWISE THAN  
THEY ANTICIPATED.

PARTLY in reference to the concluding paragraph of the last chapter of this interminable autobiography, I now introduce some extracts from an important letter written to me by William Cross, representing himself and the two senior partners, Alexander and John Dennistoun, dated April 19, 1845. It ought to have been entered before my second journey to New Orleans, but as it has not been, it will come in here appropriately enough.

"Your last letter to the 'trio,' as you say, was a sufficient dose, but we now know really more of these New Orleans affairs than we should have known in twenty years had you not gone out.

"If the New Orleans house could be depended on, they might keep the mill going in the same way as the Liverpool and New York houses are doing, but the fearful way in which they have thrown away money rather appalls one as to their future proceedings.

"You must yourself decide as to coming home this year or next, as, of course, *you* can judge best on this point; whichever you do, the seniors and I owe you a heavy debt of gratitude for what you have already done in investigating matters. I wish we had a competent man to look solely to these *old* matters, and leave us to carry on with spirit current business, which will now for a long while be reasonably profitable, and we should not lose golden opportunities by harassing ourselves about a set of scoundrelly debtors from whom, after all our trouble, little may be got."

I now resume the thread of my narrative for 1846.

"NEW ORLEANS, January 5, 1846.

"MY DARLING HARRIET :

"I sent off No. 22 to you this morning, but forgot to say that last night and this morning I had pretty nearly made up my mind that it

would be better, if we all be spared, to return to Liverpool in the summer, but I waver about like a weathercock on this subject, and never continue in one stay for two days or half a day together.

"I find that there are New York papers of December 25 and 26 in town, and I have looked over the 'deaths' and 'dreadful accidents,' but as I neither saw you nor any of the children mentioned in either category, I am at a loss to account for my having nothing later from you than December 10. I fancy you must have written to me at Columbus, and that the letter has not been forwarded; but as you certainly expected I would be here on January 8, at latest, I wonder that I have not ere this received a letter direct to New Orleans. However, I may just wonder and begin again, for any good that will do.

"I am sitting in the dining room at 50 Chartres Street before a cheerful fire, and with a lamp and candle on the table. Murray Thomson and Mylne are both out. I did not leave the office till after eight, then went to the reading room and read the New York and Philadelphia papers. It is a very wet night. I have got an invitation to dinner at Nicholson's at 5 P. M. on Wednesday, 7th inst., and I have written a note accepting.

"Murray and I took a long walk yesterday afternoon down the Levee to the end of the third municipality, and then up, and home by Royal Street. The evening was lovely. The Mississippi is very low at present.

"At last, dearest, your long-expected and welcome letter of December 26-27 has arrived. You could not be 'a better and more deserving wife' if you tried; you are all I want; I would not have you changed an iota.

"I might, as Maria says, have stood up at that bad prayer at Savannah, but if I had, it would only have been on the same principle as Naaman bowed in the house of Rimmon, and with the mental reservation: 'The Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.' I am not sure but that it is right to show your disapprobation. I think, perhaps, in addition to sitting still I ought to have put on my hat.

"Dr. Seip from Alexandria, Red River, came down this evening. He is looking well and in good spirits, poor fellow, having made a

large crop of cotton and also a very large one of corn, and he finds that some sugarcane that he planted as an experiment is going to do well. You recollect I visited him last April. He says he thinks the luck has turned with him. Good-night, dearest ; God bless you and my dear children.

“January 7, 1846. Your long and most deeply interesting letter of December 19 only arrived this evening. It had been sent, along with many business letters, to Columbus. It was marked No. 4, but is the *second* No. 4 I have received. You had better mark the number of each letter in your account book as you send them off. The No. 4 received to-day gave me an account of your going with the Howlands to Dr. Hutton's church, and how much you and Sam Howland were affected. I think he must be a fine fellow, and I should like to know him better.

“Tell my dear little round-faced Bessie that I am glad to hear she behaved so well about her tooth-drawing. What is my little Harriet doing ? You have not told me anything especial about her.

“It is now 11.30 P. M., and I have just returned from a magnificent dinner party at Helen Nicholson's. I must say I never saw anything in better taste. I will go further and say I never saw anything in such good taste. Furniture, plate, crystal, chandeliers, lamps, tables, tablecloths, screens, each and all the most beautiful of their kind, and all in excellent keeping ; nothing gaudy, but all truly elegant ; and if, as Dr. Chalmers said, ‘angels themselves look down with pleasure upon a party of friends assembled round a convivial table,’ the angels this evening must have had a hilarious time of it. But I just thought I would not give my little imp of a Helen for it all, to say nothing of Willie and the four larger jewels of our coronet. The party consisted of our noble self, who led in the lady of the house and sat on her left hand ; Captain Elliot, R. N., who was our minister in China and Texas—a very pleasant man, but one who talks too much for a diplomat ; he says that he has traveled so much that he believes that, if all his journeys were added up, they would go forty times round the world ; then there were Grymes, the great lawyer, Thomas Slidell, Ward, Ledoux, Briggs, Berger, and sundry other coats and waistcoats, making, with the lord and lady, fourteen.

“January 8, 1846. This day last year we all arrived here



after our long voyage. The weather to-day is beautiful, clear and bright. So far the weather has been cooler than last year, but very pleasant. The troops are all out, and sundry processions, etc., are to take place at noon.

"God forever bless and watch over you and my dear children.

"Ever thine own attached

"WM. W.

"P. S.—Mr. Pelton has written begging me to select a hogshead of sugar for you, the best of his crop; this is very kind, but very funny. Of course I declined with thanks.

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK, January 6, 1846.

"MY BELOVED AND DELUDED OLD HUSBAND :

"Yours of December 28, from Alabama River to Mobile, has arrived; it reached me last evening. But before I write further let me tell you that dear John Walter is safely home, and *perfectly* well, for I fear Tom Kane in his anxiety to save you uneasiness must have given you a great deal. He writes me that he sent on a letter to you on New Year's Day to save time, fearing that I had written to you that J. Walter had the smallpox, and to say that it was not smallpox after all, but, owing to the caution of Maria and Mr. De Peyster, and the Kanes writing daily to them, and not to me, I never knew that they had feared smallpox for him until he was entirely well. It seems that the whole city has been groaning under that awful scourge, and poor J. W. must have had measles before he left home. Their old humbug of a doctor pronounced it smallpox; a sign, 'Smallpox,' was put up on the street door, and nobody came near the house for six days; notes were thrust in under the door inquiring for J. W.; and the neighbors' children on both sides of the way were packed off to the country together with the young of Mrs. Kane's family to escape infection. Mrs. Kane remained in town and wanted to come in to nurse him, but her husband and the boys would not let her. An old smallpox nurse was sent by the doctor to attend him, but Tom would not let her come near him, but nursed J. W. himself day and night like a most faithful nurse and brother—made up his bed for him daily, brought him his medicines and drinks, and lent him his own new dressing gown,—

in fact, insisted upon his accepting it as a present,—a new one only given to Tom on Christmas Day, but J. Walter gave it to the servant to give to Tom, together with a dollar to cover some little omnibus hires, etc., which he could not find opportunity to pay ; he did this in presence of some of the younger children, so Tom would be sure to get it. Tom slept in the next room to him with a string round his wrist fastened to J. W.'s bedpost to awaken him at night, and he read the Bible to him daily. His journey cost him \$16.75 ; I gave him \$17. The doctor paid him three visits, which Mrs. Kane would not let him pay for, saying that Dr. H. had sent in no account, and she was sure he would not, but if he did, she would promise to send it on to me. But to-night I wrote to her telling her of J. W.'s safe arrival, and inclosing her ten dollars, which I begged her to send from us to Dr. Harris, or settle his account if he sent one. She said his general charge was two dollars. Did I do right ? Well, dear J. Walter looks thinner, but quite well ; says he has enjoyed his visit, and seen many persons, institutions, and other lions in spite of his illness, but from Monday night till Friday morning he never saw the light. He is in good spirits and has a good appetite, and so perhaps it is better after all he was ill away from home, as the others have kept well, and we are now rid of the smoke, which latter nuisance was very much increased by the introduction of a new stovepipe into our chimney from the entry stove. I had a fire to try the chimney lighted in our bedroom to-day, and it did very well. The chimney has been swept. Captain Comstock has made grand baths in the house in the second and third stories, both hot and cold. The bath rooms are all nicely carpeted, with soap, towels, looking-glass, etc., and ready at all hours. Monnot goes February 1, but has no *say* in the house any more, has to do as he is bidden, and Captain Comstock is the only and sole master. I sent for Whitman yesterday and said I would settle his bill as soon as it was rectified, but that my son had been absent ten days, and the whole of his board was charged. He then took off fifteen dollars, or a dollar and a half a day.

“ Now for my poor old deluded husband, who has let the devil persuade him that his duty lies in remaining in this country for the paltry advantage of good schools for the children, and leaving me near my sisters, and that *he* is in duty bound to make the sacrifice

of leaving his wife and family nearly one-half of every year, to fight as they can for themselves, for comfort, happiness, advice, and counsel. God help them while you go and amass a little more of this world's treasure for them ! No, William, that is *not* your duty ; a father's presence is necessary for his children—if *you* do without *them*, they will soon learn to do without *you* ; the mother is not to be the only guardian of their minds and bodies—the father, too, is to bring them up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' 'to *talk* with them by the way' (not write to them), 'when thou liest down and when thou risest up.' And the husband is to 'cleave unto the wife'—pretty cleaving I would call such conduct as *that*. You are given me by God as a helpmeet, and in the hour of trial, of sickness and suffering, for myself or children, where are you ? Where is my adviser, my friend, my counselor ? God is there, it is true, but he has given *you* to me, and me to you, as fellow-helpers of each other, and we are wrong to let the prospect of any worldly advantage separate us. The husband is to nourish and cherish the wife : can he do that two or three thousand miles away ? No, my precious husband, it is not even for our worldly good to be separated. What worldly good is greater than each other's society ? At least *I* can answer for *myself* ; *nothing* could compensate me for the loss of *your* society. I sometimes feel now that I can hardly bear *three days* more of absence, and three months make me feel sickening of heart I cannot describe to you, and I give a sort of stifled sigh and an incredulous stare into the fire as I muse upon the horrid probability.

"Dr. Hutton called here to-day, but I was out, which I much regretted ; also Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Philip Van R. ; also Mrs. Edward J. Jones and Elizabeth Jones, and Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes.

"Dear Helen says : 'Papa *far* away,' and asks visitors : 'Are you weel ?' Willie has had an old pocketbook given to him and two cents in it by Charlotte. He said to me : 'I've now got enough for two Sundays ; I'm so glad.' I said : 'How for two Sundays—what do you mean ?' 'Why,' said he, 'don't you know the poor ?' He is a very good boy at his lessons, and, indeed, at everything else. He said to me yesterday, when I was reading my Bible to myself : 'Is that about Joshua you are reading, mamma—Joshua smiting Ai ?'

"Bessie received your 'Athenian Orators' and was much pleased.

She gets Samuel, the waiter, to bring her the paper every night. I will not cross my letter, though I could write on all night. God bless you, my own darling Will. Don't deceive yourself and think it is your duty to stay longer than the beginning of March in New Orleans. I have counted 125 days to March 1, of which only 41 are marked off. I shall write to you on Wednesday after this and the children on Saturday, so you will get two letters every week and not at the same time.

"Ever your own fond                      "H."

"January 7. All well."

" NEW YORK, January 10, 1846.

“MY BELOVED HUSBAND :

“ Though I had fully intended J. W.’s letter should go alone, that you might get our letters separately, yet I cannot resist the temptation of inclosing his letter in half a sheet, as you say it is all one postage. I wrote you last on Wednesday or Thursday. Since then I have received yours of December 30 from Mobile, and those of December 31 and January 1 from New Orleans reached me last night. God bless you, darling, for all your kindness and devotion to me, and what shall we render unto him for all his benefits toward us in bringing you in so much mercy to your journey’s end ?

"Poor Mary Brown, I feel much for her, and fear she has discovered too late her unfortunate marriage. You will, of course, reply to the letter from her sister.

“ I wish you would tell me, or *hint* to me, in your answer to this *when* you think it likely you may return, for I count the days, and have counted that to March 1 from November 27 was 125 days ; of this 45 are done this day [My dearest must have meant till *April* 1, really 124 days. W. W.]. Do tell me what I may *hope* and what I may *expect*.

“I began the Gospel of John and 1st Psalm with you. The Psalms I read in the evening, but as I want to finish my Bible before April, I have not begun Luke with you, but go regularly on with Acts. The Psalm for this evening is the 44th. Does this agree with your reading?

"I saw Mrs. Edward Ogden yesterday. She tells me the frost has been severe at New Orleans. We have had some days of what they

call remarkably cold weather, but neither I nor the children nor Powell felt it so ; in fact, we have all remarked that we felt the cold *less* than we did in England. Not a chilblain has been felt by any of us ; even Bessie is quite free. By the way, Bess is delighted with the 'Life of Warren Hastings.' Ever since before Christmas the weather has been delightful, like fine autumn weather. My wadded spencer, which I had made to wear under my cloak, has never been needed, nor my woolen gloves. These I always wore on cold days in England.

"Dr. Bethune preaches for Dr. Hutton to-morrow. Dr. Hutton is in Philadelphia. Maria and Mr. De Peyster and Margaret Hone are going to hear Dr. Bethune. The subject is 'Using the World Without Abusing It.'

"I am very glad you gave Sellar the Bible. May God in his mercy bless the gift to his eternal salvation !

"We are all going to dine at Maria's to-day, but first I am going to take poor Bess to get two back teeth out. Did I tell you Jane Hone took her to have one out before, and I took her two weeks ago, when she and Charlotte had each one out, and behaved nobly, Bess as well as Charlotte ?

"There are no letters yet to send to you from Mary or Anna, but I will do so when they arrive. Shall I send on to you Mr. B.'s papers and the *British Quarterly*, and how ? I have read a great many of these, and have also read the *Reviews* you left me. I am now finishing 'The Crescent and the Cross,' which I don't like at all, and cannot get on with. My money goes so fast that I feel too stingy to buy Arnold's 'Sermons,' but would like them very much, and perhaps I *may* get them, after all.

"I dined at Uncle Phil's on Thursday, and had a very pleasant time. I am invited to a large ball at Wm. Douglas', and to several smaller outings. Mary Van Rensselaer called here with her husband ; also Mrs. Gov. Bibby, Dr. Hutton, Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Livingstone (Miss Julia Boggs that was) ; also Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes.

"Willie said to me last night : 'Mamma, do you love your wife ?' I said : 'I have no wife, my dear ; I am a wife myself.' 'Oh !' says he, 'because the Bible says he that loves his wife loves himself, for I heard you read so the other morning.' Don't you think this shows

that he listens to some purpose? I told you about his asking if I were reading about Joshua smiting Ai. He said to me afterward that the reason he asked was because he saw a large *A* at the top of the chapter.

"God bless you, my dearest, dearest W. I thought a great deal of you all Sunday, thinking you would probably hear Mr. Scott on that day, and perhaps take the Lord's Supper, as it was the first Sunday in the month. Willie, Bessie, Charlotte, and Harrie send you much love, and dear Helen has just been putting up her little mouth to kiss me, with her eye upon the paper to see if I sent the kiss to dear papa. Remember me to Sellar and Murray.

"Thine own

"H."

"50 CHARTRES STREET, NEW ORLEANS,

"Sunday, January 11, 1846.

"MY DARLING WIFE:

"Your welcome letter of 1st and 2d inst. reached me this afternoon.

"My dear, blessed John Walter! I hope God has restored him to health, and sent him back to you in safety. How you must have felt, you dear one, when your husband was away, your eldest hope ill in Philadelphia, and, to crown all, your two chimneys smoking like steamboats! It is odd that no one thought sooner of the simple remedy of having them swept. Now that they are in a state of convalescence I hope you will stay still in the rooms I left you in, lest you should go further and fare worse. Your ground-story rooms are very convenient and safe in case of fire.

"But now let me proceed in a regular course since my last, which I closed on the morning of 8th inst. Afterward I went and saw the troops march along Royal Street, and then to the 'Place d'Armes,' where the cannon were fired in commemoration of the glorious 8th and General Jackson,

'Whom the British turned their backs on,'

after which I walked about two and a half miles down the Shell Road by myself, and returned just in time to dress for dinner, Dr. Seip dining with us. On changing my coat I found my keys were not



there, but supposed I had left them in the office, which was rather a bore, but I did not bother myself about it. Next morning, however, on resuming my frock coat I found there was a hole in the bottom of the breast pocket, where I keep my keys, and the thought immediately flashed through my mind that through it my five keys, watch key, and steel ring had dropped. I still, however, buoyed myself up with the hope that they might be in the office, but it was hoping against hope. On reaching it after breakfast I found that they were not there, so I immediately put an advertisement in the *Picayune* and *Courier*, but so far they have not been found. I had my desk lock in the office picked, and a new key made, but I am loath to commence operations on my portmanteau, carpetbag, hatbox, and writing case, the first and last being patent locks, until a week has elapsed without the keys being found. Meanwhile, I am deprived of my journal, and of writing a bit to you every evening after the work of the day, which is my usual solace, as I have no lock-fast place to secrete my lucubrations, and my journal is patent locked in my portmanteau, and altogether I am 'in a fix.' I don't believe I shall ever get the keys, as my belief is they have dropped among the weeds at the edge of the canal, as I twice or three times jumped over the fence to get what I thought were alligator's eggs lying at the edge of the water, but which I believe were only hen's eggs 'faded,' as Lawrence Heyworth would say.

"Friday, 9th. I was busy all day, and so was I yesterday.

"Saturday, 10th. After leaving the office I go to a very mild newsroom, and read all the New York papers; then come home and read 'Eothen' till about ten, when Murray and Mylne come home from the club.

"I rise about seven, and after dressing, read my Bible and Jay; (and, by the by, dear Bessie's bookmark has just come when it was wanted, as, besides reading Luke and the Psalms, I am going through Judges; thank the dear, round face for her gift). By the way, you mention all the children but that dear, little cunning girl Harrie I think they call her; do kiss her little skate mouth for me, and tell me all about her, how she is getting on with her lessons.

This morning a stranger preached for Dr. Scott. Just before the sermon one of the elders, a man with very black hair, or a very black wig, and a very yellow face, a Mr. Maybin, I rather think, stepped in

front of the pulpit, and, addressing the congregation, said that yesterday at Baton Rouge Dr. Scott had been acquitted by the Presbytery of Louisiana of all the charges brought against him. These charges were four, arising out of something he had said about Henry Clay playing cards on Sunday. On the first and third he was acquitted unanimously, on the second and fourth he was found not guilty by sixteen out of seventeen. Of course on these two charges one of the presbytery voted him guilty, and this one was the same in both charges, a Mr. Smyth. According to the nomenclature adopted by religious people in 'these diggin's,' Mr. Maybin called him *Father* Smyth, which is clean contrary to the Scripture command, inasmuch as I think the Bible tells us expressly to call no man father (in a religious sense) upon earth; nevertheless, we are to *treat* the elder men as fathers, and the younger women as sisters with all purity. These younger women are ticklish jobs, and occasionally sore trials to weak brethren, and my advice is not to treat them at all, but to keep clear of them, unless they be particularly ugly. After forenoon church (by the way, Mrs. Tom Slidell was there) I walked away by myself down the Shell Road about three and a half miles to the Métairie race course; there I crossed the canal by a bridge and went along a country road about two miles, which took me to the Bayou St. John, along which I walked some two and a half miles until I reached town. The day was cold and clear as crystal, with a bright sun and fine breeze, and I enjoyed my walk very much, thinking of each and all of you, and a great deal about my dear John Walter, and how if he were spared he would shortly be quite a companion for me. I was also arguing the pros and cons about going home or staying on this side, if we were spared, at any rate for another year. If I did that, I would need to leave you again in July for three months, and so I could not make up my mind on the subject, and prayed that God would direct our lives to fall in pleasant places, and give us a goodly heritage as regarded spiritual matters, and, as regarded temporal matters, that he would decide for us as he might see most fit.

"When I arrived at home, I got your letter, and was much alarmed about dear John Walter, and should have felt exceedingly anxious if you had not said Tom Kane as well as he himself wrote that he was better. It is a lesson to me never to let children leave home

on a visit until they have at least had all the children's complaints. I don't know how we are ever to repay Tom Kane's kindness to J. Walter, and all the Kane family for the trouble he must have caused them. I have not written to Tom since I came here, but as soon as I hear that my dear boy is safe home, as I trust in God I shall hear soon, I will write and thank him. I wish you could write and ask Bessie Kane to come and pay Charlotte a visit. If J. Walter were perfectly well and could get a room upstairs, she might occupy his. However, I need not bother you about this, as I suppose she would not come, and I presume you would not like to increase your charge when I am away.

"I have just come back from Dr. Scott's. It is a fine moonlight night, *full* moon, clear and cold. The sermon was pretty good, but I was bothered about J. Walter; the prayers were good, and so were the hymns. I feel also troubled about you and the children. I fear their getting ill, and for you if they should do so. You say Powell is nearly well; I did not know she had been ill. I wish you would thank Mr. De Peyster and Maria for me for their great kindness to you, and give them my love, and I wish you would also take an opportunity of expressing my thanks to Uncle Philip, John Hone, and Sam Howland. It really is not right for the father of a family to be away; however, necessity has no law; but I suspect if we once get together again we must just keep together, business or no business; but it will be a desperate pull for you leaving your sisters and friends and this country. But if we were to stay it would be absolutely necessary for me to go over this summer if I live.

"God bless our dear ones—they're fine children, all the six, and I love them dearly; may he unite us all in health and happiness if it be his blessed will. Good-night.

"Monday, January 12, 1846. The mail has failed from beyond Charleston, so I shall have to wait at least another day before I can hear of my dear Johnnie. The weather here is very frosty, but warm in the sun—splendid winter weather, but much colder than I could have anticipated in New Orleans. Tell J. Walter that Mr. Poore is here at present, and is to dine with us to-morrow. I do not recollect of any more news to tell you. I have some thoughts of going to a missionary meeting this evening at Dr. Scott's. I wish you would be on the outlook for a nurse who would be willing, if

required, to accompany us to England. God bless and watch over you and my dear children, and grant that I may receive good news of you all by the next letters.

“Ever thine own attached husband,

“WM. W.”

“NEW YORK, January 13, 1846.

“MY DEAR, DEAR WILL :

“I have just received your precious letter of 4th and 5th inst. Oh ! how grieved I am that you should not have received any but my first four letters. Had it not been for your tenderness and faithfulness in writing to *me* so often and receiving your letters *regularly*, I could not have borne your absence ; and *you*, dear fellow, to suffer from hope deferred after reaching New Orleans ! I write to you now just a little bit to express the feelings that are crowding upon me, but will wait till Wednesday before I send this off. I have hitherto only written to you once a week, because you desired me before starting to write only once. The children were to write alternately every Saturday, which they have done with the one exception when J. W. was away, and I was to write in the middle of the week, so that you could hear from us thrice, but in future I will always write a half sheet on Saturday, inclosing the children’s letter, or, if you wish it, write to you on Sunday and Wednesday, and let the children’s go off alone on Saturday, making three times a week, for I could write to you for my own pleasure *every day* ; so you have only to command. Your letters, I think, have all reached me regularly ; this evening I have No. 22. Did you get my letter saying we were thinking of you on Sunday, 4th inst., of your being at Dr. Scott’s church, and taking the Lord’s Supper ?

“With regard to what you say about remaining in this country for another year, I really could not stand it, if it involved the necessity of another separation from you. If it were thought for the good of the business that you should remain in New York altogether, I might bring my mind to parting with you *once*, but not so soon as July, and after that to remain permanently in this country. *No earthly inducement, however great*, could make me give a willing consent to be separated from you for two or three months every year, *or every other year*. But, darling, ‘all our times are in God’s

hands.' Let us in all our ways acknowledge him, and 'he shall direct our paths.' Let us not 'lean to our own understanding,' but, mistrusting our own hearts, pray that we may be led, step by step, as may be best for our spiritual welfare, clearly understanding what the will of the Lord is, and not desiring worldly companions or worldly good for our children, but that they may be kept from the evil of the world and the pride of life. But, if it be consistent with their eternal welfare, we may ask that the 'lines may fall to them in pleasant places,' where they may have cheerfulness and contentment, which is as 'marrow to the bones.' I am praying daily for you, darling, that in all difficult and doubtful matters of business God will give you wisdom and direct you, and that you may be kept from speculation and from hasting to be rich, and also from any unpleasantness with your partners, etc.

"To-day I purchased Mrs. Graham's 'Life' for Margaret Hone, who has never read it, and also a copy for Anna Winthrop, one dollar each. I am very glad you purchased the Bible for Sellar. May God give him the spirit of understanding. But I must stop now, or I shall fill up my letter before Wednesday.

"On Thursday I go to a party at the Mills',—all the family, the Bedells, and a few others; J. W. and Charlotte go also,—and on Friday to a party at Maria's, to meet Mrs. Colden, Mrs. Ashurst, Mary Van Rensselaer, the Hone family, and other intimate friends. I have bought a pretty ribbon, headdress, and a new chemisette and white gloves for the occasion. J. W. will come for me, but is only to come in about nine o'clock. Charlotte is not asked. But the week after Maria is to give a party in her name, a large child's party, and all the nice little girls that Maria knows in town are to be asked. They are to have a supper, a man to play on the piano, and dancing.

"Good-night, good-night.

"All your letters have come safe to hand, but No. 20 should have been numbered 19, and so on. I got No. 18 from Mobile on December 30, written just before you started for New Orleans, and then came No. 20 of December 31 at New Orleans, and No. 21, written on New Year's Day, so they must have all come direct, only there was this mistake in the numbering. Poor Charles Brugièrè and Mrs. Dawson (Sarah Jay, my old schoolmate) both died on



Friday last, and were both buried on Sunday. Charles was wasted to a skeleton, and she had been propped up with porter and wine, which someone had advised her to discontinue and try the water cure. She did so, and nothing could revive her. Her system ran down immediately, and for three weeks she only took porter mixed with morphine, and slept none.

"Our Mr. Dawson has been ill with cold, but is quite well again. Mr. Bethune preached a very clever sermon for us on Sunday, but not a very interesting one, and he looked like a sleek stuffed pig on his hind legs. A most sensual countenance.

"January 15, 1846. This is a most superb day, like an English autumn one. Maria is to send her carriage for us to go to the Mills' at half past seven, and Bell Perry is to take tea with Bess and Harrie in our absence. Maria goes afterward to William Douglas' in Park Place to take Louisa Selden. Did I tell you old Packard is dying, and has sent for Augusta to come to him? She sailed last week for the West Indies.

"There is to be a series of magnificent parties given every Thursday evening in January at William Douglas', to which we also have invitations. Did I tell you?

"My writing is horribly bad, as my pens are all used up, and that horrible pale, scratchy writing is with a steel pen that tires my hand. Emily Foster's baby increases in strength and beauty, and is really a fine child. She and Maria begged me to be sure and give you a great deal of affectionate love. The latter was eloquent in your praises this morning, and Emily listened with apparent pleasure and occasional assent. We walked out together this morning around Washington Park, through Fifth Avenue to Sixteenth Street, and into Union Square to her house, where I spent the morning till half past two, Willie and little Emily running before us the whole way, and gamboling together in the park. Little Helen then came up for little Willie about half past twelve to take him home to dinner. Maria and Emily called for me, as the morning was so fine.

"I wish you would give my love to Sellar, and thanks for his note, and tell him I can scarcely regret that sentence in it where he says you think to detain him till you come North in company, for it gives me some little straw of hope to catch at as to your returning sooner than you expected. But as we are all doing well, I should be sorry



to urge you to do anything against your better judgment, and if you think there is a necessity for your remaining till he comes, I suppose you must just do it. In the latter case we would all, from John Walter to Helen, be glad to see our young friend's honest face as soon as possible. I inclose a note of dear Charlotte's, written on Christmas Eve, which, I think, it will give you pleasure to see, both the handwriting, sealing, and wording are so good. I think the idea, too, of hiding it under my pillow, where I might find it as soon as I woke, was a good one. I sat up in bed and read it by candle-light, and then examined the contents of my stocking, which was filled with contributions from the little ones according to their means, Charlotte and Bessie the largest contributors, however.

"Our table continues to be nicely supplied, but the smoke is not quite cured. They commence building the upper story to this wing early in February, so I hope the outside dirt will be taken away before we open our windows, and the inside noise will be over before April.

"John Walter is perfectly well again, and so are all the rest. Helen is getting lovely ; she is as fat as a roll of butter, and has a fine fresh color. Powell is pretty well, but liable to attacks of slight indisposition. She is, however, cheerful and faithful in her services. She was much gratified at your remembering her in your letter.

"God bless you, my beloved William, with his best and choicest blessings. May we be spared to meet in health and happiness for Christ's sake.

"Ever thine own devoted

"H."

## CHAPTER X.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED—WINTER OF 1846.

“NEW ORLEANS, January 14, 1846.

“MY DARLING HARRIET :

“I closed my last to you on 12th inst., and have received nothing later from you than 2d inst., although there is a letter to the house here from D. & Co. of 5th inst. This makes me feel anxious about my dear John Walter. I am afraid he has grown worse, and that you thought you would wait for better news before writing to me. I have looked over Mr. Kane’s paper, the *Pennsylvanian*, till 6th inst., and as I see no notice of dear Johnnie having departed this life, there is a sort of negative satisfaction to me, but I wish you had just let me know how he is. But since you have not done so don’t regret it, and bother yourself, you dear one. When you get this, I hope I may have had good news.

“On Monday morning last, 12th inst., I went to a missionary meeting at Dr. Scott’s church. It was not particularly well attended, but was very much in the style of those in England. Dr. Scott gave out the missionary hymn : ‘From Greenland’s icy mountains,’ which was beautifully played and sung. I joined heartily, ‘singing and making melody in my heart,’ if not much with my voice, but I suspect a good deal of my fervor was from ‘we call it memory’ as much as from devotion, and that had they suddenly changed to ‘Of a’ the airts the wind can blaw,’ the current of my feelings would not have been very rudely checked.

“To-day Dr. Seip has been buying six negro boys and a seamstress. For the former he paid \$533 each, and for the latter about \$900. I saw the receipt given for payment and the warranty of title. The slaves are ‘warranted slaves for life.’ There is something both horrible and ludicrous in buying and selling our fellow-creatures, and in the cool, businesslike way in which the invoices are made out, just as if they were so many bales of black cloth. I permitted

the purchase to be made, because the negroes already on Dr. Seip's plantation are overworked, and the additional hands will relieve them, and the seamstress was bought because Mrs. Seip finds that the cutting out and making of the negroes' clothing, besides her household duties, is too much for her health.

"Monday, yesterday, and to-day I have been very busy making arrangements for new business with two brothers, planters on Red River. One of them is married to a sister of Mrs. Seip. His name is Flint, and he is a lawyer. You may recollect I dined with him when I was at Alexandria last year. I have written to-day a long letter of twelve pages (could not make it shorter), with a report on the business here, to the trio. I have had a letter from Tom Sellar at last, but it is dated on 5th inst., only two days after he left this. I suppose he will be back here in the course of this week, after which he must start off for Attakapas. Old Davis was down here yesterday, which may make it unnecessary for me to go to Natchez, but I may perhaps go to our Hollywood plantation, which is some five hundred miles up the Mississippi ; it is above Princeton.

"If I be spared, I don't know but I may manage to be home some time in March, as, unless something new transpires for me to do, I do not at present see anything to detain me here for more than five or six days after the arrival of the English steamer of February 4. Its news ought to be here by about March 4, and, if so, I might be back in New York by March 15 or 20, and you may be sure if I can I *will*, for I do long to clasp you to my heart again, and to see my darling children. By the way, a person called at the office this afternoon and said one of the draymen had found a bunch of five small keys, and he would send him with them to the office to-morrow. I hope they may prove to be mine.

"Good-night ; God bless you and all my dear ones. I am now going to take a spell at Hallam's 'Constitutional History' by way of soporific before going to bed.

"January 15, 1846. The mail has failed beyond Charleston, consequently no New York letters or papers are forwarded to-day, which is provoking and annoying. This day has been set apart for thanksgiving by the Governor of Louisiana, and at eleven o'clock I intend to go to Dr. Scott's church. It is the *first* Thanksgiving Day ever held in Louisiana, and I look upon its being held as a

clear proof of the progress of Christianity, and the increasing influence of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is something particularly gratifying in seeing this State, a sort of prodigal son of the whole commonwealth, returning, as it were, to its Father's house. May God in his own way hasten the time 'when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the channels of the sea.' In spite of the family bickerings and jealousy, one can't help feeling proud of this kindred nation, the most Christian next to our own, and next to it also, I do believe, the greatest and most powerful. I say with Balaam: 'I bless thee and thou shalt be blessed,' and may God in his mercy avert war and maintain peace, destroy the corn laws and the tariff, and promote free trade!

"God bless you, my darling wife, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh and soul of my soul, and may he watch over us and our dear children.

"A gentleman met me last night in the reading room, and said: 'Mr. Wood, you wear uncommonly well. I recollect you on the Exchange in Liverpool many, many years ago. You used to be pointed out as the neatest dressed man in Liverpool.'

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"NEW ORLEANS, January 16, 1864.

"MY DARLING WIFE:

"I have been a happy man this day. I have got your dear letter of 6th and 7th inst., announcing dear Johnnie's safe arrival and entire convalescence, and I have found my *keys*. They were brought back to me by a drayman, who picked them up on the levee. I gave him two dollars, and as the advertising costs other four dollars, they will just stand me in a dollar each, so that they are truly valuable keys; but it was better to pay this than to have my portmanteau, bag, etc., broken open or the locks picked. I wrote Mary and Anna last night, and added a postscript this morning, telling them of Johnnie's convalescence and return, and I wrote to Tom Kane to-day, thanking him for his great kindness to Johnnie. I also gave ten dollars to the missionary society as a sort of thank-offering. I was yesterday (Thanksgiving Day) at Dr. Scott's church, and heard an eulogium of an hour's length on America and its people, its institutions, its soil, its rivers, and its climate. The

text was : ' Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places ; yea, we have a goodly heritage.'

" You give me a delightful scolding for talking about leaving you every year for six months. Now, I didn't say I would do anything of the kind. I said, if I recollect right, that, to carry on the business to perfection, I ought to do so for about five months—but that, of course, was out of the question. The fact is it is not exactly a question between leaving and not leaving, but here is the pinch : if we all be spared to go home, I feel it in my bones that if I live I will need to come out again some day, and if you and the children were all alive and well, it is questionable whether we could then all go out together. Now, it is possible that I might make New York my headquarters, and by going perhaps once in two years for a month to New Orleans, or perhaps not there at all, and once in two years to England for six weeks, I might have the business better managed and we might all live comfortably in New York. We certainly have far more friends there than in Liverpool. Or, supposing we did not decide to stay there altogether, but only for another year, then it would be necessary for me to go to Liverpool by July 16 packet and return by October 4 packet, being gone three months. There are a great many inducements to remain on this side, and also a great many to go home to England. I could manage the matter admirably if I could make *three* of myself, and be present at one and the same time in Liverpool, New York, and New Orleans, or could even be at Liverpool and New York. I really am at a loss what to do. Your letter received to-day was a great relief to me, because in it you seem so decided about not parting that your leaving New York would not be such a sacrifice to you, but, then, that was on the supposition of my being away five months out of twelve, of which I have no intention. If you are perfectly willing to go home to Liverpool, I am sure I am, but I am afraid when it comes to the time you will feel it a greater pull than you imagine ; however, the parting for three months would also be a sore trial for us both, and so I am in a fix, but trust that God will direct us to do what is right. You can't think how delightful your dear reproaches are to me ; it is so sweet to be assured that my presence is so necessary to your happiness. Dear wee Willie and ' Lady ' Helen, how I would like to see and kiss them ! You never

mention my little Harrie, bless her roguish looks ! Can she spell 'f-a-t-a-l' yet ?

"Tom Sellar is still in the sugar districts. I had a few lines from him to-day, brought by a Mr. Cox, a planter, at whose house he had been staying. I intend to send Charlotte 'Eothen' through the post office, as I have finished it. The weather is heavenly. Good-night, dearest.

"Sunday, January 18, 1846. This has been a bleak, cold day, and it is now a rainy night. I was at Dr. Scott's morning and evening. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Tom Slidell, and they walked part of the way home with me. I then went and took a long walk by myself up the Levee to Lafayette. The only notable things I saw were a cargo of German immigrants just arrived from Bremen, and a dog running like mad, with a tin kettle tied to its tail, at which latter sight I could not help laughing, 'cruelty to animals,' etc., notwithstanding. I then came home, and read Goode till I was tired. He is rather heavy and wordy, though his doctrine is good. Then read a bit of the 'Life of Oliver Cromwell,' which was meat and drink. He was a religious man after my own heart, and no hypocrite and no humbug. Then dined with Mylne ; then after sitting a while went to church in the wet ; then home—read the Bible, took another dose of Goode's 'Better Covenant' and a little bit of Cromwell, and finished off with an article in the *Albion* about Oregon. I would not do this at home, but really with nobody to speak to or see me,—for both Mylne and Murray are always out in the evening, and the servants here are in the back yard,—I am not going to perform the hypocrisy of doing nothing, and I can't read the Bible all day. I shall, by God's blessing, walk circumspectly, but as David ate the *shew bread* when he was hungry, so will I read sober and discreet newspapers or books when I have duly performed my religious duties and readings, and am locked up by myself in this sort of solitary confinement. My own conscience doesn't bother me under the 'suckamstances,' as Jeames de la Pluche says, and so neither need yours. But my ink is done, and so good-night, and God bless you and all my dear ones. By the way, if Johnnie's visit to Philadelphia only cost \$16.75, and you saved \$15 in his board at the New York Hotel, the net expense was only \$1.75.



"Monday, January 19, 1846. This is a very wet, cold, disagreeable morning. I send herewith the *Picayune* of yesterday. On the first page of it you will find a full report of the sentence on Dr. Scott. By the way, although I want John Walter and Charlotte to write every alternate Saturday, that was not to say that *you* are not to write to me twice a week, my lady fair. My latest from you is 7th inst.; nothing from J. W. or Charlotte. I sent the latter 'Eothen' on Friday. Tom Sellar seems to be getting on very well in the sugar country, and he may, perhaps, visit Cuba, Porto Rico, and Santa Cruz before his return to New York. Don't say anything about this intended voyage of his, but ask Mr. De Peyster from me if he is acquainted with anyone in Santa Cruz, and, if so, ask him to give you a letter of introduction for Tom Sellar, and send it on to me immediately. God bless and protect you and me and our dear children.

"Ever thine own attached

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK, Sunday, January 18, 1846.

"MY BELOVED WILLIAM:

"Your last reached me on Friday evening upon my return from Maria's party. I tore up the greater part of the first sheet, as I suppose you thought I would. Don't give way to such thoughts; they could do you no good, and will only serve to lead you into temptation, and, without God withhold you, may lead you into actual sin, from which may God in his mercy keep us both. I am sorry to see you are somewhat bothered as to business matters; those remarks I also cut out of my budget before I numbered it to put away with the others. I always keep my last in my pocket, and refresh myself daily with a read at it till I get another. I am glad your mind is so undecided about our future place of residence, for our future is already fixed for us, and when it comes to be time for us to decide, I hope to either place we may be reconciled. One thing, though, I think *must* decide our choice, for it surely cannot be the will of God that those whom he has joined should for any *business* or worldly good be separated, or that a *father* should be continually leaving the children whom God has given him, to seek bread for them in more abundance. If the necessities

of life *were wanting*, and *no other way to procure them*, then perhaps it would be his duty to leave them. It is a relief to me that you have again some of my letters. I told you J. W.'s greatcoat was stolen from the school, and that the police had been in search of it. If you have not that letter, one must be missing.

"I well remember Dr. Seip, and his *wife*, too. I think your answer to Pelton was very good. The Spencers were at the Astor for a few days. I called, but did not see them, and they are gone.

"The Mills' on Thursday was a handsome party, but I thought very dull. Julia looked well, and behaved admirably. She frequently sends you her love. Juan Howland was there; neither he nor I complimented each other. He said I had lost all my former self in the Englishwoman, and I said *he* looked like a wild Arab or man of the East.

"The weather is awfully cold, hard snow on the ground, and freezing hard to-night. The smoke has annoyed us dreadfully, so that we can have no fire in the nursery. The men are still engaged with the chimneys, but if not cured we must go. My bedroom smokes daily from the other rooms as well (back smoke). Mr. De Peyster has just been here, and begs me on no account to omit his kind remembrances, which he often sends. Poor Anna Winthrop is again spitting blood, and very, very thin and delicate. Dr. Hutton's sermon to-day only so-so. John Walter went this afternoon, but none of the rest of us, on account of the snow. God bless my own loved one.

"Ever your own

"H."

"50 CHARTRES STREET, NEW ORLEANS,

"January 19, 1846.

"MY SWEET WIFE :

"I sent off my letter of 18th inst. to you this morning, rather hurriedly, having several letters to write, and soon after it had gone I received yours of 10th inst. covering one of the 9th from my dear John Walter, giving a very good account of his visit to Philadelphia. Tell him the firm here is not J. & A. D. & Co. but A. & J. D. & Co. His direction was crowded rather too near the bottom of the letter, and the letter itself was not quite orthodoxly folded; but, what is of much more consequence, the *matter* was

good. If we should be here next summer, I would like nothing better than *his* taking a pedestrian excursion through New England except going myself, but, if we be all spared, I suspect we shall be in England or on the ocean in July. I suppose Johnnie and Charlotte don't care about my writing to them, as they hear all the news from you. You may be sure I was delighted to get a letter from *you* along with Johnnie's. I suppose, you dear little 'mother in Israel,' you never will get beyond No. 7, at least in letters, for the one to-day is at least the second of that perfect and mystical number. That dear blessed little Willie will be the death of me with his sweet ways, and his questions about 'Ai,' and 'if *you* loved your wife'; and at last you have mentioned my little Harrie, and she sends her love to me ! and now I send mine to her, and beg you will give her a sweet kiss from me and a picayune to buy candy. This has been a dismal day, pouring of rain, yet the air like milk, or rather like a vapor bath. To-night it is thundering and lightning grandly, the house shaking to its foundations, and the lightning 'paling the ineffectual fires' of the spermaceti candles.

"So far I have got all my work finished, and I am completely at a loose end, except for the work which each day may bring forth. I mean I have worked up all arrears, but there are about *three* difficult matters I have to arrange before I can leave, and I must await the arrival of the steamer's letters of January 4 and February 4, the latter of which ought to be here by March 4 or 6, after which I hope to turn my face northward, unless some new and unforeseen business springs up. That would only be forty-six days after this I might be leaving, or six weeks and four days.

"It is odd enough that J. W. should have got 'Old Noll's Life' to read. Good-night, beloved ; I am just going to take a spell at it myself. God bless you and our dear ones.

"January 21, 1846. Yesterday was a cold, bleak day. In the evening I was told that there was going to be a duel fought this morning between a Mr. J. W. Kane and a Mr. Hyman, the latter an Englishman, and the former a Kentuckian and a lawyer, whose office is near to ours. I was not told till late at night, but I was much inclined to go to the mayor and tell him or send him a note, but, not knowing where he lived, and not being quite sure that it would take place, besides having been told in confidence, I did not

do either. This morning the two men met, away far down Canal Street, exchanged shots without effect, and then an effort was made by the seconds to adjust matters. I ought to tell you that at a ball at the St. Charles Hotel, the night before last, Mr. Kane and his partner came and stood before Mr. Hyman and his partner, although the latter had engaged the *vis-à-vis*, whereupon Hyman told him he was no gentleman ; after this Kane came and slapped him in the face. Well, Hyman's second proposed after the first fire that Kane should apologize for the blow, and then Hyman should apologize to Kane for calling him no gentleman, but Kane's second said : 'No ; apologize for the words first, and then our principal will apologize for the blow.' But quite properly, according to the principles of this sinful and foolish code of honor, Hyman's second said : 'No ; the blow must be first apologized for, and then the words may be taken back.' This not being assented to, they fired again, and Hyman's shot struck Kane on the shoulder, and, glancing from it, cut him right through the vertebræ of the neck, and he fell down *stone dead*. I am told he was a very fine-looking young man of twenty-three or twenty-four. *Sad, sad!* It has made me almost sick. They say he was engaged to a Miss Ward of St. Louis. However, everyone says Kane was to blame, and that Hyman did all that could be expected to accommodate matters.

"I dined at Mr. Mills' to-day ; Camac and some other men there. A Mr. Spangenberg who was there had seen Kane's corpse, and said he looked exactly as if he were asleep. He is the son of a General Kane of Kentucky. I wonder if he can be any relative of yours ? I did not know either him or his adversary by sight, but I don't know anything that has horrified or disgusted me more for a long time, and the cool and easy way in which everyone takes the matter is astonishing.

"This has been a fine clear day. I am fairly at a loose end for something to do. I have got all my work done, as far as I can do it now. I must wait for the action of others. Good-night ; God bless and watch over us and our dear children.

"January 22, 1846. Hurrah ! Free trade forever ! News received *direct* from England of December 11. Peel and the duke kicked out. Lord John and the League in. The only mischief is that Lord Palmerston is more warlike than old Lord Aberdeen, and

so there may be more likelihood of war with the United States. On the other hand, the Whigs as a party have always prided themselves on their peace policy, and so may counterpoise Palmerston's belligerent propensities. I don't believe there will be war, and free trade will unite the two countries closer than ever. Thank God for this consummation. I send a paper with an account of the duel. God bless you and our dear children.

"Ever thine,

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK HOTEL, Room 16, Bride's Parlor,  
"Wednesday, January 21, 1846.

"MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

"Your letter of 11th inst. reached me about 2 P. M. to-day, and a very delightful letter it was. Your mind, I think, is now at rest about J. W., that he is likely long to live. If a good share of impudence, strong love of mischief, an enormous nose, and a bright eye are any test of robust health, he has them all. Your allusion to our chimney was what I would call 'an apt allusion to a well-known story,' for chimneys I have now some reason to be acquainted with. When I thought of changing our lodgings, rest assured it was not a small matter that would have made me take such a step, knowing as I do your dislike to all changes except political ones; and after I had got all my wardrobes and trunks arranged for a permanent resting place, to say nothing of the near vicinity of schools and church, sisters and doctor. Well, but the dream is over now; the climax is past—it was 'kill or cure' to-day, and thankful am I to say the doctor of chimneys has won the battle. Since our last sweeping of the three worst chimneys they have kept up alternate smokings of the most dreadful character, not every day, but every other day or so; and the children's clothes, my clothes, quilts, curtains, and carpets have been covered with soot and dirt. The chimney doctors put off and put off, and my temper was tried to the utmost. Mr. De Peyster went to Whitman and Comstock and said: 'I don't know who had the renting of these rooms, whether Mr. Billings or some other person, but whoever it was deserved a harsher name than I would like to utter, and one that rises now to my lips, and so will everyone think of his conduct.' Comstock said: 'I hope, Mr. De

Peyster, that you are aware that *I* had nothing at all to do with this, but the person who made the agreement with Mr. Wood never mentioned the circumstance of these ever smoking till the question was put to him, and then replied : “ I am sorry to say in *some* winds *some* of these chimneys smoke.”’ Poor Mr. Whitman came to me and told me what Mr. De Peyster said (he himself having previously told me), and said he must exonerate Mr. Billings from all blame, and himself, in as far as they were simply smoky chimneys before, but that certainly for the last two months no one could have imagined such an extent of nuisance. I understand that the *taste* of the smoke which has gone upstairs has made me an object of the greatest pity to all the ladies, and Captain Comstock (who is very attentive) has almost cried with vexation and compassion, and said : ‘ Mrs. Wood, no mortal can live in these rooms ; it is awful ; but if you can bear it a little longer, no money shall be spared to get them right if they *can* be righted.’ On Saturday last matters reached the climax in *our* nursery, and for the third time the carpet was taken up and the fire allowed to go out. On Sunday it was tried again, and the immense volume of smoke that filled the lobbies upstairs, from our door being open, made a rush of gentlemen down to the room to ascertain for themselves if the house were on fire. All the beds were now moved into my bedroom, and the parlor only smoking occasionally, we could make the room pretty warm for the children by leaving the door open. Our intense cold weather began on Saturday also, and Powell’s rheumatism, and it was almost impossible to keep warm. In the meantime I had been looking about for lodgings, but could find none. To-day and yesterday it has been snowing hard and freezing, and there is grand sleighing, which makes the children shout with delight, the gay sleighs with four horses passing constantly. Well, while sitting around our parlor fire to-day a horrid rattling began, and I said : ‘ It is only the men at the chimneys.’ Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when we were all covered with soot from head to foot ; down came firebricks, smoke, and soot, and half the room from the fall of soot was blackened like an old shoe. We scampered in all directions, and now what was to be done ? It was snowing outside, and the snow knee deep, and not a place but my cold bedroom for us all to go to. Fortunately, the bride, No. 16, is away for a few days, so a fire was immediately put on in her parlor,



and here we all are. The girls have all been home to-day on account of the severe weather, and here I sit wrapped up in my large woolen shawl, and with fur slippers, writing you an account of our disasters now that I verily believe they are fairly over. The noise, etc., proceeded from the introduction of the apparatus prepared for the chimneys, and ever since both nursery and parlor for about six hours have drawn beautifully. The stove was taken down and a fire lighted in the grate of Liverpool coal, and as it has not smoked one bit, and this is the *very worst wind*, we hope the evil is all over. In the meantime our room is an empty one, all the beds and children still in mine, but a grand fire on, and to-morrow it is to be thoroughly cleaned and a *new* carpet put down, and that horrid furnace of a stove is away, which, as it did not remedy the smoke, was a double nuisance. Six women have been employed scouring our parlor carpet and chairs, two more at the paint, and a man at the glass; so that, though damp, the room *smells clean and soapy*, and looks very nice with a fine, clear, rousing fire, and orders have been given by Mr. Whitman that both fires are to be kept up all night. Powell has *never been ill*. I said, I believe, 'that she was well or nearly so'; I meant pretty well, as she has been complaining a good deal of rheumatism and sore throat; she seems pretty well again to-day and is very cheerful. *This* parlor is not nearly so nice as ours; and as our table and attendance are now so good, I should have been sorry to leave the house. There were no other rooms in the house vacant, or I would have had them. We have just been eating a pitcher of snow and raspberry brandy, concocted by J. W., with a taste of lemon and loaf sugar in it, and very good sherbet it made. Helen and Willie were to have gone to-day to a party at Philip Hone's from twelve to three. Written invitations from Miss Mary Schermerhorn Hone. All the first little children in the town were to be there, and about one-third of their mothers; but notes came round again, saying, 'owing to the inclemency of the weather, Miss Hone would see her friends another day.' I had planned their dresses for them, and think they will look very sweet. Helen improves in beauty and intelligence every day. You ask about Harrie. She has gone to bed laughing and blushing at your request to know something about her. I said: 'Harrie, what *can I say?*' She replied: 'Tell him for one week I'll try to do nothing wrong.' She is *no worse* than when you

left, but I really cannot say she is much better ; at school she does well, and is improving *very fast* in her studies. Bessie has always a medal, and is a dear, sweet child, and so are Charlotte and Willie. J. Walter has brought home his character certificates for the last two months—*both excellent*.

“What do you think of the change of ministry, and repeal of those odious corn laws ?

“I am very glad poor Dr. Scott has been acquitted.

“I know how the loss of your keys must have bothered you, and trust, my darling, that your advertisement saved you having the annoyance of all the good locks being picked. Just so I felt about J. W.’s greatcoat being lost ; I could not bear to give it up.

“I agree with you that you will do well to keep clear of ‘the younger women.’ *You* are too *young* a *brother* to treat them as *sisters*, and certainly I would call no man *father* upon earth.

“Anna R. has written me several friendly notes lately ; *two* came *to-day*, the first begging me to come and pass a long day with her with *all* the children, the younger to dine with her at one o’clock, and the rest with us at five. I excused myself for this week on account of Anna Winthrop’s illness, and she then wrote, asking more about Anna, and begged me to fix the first Friday or Saturday that she was better. I said I *would* come when she was better some Saturday and bring the three eldest with me, as they go to school on other days ; she then repeated her invitation for the younger ones also.

“Anna Winthrop has had attacks of fainting and spitting of blood, and on Monday we were much alarmed about her ; and Maria, who was sent for, spent the day with her, or part of it, and on Tuesday both she and I went to Anna’s together. I read to her the Bible and talked to her, and ate her broiled chicken, while Maria rubbed her limbs with cayenne and put on her blister. She is very much better to-day, but Berger says great care will be necessary. It is very late and the children are anxious to go to bed. God bless thee, my own loved W. Don’t fret thy dear soul about going home or staying here. It is all *fixed* for us already.

“Thine own

“H.

“January 22, 1846. No smoke ; all well.”

"NEW ORLEANS, Sunday, January 25, 1846.

"MY OWN SWEET WIFE :

"I finished my last to you on 22d inst., and have been in daily expectation of receiving a letter from you, and have been doomed to daily disappointment. I fully expected a letter from you to-day, but none came, although I have two from Dawson of 14th and 15th inst. The latter date being Thursday, if you wrote on Wednesday I *ought* to have got your letter to-day. If I don't hear to-morrow, I shall begin to fear that some of the dear children or yourself are ill.

"Since my last the weather has been very fine, cool, and bracing. This afternoon it became rather warm in the sun. My life goes on pretty monotonously,—I have been rather busier these last few days,—but as I have done all *I* can do, and the progress of matters I have on hand depends upon others, I can only wait patiently, driving on all I can, pushing here and pushing there, according to use and wont. It is a great pity you are not here now instead of last year, because now my business is *in* New Orleans instead of being all over the face of the earth. Tom Sellar has not yet returned from his wanderings, but I look for him daily, I may say hourly.

"The Upper Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio have got thawed and the waters in them have risen, and the number of steamboats and the quantity of produce of all kinds arriving are perfectly miraculous. I only wish De Peyster saw it. Thousands and thousands of barrels of flour, beef, pork, ham, bales of hemp and cotton, hogsheads of sugar, barrels of molasses, mountains of bacon and shoulders in bulk, and sacks of corn, all piled upon the Levee as discharged from the steamers; while, on the other hand, there are piled up on the Levee, going on board steamers, hundreds of bags of coffee, cottonseed, plows, carriages, pianos, furniture of all sorts, corn mills, frying pans, brooms, pails, 'bodies and souls of men,' meaning negro slaves. As many as seventeen to twenty large steamers are arriving in a day, and ten to fifteen going away, and all these immense quantities of merchandise must be removed from the Levee in twenty-four hours, or the owners will be fined. Besides all which there are some hundred large ships loading and unloading to and from foreign ports, so that the five thousand and odd drays belonging to the city are all too few for the work, and De Peyster may well

exclaim : ' You don't mean that ! ' but it's a fact. Drays at present are hardly to be had for love or money. The Levee I consider at a time like the present as one of the wonders of the world, and I love at the glorious sunsets to stroll along it by myself and meditate on the present and wondrous future destiny of this glorious country. However, now that we are going to get the corn laws repealed (which, by the way, will accelerate the growth of this country in a miraculous manner), our own dear, damp, dismal country will be worth living in, and a noble country it is to have produced Oliver Cromwell, if it never had produced another man celebrated in the world's history.

" Dr. Scott having gone to preach at Mobile, I went this morning to Dr. Hawk's and heard a very well-delivered, orthodox sermon, but there was a want of heart about it. The ladies were beautifully dressed. The church looked like a parterre of tulips. I saw Helen Kane (Mrs. S. Nicholson) there ; she was suitably and plainly dressed in a mazarine blue bonnet and fawn-colored cloak. I thought I saw our yellow-haired friend of the *Wabash Valley*, Mrs. Randolph, I mean. *Henry Clay* was there, a venerable, benevolent-looking old gentleman, of upward of six feet high at least, and very erect, with rather bald head, his hair combed smooth back and rather long behind, and pretty gray withal, a florid complexion and high nose, and clear, blue, intelligent eyes. But he has a villainous, ugly, *American* mouth, like a large slit in a piece of leather, without lips ; his forehead neither very big nor very broad, but good. A man likely to win the strong attachment of those about him, but not a man to ' go thorough,' as that old scamp Archbishop Laud used to talk about, and as my friend President Polk would do.

" I took a walk before dinner with Mylne down the river to the first turn, where you have a reach of six miles in view. I am glad to say that the river here begins at last to show symptoms of a rise, and if it continue to do so we shall ere long have plenty of cotton down.

" I suppose by this time next week we shall have the letters per steamer of January 4, which are looked for with intense interest, both as regards political and mercantile matters. By the way, this letter will reach you in *February*, and when you get it, you may say of me, if all be spared, we shall meet next month. I heard a Dr.

Hamilton of Mobile, I believe, preach this evening at Dr. Scott's ; not a bad sermon, but too long and too fine. Text in the morning : ' By grace ye are saved.' In the evening : ' Who are these in white robes ? ' Good-night ; God bless you and me and our dear children.

" January 26, 1846. The mail has as usual failed beyond Mobile, consequently I have no letters from you. This is a lovely morning, clear, bright, and warm. To-night there is to be a grand fancy ball given by Mr. A. Ledoux, to which all the fashionables are going. Murray Thomson is going in a very handsome Highland dress. Mylne has got leave to go in plain clothes, on account of his advanced *age* ! I might have got an invitation if I had wanted it, but felt no inclination. God forever bless and watch over you and my dear ones.

" Ever your attached husband,

" WILLIAM WOOD."

" NEW YORK, January 25, 1846, Sunday Evening.

" I have not heard from you, my beloved one, since yours of January 12, and begin anxiously to expect the arrival of No. 25. You will be glad to hear that the parlor and nursery have been quite free from smoke ever since my last to you was written, and the children are now in their own room, and that a clean one. Sixty days of our pilgrimage are over since we parted, my dearest Will, and should you prove as *bad* as your word, and not reach here before April 1, I have just sixty-five more to bear without you. I went to my bedroom this afternoon, and, after locking the door, kneeled at the spot where we last knelt together the morning you went away, a chair at the foot of the bed, and there poured out my supplications to God on behalf of your precious self and my children. Dear wee Harrie last night repeated her prayer to me with a trembling voice, and seemed much softened and subdued. To-day I read to her and Willie a chapter in the Acts and one in Proverbs, expounding as I went along, and they seemed much impressed, dear Willie saying at the end : ' Yes, that was a beautiful chapter, mamma.' Dear Bessie has learned the whole of the Epistle to Titus, word for word, in the last week. She did this of her own free will in her play hours, and recited it to me beautifully. She has now begun Matthew, and learned the 1st chapter from the 18th verse, and part of the 2d

chapter. I went with her yesterday to have her fifth and last bad tooth taken out, and she is to have one filled, one of her permanent teeth, and then her miseries are over for the present. She cried this time, so that she did not behave so well as before, but she says now, with a deep blush, as I told her what I had written : ‘ But I cried before it was taken out, mamma, as I did not want that one taken out, as it did not ache, and I told you I was ashamed of myself for it.’ This she did. She has pretty bad chilblains, and goes limping about with large shoes. Harrie wanted Parmley to take out a tooth for her, and insisted that there was one that ached and ought to come out. He examined her mouth and said there was not a single thing to be done in it. This was last time. Yesterday I left her at home, and when I returned with Elizabeth, there was she with a tumbler in her hand and a bloody mouth, holding up her tooth and saying : ‘ There it is. *I’ve* got it !’ She is looking very pretty just now, as is also wee Helen, but Willie looks ugly and coarse.

“ I inclose you a letter from Ferguson, by which you will see poor Mary was ill. I took the liberty of reading it first, as there were no other private letters, and then tore off the other blank page, so as to send you a double letter instead of only half a sheet from myself, as I thought it would be no more postage than if I had sent the other half of Ferguson’s, which had nothing but your address on it.

“ You will have heard again of this change in the ministry, and Peel in. Is it not a great pity ? What do you think of matters now ?

“ J. W. alludes to the sleighing. I only went as far as from this to Maria’s, and then got out. As there are so many accidents, I do not think it safe, and I do not intend to get into one again, I am so likely to fall getting out. One omnibus sleigh yesterday took down 120 people and brought up 200, with a band of music and 16 horses ; all respectable people, men and women, of whom 20 fell off at one jolt, that were hanging on the outskirts, like so many flies stuck on all over. Eight and ten horses are quite common. It is a most gay and amusing scene. Cassie Hone and Carrie Howland helped to make up a party of 25 who went out in an omnibus with 4 horses ; 12 ladies and 12 gentlemen, with an elderly



married woman to matronize them. The furs in the sleigh that Foster gave are the white polar-bear skins, with the head and all complete, and cost alone \$120. I was invited to a very pleasant small party at Mary Van Rensselaer's last week, but did not accept. Poor Helen and Willie were all dressed on Thursday for the Hones' party, and waited for the carriage from twelve till two, when I had to undress them. Poor Helen exclaimed all the time, with tears in her eyes : ' No more tum, no party ! ' Maria thought the carriage would be unsafe, and, as she had no sleigh, she thought I would not expect to be sent for, and she is such a coward that she would not trust them in a hack sleigh. The party was elegant, and Uncle Philip Hone said if he had only known of their being ready he would have gone for them and carried Helen in his arms himself. They looked so sweet that it was a great disappointment to me also. I spent all Friday morning and part of Saturday with Maria at Anna Winthrop's. Maria's attention and kindness have been most touching, and Anna seems to feel it greatly. She was up yesterday and dressed. God bless you, my own loved Will, and restore us to each other sooner if it be his will, and give me patience to submit and wait.

" Your poor, foolishly affectionate

" H. W."

" NEW ORLEANS, January 27, 1846.

" MY BLESSED WIFE :

" Your dear letter of 13th-15th inst. reached me this morning, covering my dear Charlotte's sweet letter of December 24. The idea of the contrast of your hair and nightcap ceasing is very good, and at this present moment Murray T. is laughing at it. I see you could stand my going once to Liverpool, if we were to live afterward permanently in New York, and I was not to go away again. When I heard of the probable repeal of the Corn Laws, and the accession of the Whigs to office, I was all on tiptoe for an immediate return to England, bag and baggage. I wanted to have a hand in the political fray which is pretty sure to be waged during the next twelve months.

" To-night, after reading the Liverpool *Journal* and all about the miserable local politics there, about which I used to be so much interested, I took quite a ' scunner ' at the place, which has been aggra-

vated by a second perusal of your dear letter, about walking through Washington and Union squares with Maria and Emily, and having my dear little bottle-nosed seal of a Willie gamboling before you. This picture seemed so much more agreeable than anything that Liverpool can offer, with fat Mrs. Haywood, ugly Mrs. King, and gossiping Mrs. Macviccar, that I am mightily inclined to put patriotism in my pocket and declare that 'thy people shall be my people.' On the other hand, there are many inducements to go home, and on the whole I never was so undecided in my life. I hope God will direct us what to do, and make us contented, whatever happens. I should like to know how you continue to like Dr. Hutton. I hope, since it does not bore you, that you will write to me twice a week, sending off your letters on Thursday and Monday mornings. The latter will inclose one from John Walter or Charlotte. Do you know, I have a considerable mind to take a trip to Texas while I am down here. I thought of this on my way South, but gave it up because it was not finally annexed to the United States, and my life policy only protects me in the United States and British America. Consequently, if I should 'shuffle off this mortal coil' in Texas, it might be a question even now whether it is so fully annexed to the United States as to be considered one of them, and consequently whether or not the sum insured on my life would be payable on my death there. If I should decide to go, I won't go for a week or ten days yet, and most likely I won't go at all, but I think Galveston is going to be a place of great trade, and by looking after it soon we might come in for a good share of it. There are three fine steamers run from this weekly to Galveston, and I might go and return in ten days. The distance from here is about 450 miles, 100 of which are on the Mississippi; that is, Galveston is about 350 miles from the 'Southwest Pass, and if the weather kept good, the sail might be pleasant enough.

"The great fancy ball came off at Mr. Ledoux's last night. Mylne and Murray T. were both there; the latter did not get home till three this morning, and some people did not leave Ledoux's till after breakfast, at eight this morning. Mrs. Nicholson was there, beautifully dressed, Murray and Mylne said, as a *sultana*! Murray, by the way, desires to be kindly remembered to you.

"I was introduced to-day to a Captain Houston, whose wife wrote

a book called 'A Yacht Voyage to Texas.' She and her husband are both English. Good-night. God bless you. Don't bother yourself about Texas, as I don't think it likely I will go, and if I do, God will take care of me. I inclose a letter from Eliza dated at Paris December 8, and received by me to-day.

"January 28, 1846. Whom do you think I found in the office this morning when I came in? The Rev. Mr. Spencer and his white cravat. He and Mrs. S. and young James Heyworth arrived this morning from Mobile, having traveled right through from Charleston in six days. It seems they were in Philadelphia when John Walter was there, and went to call, but were told he had the smallpox. Mrs. Spencer has stood the journey very well, and young Heyworth has got as fat as a pig. They are only to be here a few days. I went after dinner to their hotel (the Verandah), which is a very nice and cheerful one, opposite the St. Charles, and took them all up to Lafayette Square, then down to the Levee and along the river to the 'Place' and the market, and then up Orleans Street to the Palm Tree, then along Chartres Street and into our house, and then home to the Verandah, and if I have time to-morrow, I shall give them another cruise. Mr. Spencer said that his wife asserted that they had never met anyone in America who took them such good walks as Mr. Wood. They want me to go up the river with them to St. Louis. I wish I could on my way home. If I could have made it convenient to go to Texas by the steamer to-morrow, I think I could have induced them to go with me.

"I met Heath to-night on 'Change. He was one of the two gentlemen who went on board the *Wabash Valley* with us, and then left it. He said: 'Have you ever seen the *Judge*?' I laughed and said: 'No. Has he got his spectacles mended?' whereat he laughed and said nothing, so that story is known here, which is a pity. Did I tell you I lost one of the nice cravats Fanny Dennistoun gave me on the way here? I have got a very nice scarf made into two cravats by Mme. Theodore Rich, black satin with a blue pattern. The two cost me together six dollars, which is not dear for this place. Good-night, my dearest. God bless you and me and our dear children.

"January 29, 1846. The mail has failed beyond Charleston this morning, consequently the steamer letters are not yet to hand. This is a beautiful day, and I am going at eleven o'clock to take the

Spencers to see the cemetery (French). I see that Mr. and Mrs. Davis (Miss Duncan that was) have arrived at the Verandah Hotel from Natchez. Sellar has not yet arrived here. With love to all the dear children. Oh ! how I should like to kiss little fat Lady Helen, and Willie and Harrie and Bessie, and, indeed, all of them.

“ Ever thine own attached                      “ Wm. W.”

“ NEW YORK, January 28, 1846.

“ MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

“ I have tried to imitate your writing in ‘ New York ’ and your flourish in ‘ No. 10,’ but it is no go !

“ I dispatched No. 9 to you on 26th inst. About dinner time that day No. 25 from you made its appearance, dated 14th and 15th inst., and to-day, about 3 P. M., I received No. 26 of 16th and 19th inst. By the way, this numbering of letters is always a reproach to me, you dear one, No. 10 and No. 26 being so great a contrast, but I repeat again *it was all your own fault*. Did I not say to you over and over again before you went away : ‘ Dear, when shall I write to you ? Dear, where shall I direct my letters at first before you get to New Orleans ? ’ Your answer always was the same : ‘ Write first on Friday to Washington, then to Charleston, and after that I will let you know where and *when* to write ; but you must write once a week, and the children once, making *twice*. Since you reached New Orleans I have never failed, and have always written regularly, though I have not always given you a whole letter when I wanted to, you may be sure, by my writing in such a close, cramped hand in order to contain all I wanted to say in a small space. Yours of 16th inst. troubled me a good deal—that I had not written every day after you knew of Johnnie’s illness. Then, I confess, I might have departed from the regular course, but I did not think you would have been anxious after hearing he was recovering. I shall be glad when you get rid of all slave dealing, though I think perhaps you acted wisely in permitting the purchase by Dr. Seip under the peculiar circumstances. I hope you will not need to go to Hollywood, for I think the less you are on these dangerous Mississippi boats the better. The next thing worthy of notice in your dear letters is the precious words of comfort concerning your return on March 15 or 20, say 15 *poz*. I will not think of the

20th at all, for when the 15th comes, if you can't help it then, I can bear five days more ; but at present the days go so slowly that I sometimes feel as if it were impossible for me to wait. Now, this reduces my list of days, which take so short a time to knock off and so long to pass to forty-five days, sixty-three having passed away this evening. I shall keep a good lookout for the February 4 steamer, and may God send her a quick and safe voyage !

"I was much touched by your remarks on the progress of religion in Louisiana ; they were so like your own precious self and your better self. I suppose 'the best dressed gentleman in Liverpool' was nuts to you ? That would be like your less noble self, but very like you, too. No. 26 tells of the finding of your keys and the damage paid ; this last, however, was less than the annoyance of having all the good locks picked. The thank-offering was *well* under *any* circumstances. Your Thanksgiving sermon was something of the nature of ours in New York—'Jonathan' *will brag* a little of his 'institutions.' I see that you cannot help harping upon the old string regarding our stay in America or exodus in August. I must say my own mind is as undecided as your own about the advantages or disadvantages. I am by no means sure that education for J. Walter is better here than at home, and certainly, if he is to be a barrister, England is the place for him. An American lawyer is nothing without great eminence.

"'Eothen' has not arrived, but the newspaper has, and I have read the article upon Dr. Scott. Poor fellow ! no doubt he has suffered severely for having let loose the reins of his tongue a little. Let it be a warning to *us* as Christians, dear William, to keep a *bridle* always on that unruly member.

"I wanted to read 'Eothen,' as Warburton, in 'The Crescent and the Cross,' alludes to it so frequently. I have been a long time completing that work, but have got through it at last. I have been reading regularly through the *British Quarterly* for August and November. Most of the articles are excellent. Carlyle is cut up as I think he deserves ; he is no favorite of mine. Your reading 'Oliver Cromwell' and the newspapers on Sunday was a dangerous experiment. It is easier to let the devil in than to put him out, but I agree with you that reading a rational, sober book was better than idle thoughts. But the newspapers lead the mind so completely



into the everyday business of life that they are better avoided. I wish I had you home again, when we might join in singing hymns when tired of reading, or have religious conversation.

“The doctor sent in an account of eight dollars for John Walter, so Mrs. Kane sent me back the two dollars. Maria was here to-day when your twenty-sixth letter arrived; she was just going, when she got sight of it, and sat down, saying, as a matter of course: ‘Come, let us hear it.’ ‘Oh,’ said I, ‘I had better read it to myself first.’ But, finding her impatient, I just glanced my eye from sentence to sentence, and read to her as I went on. She was delighted with your letter, but said about Cromwell: ‘I do think, for a clear-headed, sound-thinking man, William has some of the queerest notions I ever knew.’ At your description of Sunday she observed: ‘That’s his mother’s view—the influence of early education.’ She was pretty sure that Mr. De P. knew no one in Santa Cruz, but she would ask him. Muller’s mother lives there, but she says she is only a poor widow, and could only give T. Sellar a dinner, and that would do *him* no good and would bother *her*. I have told J. Walter to hurry with his lessons and go up there and see if Mr. De P. has a letter and bring it down for me to inclose to you.

“Willie has just gone to bed in great sorrow because someone had unwound his worsteds and left them all in ‘snugs’—by snugs I find he means all entangled. Our nursery carpet has been put down to-day (we had only a drugget on before, till we saw how the chimneys went on). It is not a new but a very nice one, and Willie had been collecting all the ravelings from it and knotting them into one long string, and winding it upon a ball for thread. You ask again about Harriet: she can now read very well, and yesterday they took their places in the classes, which they do every six weeks, when they take places according as they have done well for each week, shown by the number of marks for *perfect* lessons and for *imperfect*. Harrie has been the best, and took the head this time. Her class consists of four, including herself. Charlotte is No. 7 in a class of twenty-five, and would have been higher had she not been absent, owing to her sore throat, in the wet weather. All the girls in the class are older than herself except four of her own age. Bessie is No. 3 in a class of thirteen.



"Captain Comstock came in to ask if the chimney had smoked. Helen shook her little head and said : ' No more, old marn,' meaning ' old man.' This he of course did not understand, but Harrie went up to him and said : ' You mustn't mind her calling you an old man, for she calls her mother *old man*, too.' She is much less fretful than she was, and looks very pretty. Bessie is as industrious as she can be—always reading or doing something useful. She is deep in the *Picayune* now. I went with Maria to see Anna to-day, who is slowly recovering. Then I went on foot for a walk to see C. Neilson, whose baby has grown quite fat ; then to see Anna Russell, and to beg off from coming to spend the day there on Saturday. I met the Morrisises there, who said their mother had such a pleasant visit at our house last week. Did I tell about Aunt Morris coming in about dusk and sitting so long with us ? I found Anna Russell looking very feeble, and I think our not coming was a relief to *her* as well as to *me*. I told her that by the time I was dressed for going out I was more fit for my bed, which is a fact ; but as she said her children expected Willie and Helen to dine with them at one, I promised to let them go from twelve till three on Saturday. On Friday we all dine with Maria, and on Monday evening she gives her little party for Charlotte. Mary Parkin ran after me in Eleventh Street to-day, and we had a pleasant walk together. God bless you, my own loved Will ! Only forty-six days more ! Harriet Mills and Brodhead send you their love. Remember me to Sellar, Mylne, and Murray.

" Faithfully your own

" H."

" To-morrow I shall write to Mary Ferguson. Mr. De Peyster says that fifteen years ago he used to know many Santa Cruz people, but now not a soul but Muller's mother ; he is very sorry and sends you his best love, and so do Maria and Em. Once more farewell, mine own loved Will.

" Your own

" H. W."

" NEW ORLEANS, January 31, 1846.

" MY DARLING HARRIET :

" Your short scolding letter of Sunday, January 18, arrived yesterday, covering one of Saturday, 17th, from Charlotte. Yours gave me a scolding about something I had written in No. 23. I have no

recollection of it—something, I suppose, contrary to the Blue Laws of Connecticut, which made it a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. I have referred to my journal, but it throws no light on the subject matter of the letter in question, but it was something naughty, I suppose, so I stand rebuked, you dear little Diana of Ephesus, ‘chaste as the icicle that hangs on Dian’s temple.’ God bless you ; but ‘I do love you, dear Harriet ; I *must* tell you so.’ And so you did not think young Don Juan any better, or, indeed, I hope not quite as good as old Don William ? It is odd that Mrs. Spencer’s idea of pleasing you was to say that you resembled an Englishwoman, while your countryman Juan Howland meant no compliment by the comparison. Now I think that whatever is lovely and pleasant in the American and English woman Nature culled to combine in Harriet Kane ; rejecting the weeds of either garden (if the American women, God bless them, have any weeds), she has in you selected the flowers of both. Now, ‘say something, Mrs. Wood, say something.’ My dear little Charlotte’s letter amused me ; the dear child is too witty this last time,—in fact, the wit lies so deep that one can hardly reach it,—but I am delighted to see she is in good spirits and doing her best to be wise as well as witty. The writing was but so-so ; indeed, so ‘so-so’ that I read the first half of the first page before I found out that it was not from J. Walter, but only discovered that it was Charlotte’s from the style. I could not see the wit of Harrie’s remark about the Lord Mayor’s day, although Charlotte professes to do so, but she has a particularly keen eye for detecting wit where it might be hidden from the obscure paternal vision. However, to be serious, tell Charlotte that, although her letter is very legibly and distinctly written, it is more like a man’s hand than a lady’s, and she seems to change her handwriting constantly. I wish she would choose her prettiest style, and stick to it. Dear children, how I would like to see them all and hear little ‘Beebe’ Helen utter her ‘native wood-notes wild.’ I certainly never took the good of my children when I had them beside me, or can it be that ‘distance lends enchantment to the view’ ? By the way, tell John Walter that his friend Denegre’s brother was in the office on business a few days ago, and tells me that his brother is in Benjamin & Mecon’s office studying law, Benjamin\* being the man who bought Belle Chasse from us.

\* Subsequently United States Senator, and then Confederate Secretary of War, and finally a leading barrister in London.

"Tom Sellar returned the day I closed my last letter to you (29th inst.), and will probably leave this again for St. James Parish and Attakapas on Monday or Tuesday, February 2. I shall not be surprised if I reach New York before him, as he has it in view to return by way of Cuba, Porto Rico, etc., as I believe I told you before and also told you not to tell anyone.

"Dr. Spencer is full of abhorrence of the slave system and of contempt for slaveholders, and most particularly abhors, despises, and detests ministers who do anything to palliate slavery, or who are themselves slaveholders. He says if any crime would, in his opinion, more particularly than another, call for the vengeance of the Almighty, and the death of the perpetrator, it is the crime of one man presuming to sell another. There is no doubt that the system of slavery is a horrible one, and that the sooner it is abolished the better, but I think Dr. Spencer is perhaps rather extreme in his opinions about it, although I don't know. Possibly I may not have that utter hatred and detestation of it which I ought to have. I conscientiously believe that the negroes are an inferior race, and therefore I don't think they feel their chains so galling as a white man would do, but that is no reason for making them slaves or keeping them in slavery.

"I have quite given up the notion of going to Texas. I have made sacrifices enough for the business, and I feel much inclined to give up 'kicking against the pricks,' and just let things 'gang their ain gait.' If other people won't put their shoulders to the wheel, there is no use in my fretting further. If we are all spared, I think (G. W.) we will just go home to England, and let matters rub on as well as they can; and if we can get food and raiment, and education for our children, endeavor to be therewith content. However, although I am 'disgoost' in some respects, yet this very day has shown my visit to New Orleans has not been without some use, for we got \$1200 from one debtor, and \$750 from another, which I consider as so much out of the fire, although they are but drops in the bucket.

"I think I have now fairly decided to return to Liverpool as far as a poor human can decide, and I won't back and fill any more about the matter, so I hope you and the children will get your minds 'in a concatenation accordingly.' This will be good news to my

dear, round-faced, smiling Bessie. I hope she won't laugh on the wrong side of her mouth when she gets there ! I think the Spencers and 'Cub' Heyworth will go up the river Tuesday, February 3, in the fine new steamer *Peytona* ; she is a splendid boat, quite new, and her accommodations beat those of the *Sultana*. The staterooms are larger, and those in the ladies' cabin have each a wardrobe for hanging up dresses, and there are nice washstands, looking-glasses, etc. Yesterday the weather was excessively hot, I suppose about 80° in the shade ; to-day it is clear and cool, and a fire is quite pleasant. I called with Dr. Spencer on Dr. Hawks, hoping the latter would ask him to preach, but Dr. Hawks was not at home, and I have not heard whether he has returned Spencer's call. I should like to hear Spencer again. Who do you think met me close to the office to-day but that vulgar little Kirkpatrick that sits in Mr. Kelly's church at home in Liverpool. I saw him, you know, in New York. By the way, if you feel in the humor, I wish *you* would reply to Dr. Blackburn's last letter ; I really can't be bothered writing except to you or on business. I am sorry to hear that you are still troubled with smoky rooms. If you should change, I hope you will be able to get equally convenient rooms in some other part of the house, at the same price if possible ; but if you can't get them at the same price, you must have them 'anyhow.' Perhaps some of the present occupiers of rooms on the first story may be vacating them early in spring. You should tell Comstock to let you have the offer of the first good suite of rooms that is vacant. And, by the way, if I should manage to get home by the middle of March, we will need an additional room then instead of on April 1.

"I am sitting here by myself in the dining room, and it is now 9 P. M. Sellar dines with us daily when here. I have little to do, as the steamer's letters have not yet arrived, and my work is done as far as I can do it ; I am waiting for other people to do theirs, and feel in rather a discontented and fretful humor—in short, 'sinfully dogged and snappish,' as you have no doubt found out by the tenor of this epistle, so I will go and sleep it off, and hope to-morrow, being Sunday, I may rest from my evil thoughts and worldly imaginations. Good-night ; God bless you and me and our dear children. I have just been reading the account of the battle of Dunbar in 'Cromwell's Life,' fought opposite Elie ; this put me in mind of the

happy summer we spent there in 1842, and of you and me sitting on these rocks, and the fine clear waves rolling in at our feet. 'Dost thou remember, love?' Yes, we will go home, and hope that God may give us a competency, and enable us in our old age to return to Fife, and at last lay our bones in the old churchyard at Elie, where 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.' Good-night again, you dear, dear sweet wife.

"Sunday February 1, 1846. I hope, if God spare us, dearest, that we shall meet in health and happiness *next* month. This has been a beautiful day, clear as crystal, with a fine, cool, bracing breeze. The steamer's news have not yet arrived. Tom Sellar went up this morning by the *Belle Creole* steamer to the parish of St. James, and after being there a few days intends to return here and go to Pelton's, and with him upon an excursion to Attakapas. I would like very much to go with them. Tom Sellar likes the Southern planters and their hospitable ways very much, and says he has seen more of America the month he has been in Lafourche and Terrebonne than he has ever seen before. I gave him a scolding for going off on Sunday, but he did so in order to try and be back again in time for the boat, which only goes once a week to Grand Caillou. After seeing him off this glorious bright morning I took a stroll up the Levee, and then home, and then to church. I saw the Spencers at a distance going to Dr. Hawks' with Helen Nicholson. I heard a very good sermon from Dr. Scott on the text 'The Sabbath was made for man.' After I came out I walked up Canal Street till I was stopped by a ditch, which was too wide to run the risk of jumping across, so I turned back and went through the cemeteries, away through quiet streets till I came to the railway, then down to the river and along the Levee home, where I saw the table laid for six. I went to my own room and dressed, and then read Goode's 'Better Covenant' for half an hour, till I was called to dinner, where I found the British Consul, Mr. Leech, and Joshua Dixon, a nephew of your friend Tom Dixon. We had a good deal of talk about preaching, etc. They went away at 7 P. M., and I went to Dr. Scott's and heard a stranger. The last hymn was: 'Come, ye disconsolate,' sung to poor dear dead Charlotte's tune. How vividly it brought the 'sweet thing' to my recollection; she *has* found that 'earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure.' I



wonder if she still passes herself off as 'Mrs. Wood's sister'? Good-night, my beloved; blessings on you and my dear children; may God be with us all!

"Monday, February 2, 1846. No steamer news, the mail having as usual failed beyond Richmond, probably owing to snow, so here we are kept day by day on the tiptoe of expectation for the most important news that has been received for thirty years, and can't get it. This is a clear cold day; no doubt you have snow and frost in the North. Kiss my dear Charlotte for me, and don't let my laughing at her witty attempts discourage her.

"Ever thine own attached

"WM. W."

"NEW ORLEANS, February 3, 1846.

"MY OWN SWEET LOVE :

"I have your delightful, cheerful letter giving me an account of all your bother and annoyance with the awful smoky chimneys, written January 21-22, but concluding with the comfortable assurance that the smoke was cured. I hope it may be so, but after my friends the Whigs being turned out after they were fairly in, and Peel in again after he was fairly out, I can be sure of nothing in this world. We got the news early this morning, and in consequence I could not eat my breakfast with relish. However, Peel or no Peel, the corn laws are doomed; that is one comfort. John D., M. P. for Glasgow, writes me from London, January 1, that no man knew what Peel would really do, but his opinion was that he would do one of two things—either abolish the corn laws entirely as soon as Parliament met, or reduce the duty to five shillings per quarter, reducing that one shilling every year, until at the end of five years it was gone. But John clings to the hope that he will propose total and immediate repeal, and carry it. There had been an immense meeting in Glasgow on December 11, which John went down from London to attend. Lord John Russell was to be there, but was summoned by the Queen to London. I sincerely wish we were all in England at present. One is missing golden opportunities of being useful in the cause of freedom, to say nothing of making a name for one's self. However, I suppose my fate is to sneak through life to an unhonored (I hope it may not be a *dishonored*) grave. I



wish I had lived in Cromwell's time ; I might at least have served against the 'malignants' ! might possibly have signed Charles I.'s death warrant, and have had the honor of being hanged after the restoration of that unmitigated scoundrel Charles II. But, my darling, I willingly forego all these honors and privileges on reflecting that, had I antedated my existence by two hundred years, I could not have been your husband, and the father of my six fine children ; therefore I will content myself with existing in the nineteenth century, and there is no saying but that I may live to be hanged or beheaded yet in the cause of civil and religious liberty, which will be a pleasant and cheerful thing for you to look forward to.

"I see Cobden was offered the vice-presidency of the Board of Trade by Lord John Russell, which he declined. The Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Villiers' brother, was to have been president. I am glad Cobden did decline ; *he* ought to have been offered the presidency. I am afraid Peel will not have pluck enough to repeal the corn laws at once. However, I am not without hope of it, and probably the steamer which leaves Liverpool to-morrow will bring out the good news.

"Poor Cross had been ill with rheumatic fever, but was better, though still weak. Anna and her children well. I hope you will send me on all the letters you receive. Murray has a letter from Eleanor which speaks of dear Mary having been very ill, and poor Ferguson thin and reduced, and having to turn about his head in a most painful way when he spoke to anyone. Robert Dennistoun was with James and Eliza in Paris, and they were just about starting for Marseilles, *en route* to Rome.

"We had some fifty-five to sixty business letters to-day by the mail, so you may be sure I have had an exciting day's work of it with them and the newspapers. Business had been very bad in England, but was likely to improve. Cross had been making some large sales of cotton at low prices, on which there will be a heavy loss, and Crawford is not managing the dry-goods business properly, and, on the whole, I seem to be as much needed at home as I am here, yet I dread the idea of going back. Yet why should we fear ? God has been very gracious to us hitherto, and if he has not given us wealth, he has blessed us with what I really have lived to be able to say I sincerely think a thousand times better, that is, sound health

of body and mind. Let us, therefore, trust in God at all times, not only when we have a transient gleam of prosperity, but when the prospect is dark and gloomy, ever remembering that 'our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"Your description of my dear little Harrie going to bed 'laughing coyly and blushing' brought the darling child vividly before me. Kiss her for me, and tell her to try her hand at being a good girl for another week and I will try if I can find a picayune for to buy candy one of these days when the corn laws are repealed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and James Heyworth went off in the *Peytona* this evening to Louisville. I saw the *Magnolia* to-day; another splendid new boat. Her carpets are of the same sort and of a very similar pattern to our drawing-room one at Everton. Only think of such luxury in a Mississippi boat! Good-night, dearest. God bless you and my dear children. Pray for me that I be not led into temptation about business or anything else, and pray for poor Mary and her husband, that their afflictions may be blessed to them."

## CHAPTER XI.

### CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED DURING W. W.'S STAY IN NEW ORLEANS IN 1846.

"THURSDAY, February 5, 1846. Your delightful letter of Sunday, January 25, is just at hand, covering one from John Walter and one from Ferguson. At the same time a very clever, cheerful letter from Tom Kane, which I shall send to you next time I write. Tom Sellar is here to-day, but goes off again immediately to Attakapas. He is strongly of opinion that I should remain in New York, at any rate for another year, going to Liverpool for two or three months this summer. I really know not what to think, but am 'like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.' Pray that God will guide us. I long to be with *you* and not to be separated again. I am delighted to hear such good accounts of the behavior of all my dear children, and that God already appears to be touching the heart of my little wayward Harriet and little Willie's. I wish you had sent little Willie and Helen to Philip Hone's. God bless and watch over us and them and keep us from evil.

"Ever thine own attached

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK, February 4, 1846.

"MY VERY DEAR HUSBAND:

"Don't be startled and say 'No. 14! I must have missed two letters!' for I am anxious, with your No. 28 staring me in the face, to get on a little faster, and as you say you have had two No. 4's and two No. 7's, this in reality must be No. 14. Yours of January 28 reached me to-day at dinner time, and has left me sad and dissatisfied, for I am provoked to see how disappointed you have been about my letters, and annoyed to think of their being delayed, or perhaps having altogether miscarried. Regularly as clockwork do I dispatch my letter on Monday morning, or late on Sunday night, and how

Dawson's of 15th inst. arrived without mine I cannot imagine. Dear, dear Will, how I long to see you and clasp you to my heart, to tell you how I love you and weep out all my sorrows upon your breast. I have just returned, or rather returned at 3.30 P. M., from a morning spent with my beloved Anna Winthrop. She was in bed to-day, and with a nightcap on looked doubly as ill as before. Mary Parkin was there all the time and made me laugh a great deal, though my heart was sad. Anna listened to us and occasionally smiled, but did not speak; she is much alarmed about herself, and the doctor told Mary this morning that she must be kept very cheerful, and her thoughts off herself as much as possible; that when she felt these nervous attacks and feelings of sinking, she must be rallied and laughed at, so as to make them of less frequent occurrence; that when she felt them coming on, her apprehension made them worse. He says the pills she is taking are nothing—she has no bile, as she thinks, nor any disease, nor can medicine reach her case; that she is in a most precarious situation, and her cough is one he does not like—it is a very short, husky one. The doctor told Charles, and also Maria, that he considered her situation a very critical one. To both he said her constitution seemed to be worn out, and all that could be done was to keep her composed and cheerful, and to give her as much of everything strengthening and nourishing as she could bear. Ever since her illness and ever since you went I have been unfortunate in my attempts to speak to her on religious subjects; that is, I have said *a little*, but never drew anything satisfactory from her. Well, on Monday, the day of Maria's party, we both felt wretched about her, though then I did not think her dangerously ill, and Maria thought, too, she might recover; but Frank and his sister Maria had been crying about her, and saying they and their father were so distressed about her future state; that they thought her so unprepared to die; that they hoped Julia Mills would be kept from her till the doctor gave up all hope, but then Charles would send for her and let her preach. All this aroused my ire, and I sorrowfully and devilishly replied: 'If they are to weep for her unprepared state, let them first weep for themselves, for she is more prepared, as far as *conduct* and belief go, than they are.' Next, dear Carrie Neilson came to me, and said she thought someone ought to let her know she was con-

sidered so ill, and talk to her of a future state and comfort her. I said : ' I will go to-morrow ' (that was yesterday) ' and pass the day with her, and try to draw from her her state of mind, though I am far from thinking her in a dangerous state of health.' I went and found her sitting up waiting for the doctor, but she had had a bad night, and was having those sinking turns. I gave the conversation a cheerful tone, and we talked about Little Dot in ' The Cricket on the Hearth ' (do get it and read it, price sixpence), by Dickens, and then, as she felt so much better and cheerful, I said : ' Shall I read your Bible to you, and then Jay ? ' She said : ' Oh ! yes, do, dear, for my eyes are so bad I cannot read them to-day.' I read her the roth chapter of John : ' I am the door ; no man can come unto the Father but *by me*.' I then took the opportunity of commenting upon the chapter, and said to her : ' Now, dear Anna, I often talk *to you*, and you assent to what I say, but you never talk *to me*. I wish for my comfort you would tell me in your own words and language what your religious views are ; and now that you are comparatively in health of mind and body, tell me, if sickness should come upon you, for I might not be able to speak to you then—tell me what hope you have for eternity.' As I spoke her eyes filled with tears, and her lip quivered, and she rose in great agitation, and walked the room, saying : ' *When I feel a little better, I'll speak to you, but I cannot now.*' Soon she sat down and I said : ' Don't be agitated, dear Anna, and I'll speak to *you*. You know, Christians love to talk of these things, one to another, and they *ought* to do so, and sisters who love each other as we do ought to talk of what is so far more important than any other subject can possibly be.' She said : ' Does the doctor think I am going to *die* ? Do you think this is consumption ? ' ' No, dear Anna,' I said, ' God forbid ; if I thought so, or he thought so, I could not speak to you with this *firm* voice ; but it is because I see you now so well that I want you to talk with me, for these illnesses are always warnings to us how soon our health may be taken from us, and if you were really ill, I might not be able to speak then to you, and as you have never told me exactly *your* feelings, though I have often told you *mine*, it would be a comfort to *me* to know.' I then went on pointing out to her how simple and easy was *the way*, the true and living way through Christ, just as you would tell your child to enter by *the door*, so much

easier than climbing up any other way, or trying to enter heaven by justifying yourself in the sight of God. She was much agitated, and assented 'Yes, yes !' to all I said, but would say nothing herself. My fears for her are these : She will not acknowledge herself a poor sinner in the sight of God, but thinks if she do we will all think ill of her, and so she seeks rather to justify herself to her fellow-men, and, I fear, to her God, too. I soon turned the conversation, but with a heavy heart, to more cheerful subjects, and she got much better. Then Mrs. Dr. Berger came in, a nice, plain woman, whom Anna kissed and called Rebecca, and seemed glad to see. Then came in Maria, and she seemed to know Mrs. Berger intimately, too, and after she had gone they told me she was a Miss Aspinwall, John Aspinwall's sister, Charles Winthrop's brother-in-law that was. To-day she called upon me, with her daughter, Mrs. Trudeau, a doctor's wife, too, and living in the same house with her children, but I was out at Anna's, and did not see them. I had many other callers, but will not fill my sheet with naming them. Well, Berger yesterday, after this conversation, felt her pulse, and thought her *better*, but in the evening Charles Winthrop came here and said she had had another bad attack, and that he had been for the doctor again. He came here this morning, and at length wept outright. He said he had *no* hope of her ultimate recovery, and he thought Dr. Berger had but little, if any ; that she had been awake all night and in a state of great distress of mind, and said : ' I had been talking to her, and she could not bear to think.' She then told Charles the outline of our conversation, and he said he thought I was right in speaking to her, for he had little hope of her state of mind for eternity. I then took the opportunity of teaching *him*, poor fellow, *through her*. He said she had sent him for me, as she wanted to see me ; but she wanted Maria or Mary Parkin to be in the room to keep me from talking seriously to her *till* she was *better*. O William, what I felt and do feel ! fear of injuring her bodily health, and yet, if these sinkings be the precursors of death, fearing to let her pass into eternity deceiving her own self. But she does *not* deceive herself ; she is utterly wretched, afraid to *die* and afraid to *think* ! Oh, that she knew the joyful sound, the free, free gift of the Gospel, without money and without price ! If she could be convinced of *sin* and led to her



Saviour, *the sure refuge!* In part she is convinced of sin—that is, she feels a burden. She is trying not to look at an enemy she dares not face, and tries to conceal and palliate her sins. Oh, pray for me and pray for her, my blessed husband, that God may give me grace to be faithful, and yet that I may not wound or destroy where I want to heal! All seem to look for *me* to speak to her words of eternal life, for I only have been long accustomed to speak on these things to her, and, of all others, have the most influence with her. She said to-day, when no one was speaking to her, and Mary Parkin was out of the room: ‘That dear, precious Maria De Peyster!’ And yesterday she told me she loved her dearly. *There* is one point gained, thanks be to the God of mercy. I am not going there to-morrow, but Maria goes in my place. I am quite well, and so are all the dear children.

“Thursday, February 5, 1846. No news yet to-day of Anna. I am just going to send Powell to ask after her. No smoke since I last wrote to you our misfortunes. All well; Helen lovely. Harrie sends her love, and says she is nine pages past ‘*fatal*.’

“Ever thine own

“H.”

“NEW ORLEANS, Saturday, February 17, 1846.

“MY SWEET WIFE:

“The mail failed yesterday beyond Charleston, and to-day beyond Montgomery, consequently two mails are due from New York, and I have nothing later from you than when I last wrote to you. I then said I had been bothered by Sellar urging on me the necessity of my remaining in this country, so I thought, to relieve my mind, I would set down my thoughts on paper, and so I scrawled them down and made various corrections, after which I yesterday copied out the inclosed to the ‘trio,’ addressed to Cross. I intended to have made it part of a longer letter about other matters, but afterward decided to write only about the one subject, and so stuck in the address at the head of the first page, as you will see. I decided after writing to the ‘trio’ I would not send the letter in the usual way to Cross, but would inclose it in one to John Dennistoun, and leave him to communicate its contents to the other two, or not, as he thought fit. Finally I determined to inclose both letters to you, which I now do, that you may read and then forward them if *you*

think fit. I think it will be best to forward them, but if you don't approve of my giving them even the chance of keeping us longer in this country, then do you write on the vacant leaf of the letter to John—either to him or to Fanny—that you do not approve of my plan and want to get settled at home, or anything else you like; and send me a copy of what you do write. Of course you will understand that if you send forward my letters at all, the letter to the 'trio' must go inclosed in the one to John. You will seal the *latter* securely and give it either to Mr. Dawson or to John Yuille *to be postpaid*, or it will not go forward; don't trust it to anyone else. If it leave New York not later than February 26, which will be a Thursday, it will be in good time for the Boston steamer of March 1, so you will have plenty of time to think the matter over. You had better tell John Walter to ask John Yuille or Mr. Dawson to come to you, and deliver the letter into his own hand, so that there shall be no mistake about it. This has been a lovely day after two days' rain—clear and bright, warm and cheerful. I called on Helen Nicholson and Mrs. Slidell, and found both out. I afterward met Sam Nicholson, who asked me where I hid myself, and begged I would come and see them in the evening. We had a dinner party to-day, consisting of Mr. Key of Acadie (a relative of the 'Star-Spangled Banner' Key), Mr. Trudeau, a brother of Dr. Berger's son-in-law, and Mr. Cruger. In the evening I went to Bravo's reading room, where I met Mr. Robert Leech, a very nice, mild fellow, although a Unitarian, and a good free-trader. He and I got talking on English politics, and we adjourned to a café and had a cup of chocolate, and I am just come home; it is a fine, clear, moonlight night. I have just been thinking that if I live till the 20th, now only thirteen days off, it will be time for me to tell you not to write to me here any more, because I shall have left for the North before your letters can reach, unless something unexpected should come out by the next steamer to detain me. By the time this reaches you very important news will probably also have reached you. I hope that villain Peel will go for 'total and immediate repeal,' but I doubt him.

"Is my dear Charlotte writing any essays, or poetry, or what is she about? You don't mention her in your last. How I would like to kiss wee fat Helen, with her 'No more tum, no more party.'

God bless them all and you and me. Good-night, dearest, and 'rosy dreams and slumbers light.' I hope we may both hear good sermons to-morrow.

"If you should decide not to forward the inclosed, don't burn them, but keep them till I return, and it will save me the trouble of rewriting them should I then determine to send them forward.

"Sunday, February 8, 1846. Your delightful letter of January 28 came to hand to-day, and amused me very much. So Maria thinks my notions about Cromwell are very queer, and my reading his 'Life' on Sunday the effect of my mother's views and my early education. Now, my early education was to keep the Sunday very strictly: church twice a day, and a Scottish metrical psalm or part of a chapter, or both, for evening recreation, to learn off by heart, besides repeating all the chapters I already knew in addition, and at last I knew so many that I could say only half each Sunday. My father and mother were so strict that they never had a dinner cooked on Sunday, but, to make up for this crucifying of the flesh with its affections and lusts, we had a 'high tea'—tea, cold ham, hot buttered toast, and 'fixin's.' Thirty years after my mouth waters at the recollection of these 'fleshpots of Egypt, the onions and the leeks and the garlic.' When the buttered toast was browning before the kitchen fire, didn't I sit with one eye on my old red psalm book, and the other on the pile of toast, keeping the Sabbath (which was not the Sabbath) after the straitest sect of the Pharisees? Therefore my mode of keeping Sunday is not the effect of early education, for I can't even yet conscientiously whistle on Sunday, but the effect of reflection that 'the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath'; and as for my notions about Cromwell being 'queer,' I am satisfied that they are correct, which is the main thing. He was one of the greatest and *most sincere* men that ever lived, just as she, (Maria) is one of the sweetest women, and one whom I love dearly, and so give her a kiss for me. Dear wee Willie, crying about his worsted all in 'snugs'—I just think I see him. You did not tell me about Aunt Morris' visit. By the way, if Brodhead call again and is alone, give him my kind regards, and say that General Cass is *not* 'the coming man': he may depend upon it he is too warlike or quasi-warlike for the East and South, and if our corn law be repealed, he will be too warlike for the West, and will be 'whistled

down the wind a prey to fortune.' Brodhead will understand what I mean.

"I see you are as much bothered as I am about our future 'habitat.' In the course of my reading this evening I came across the following verse (Isaiah xlii. 16): 'And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.' I trust that God will make the darkness light before us and crooked things straight. I should, with you, prefer living in England on account of J. Walter, and yet, with perseverance and hard study, he might more easily make himself a name in this country as a lawyer than in England. My inclination to-day is to go home. We would have a new paper on the library and a new carpet and curtains, and if you, *you blessed one*, are spared to me, what care I for other society than that of my wife and children.

" 'Monarchs, we envy not your state,  
We look with pity on the great.'

I suspect with average good fortune and the blessing of God we should really be more respected, *greater* people, if you will, in Liverpool than in New York. There is some prestige in my favor in Liverpool, both on my own account and from my connections, whereas in New York nobody but Maria cares a copper about us, and she has her own children to look after, and there is no male person in New York I care about but De Peyster. I think there is more cutthroat competition in *trade* in New York than in Liverpool, and far more than there is in New Orleans; that is, it is pleasanter to do business in Liverpool or here than in New York; so upon the whole I am for going home; but I may change to-morrow. The ministers here are certainly poor sticks. A Mr. Van Rensselaer preached for Dr. Scott to-day; his prayers were short and rather good, but his sermon was long and prosy beyond endurance. After it I took a walk up the Levee, and intended to go down the Shell Road, but found it crowded with carriages and pedestrians and equestrians going to see a great foot race on the Métairie course. This crowd spoiled my walk, so I turned and went down the opposite side of the canal, where I was out of the dust and noise, and had a

pleasant walk by myself. The trees are bursting into leaf, and some are green, and the cypresses reddish. Ten days more will make the country full of 'greeneth.' The weather was warm and clear to-day, but this evening it is wet, so, as Dr. Scott is away, I have stayed at home and read Isaiah and Bessie's favorite, the Epistle to Titus. By the way, I read a chapter of Isaiah every night, and am now at the 44th. That is, I read it and some previous ones to-night, so probably the night you get this I shall be at the 54th. After reading I sang some hymns aloud to myself, one of which was: 'Not all the blood of beasts,' etc. I suppose you *will* send on the letter to John; you see I don't commit myself to stay if I don't want to, and it would certainly be pleasanter to go home if we knew that we were very much wanted there. Whether would you rather stay on, on this side, or go home, and come out here again bag and baggage should it prove necessary, and not be separated at all? I am afraid if we were spared and it became necessary for us to come out to the United States again, the bother would be greater than ever. How well it is for us that our times are in God's hands, and that he will direct our future course.

"Give my love to all my olive branches. I saw Helen Nicholson taking a drive on the Shell Road; she bowed very kindly to me across the canal. I hear to-night that Buchanan is out of the cabinet at Washington and Calhoun in, so now hurrah! for *free trade* and *peace*. I think Foster will need now to admit that the tariff must be radically altered. By the way, I know the reason that the *British Quarterly* abuses Carlyle. It is because he calls Dr. Vaughn's 'Protectorate' very watery, and the doctor himself he calls 'Dry-as-dust'—not a bad name for him. Carlyle with all his Carlylism is worth sixteen dozen Dr. Vaughns, much as I like Dr. Vaughn as a preacher.

"Monday, February 9. This is a cold, bleak day. I have no news to tell you. May God direct you with regard to the enclosed what to do, and what to write to Fanny and John D. Don't say a syllable about the contents of my letters to John D. and the trio.

"Has Paschal Strong got a situation yet? I hear of nothing here that would suit.

"Ever thine own attached

"Wm. W."



“NEW YORK, February 8, 1846.

“MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

“John Walter was wrong in saying the last date from you was January 20—it was 29, and so far from being long on the road, arrived more quickly than usual. I am sorry you have taken a disgust to Liverpool, for I still think it is the place to which we shall return, and, if so, we must try and like it, and by no means cherish a discontented spirit.

“I hope, my darling, you have not ventured into Texas, or, if so, that God will bring you safely and quickly out of it before I can know anything of your being there.

“Your meeting the Spencers again must have been quite like the meeting of old friends. I wish very much they could be of your party a part of the way home.

“Do you know, darling, that we have only thirty-five days more now to March 15? Oh, how I long to see you; the longer I wait the more anxious I become to clasp you to my heart once more, and, oh, this parting in July! How can it be? I feel as if nothing could compensate me for this serious evil of separation. Oh, if you could see our dear children now, you would not want to leave them. Helen, so fat and sweet, shaking her fair ringlets off her little plump cheeks, and just now telling Powell, who has just come in from church, that mamma ‘re-Ne-aomi,’ meaning, has just been reading about Naomi and ‘poor Orpah.’ I have been reading the story of Ruth to Willie and Harriet. The former she (Helen) now calls ‘Weely.’ What she said about Naomi was not taught her; she just picked it up from *my reading*. Harriet she calls ‘Harryet,’ and says ‘Wal-ter,’ and ‘Charlotte.’ ‘Bessie’ she cannot say, and always frowns and says, ‘Dun-know.’ Willie interrupts me in the middle of my reading Ruth to say: ‘Did Solomon build God a house, or did Cupids?’ What the bright idea was from I could not trace. Harriet sends much love to you. She is looking pale and dark below the eyes. I have given her some medicine, and hope she will soon be better.

“I made an arrangement with the children last week that I would engage myself to furnish four plain money boxes a year, to be opened every three months, for the deposit of any secret sums of money which they may feel disposed to put in for the poor, or for the spread of the Gospel, as may be thought best by the majority of



them, at the time of opening. The money (if put in at all) is not to be put in but at such times as no eye can see them but God, and they are not to tell one another about it, or seek any praise of men, but that the giver of two shillings shall be no more thought of by me than she who gives a penny. God only is to know *how much they give*, or if they *give anything at all*. The money is to be earned by them in the following manner, and they may spend it on themselves entirely if they wish, and think it right; spend it for something useful to themselves, or uselessly—I ask no account of it; spend part of it on themselves, and put part of it in the box, or do anything they like with it, only I put the money box there in the way. They know it is for the cause of God and God's poor; that it is right to give from pure motives, because God has commanded us to do so, and wrong to waste or be extravagant, and over indulge ourselves in luxuries.\* The money is to be earned by general amiability of conduct, unselfishness, and courteous and obliging manners. At the end of every week the children vote for the one whom they think has best deserved six cents, and I give in my vote, which counts for *two*. Willie's and Harrie's votes are only valued at half a vote, as they may judge capriciously, or from the recent recollection of wrong, or fresh-done act of kindness, and so not justly. Another six cents is to be awarded by *me* only, and not by the children's vote. This is to be the reward of punctuality, and will be given to the child who has been most regularly in its place at meals and family worship, and has behaved most quietly. No one is to be considered as punctual who comes rushing in at the last moment, or well-behaved who makes a disorderly scramble for a seat. Bessie got the six cents for amiability last week, and Charlotte for punctuality. Bessie got my vote for amiability, Charlotte's vote, and Harriet's vote. Willie voted for John Walter and John Walter for Harriet, and Bessie for Charlotte. Bessie had been about as punctual, but Charlotte had made so much more effort, as she has more to do in dressing. There was a marked improvement in J. W. and in Harriet.

“I wrote you last on Thursday; the next day I spent pleasantly and profitably with dear Anna; her religious views are much more

\* This plan was kept up for many years after H. A. W.'s death,

simple and right than I had imagined. She now opens her heart freely to me and without producing agitation, but pleasure. She has had *two entirely* sleepless nights, but last night she slept, without taking medicine, from 8 P. M. till 4 A. M. I went to see her to-day after morning church. We had a first-rate sermon from Dr. Hut-ton, but I don't like the man as I do Mr. Kelly ; the children, however, prefer him. Anna says Charles has been up for the last fortnight by daylight reading the Bible for an hour to himself alone ; he then reads *to her*. She says though awake at night she is resolved never to mind it, but just lie awake, and that she has some comforting thoughts of God which reconcile her to her loss of sleep.

"Poor Cornelia\* is very ill, too ; her disease is gaining ground rapidly, and she suffers much pain ; it is said to be dropsy. I was quite ill myself all Friday night. Maria is far from well, but was out to-day seeing Anna and at church. I see Dr. Berger every other day at Anna Winthrop's, which is well for me, as I begin to feel him now not so much of a stranger. Maria goes there to-morrow. I stay at home to-morrow and go on Tuesday. Remember me to Murray Thompson and Sellar.

"Your ever devoted

"H."

"NEW ORLEANS, February 11, 1846.

"MY SWEET WIFE :

"I have received your interesting letter of 1st inst. to-day, covering dear Charlotte's of January 31, the one in which the 'Hope' joke was contained, which was really good and caused a satisfied grin on the paternal 'mug.' I took a regular 'guffaw' in the office at your account of that dear duck of a Willie's emphatic way of pitching coppers into the collection box, no doubt saying in his own way in his own little heart : 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican ; I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.' Still, I thank God that it was in his heart to give, and that he persevered so long in the good intention, and carried it out, although the ending was 'part of iron and part of clay,' like the image in the plain of Dura.

\* Cornelia Kane Smythe, sister of H. A. W.

I think that Dr. Hutton's sermon was a very good one on the text. I believe that there is much more pleasure in acquiring wealth than in having it after it is acquired, unless its possession be made the means to a further end, either of usefulness to our fellow-men or of fame for ourselves, or both.

"I am sincerely sorry to learn that Maria is complaining again of cold. I wish she were here to-day. After some cold weather the air to-day is balmy, and as mild as milk ; but with the exception of one very warm day, when the Spencers were here, this has been a very different winter from last, much colder and with more rain. We have had fires on every day but one, and still continue them, although the leaves are coming out on the trees pretty fast. I don't think I shall be able to go either to Hollywood or Texas ; I again find a good deal to do daily. I wrote a long letter of thirteen pages yesterday to the 'trio,' blowing up all and sundry for not attending properly to the business. I have a strong suspicion that when I get home it will take me several months before I get things into the order in which I left them. It seems as if I were predestined to be kept in constant hot water. Things here are certainly much better than when I came, but still far from as well as I would like them to be.

"When I was walking with Mylne on the Levee on Monday morning, I was saying I did not know but that I would take you all home in the *Great Britain*. 'Do you really intend to go home, bag and baggage?' says he. 'I thought you might likely make up your mind to remain on this side.' 'Oh, no,' said I, 'I must go home,' for at the moment I was in my Liverpool frame of mind. I have, as usual, been in a dozen different ways of thinking since. By the way, tell Dawson or Yuille to put outside of my letter to John D. 'Per *Cambrria*.' I have put by mistake 'Per *Hibernia*.' The latter sailed 1st inst. I don't suppose the error is material, but it is as well to have it rectified if you or they still have the letter. What you recommend my doing, that is to pray on the subject of our future residence, is just what I have been doing for a month or two, but I never continue 'in one stay' for two hours together. I would like to go home to take a part in politics. I am a greater man in Liverpool than in New York, and besides, I like Mr. Kelly better than any minister here, and I think John Walter will be better brought up in England

than here, and much as I like America and many Americans, I decidedly prefer my own country :

“ ‘ Great, glorious, and free,  
First isle of the earth, and first gem of the sea.’ ”

There is little or nothing to fight for here except a living, and in New York a station in a miserable, contemptible aristocracy of money grubs and shopkeepers (tell this not in Gath, nor publish these opinions in the streets of Askelon) ; I don't mean to say but that New York is as good as, or better than, Liverpool, but then we have London. However, if I am to fag all my days in Liverpool, and never attain to a seat in the House of Commons, perhaps I might as well remain in the United States, yet I never could feel to this or to any other country as to my own. In order to do so one ought to be transplanted young, certainly not over twenty or twenty-two.

“ While I recollect, just give my love to Harriet Mills. I think she is a fine, unaffected girl, with a ‘ guid harl o’ common sense,’ and will make a very good wife to some sensible man who would appreciate her good qualities and keep her in order. How is my little ‘ nininy-piminy ’ friend Sarah getting on with all her admirers, and Donna Julia ?

“ ‘ In virtue nothing earthly could surpass her,  
Save thine incomparable oil, Macassar.’ ”

I wish she and ‘ Don Juan ’ would make a match of it before we go.

“ If we were rich, I would be much inclined to ask one of these three girls to come and stay with us in Liverpool for a while ; but after all it would be ‘ monstrous dull ’ for *them*, and would not ‘ shoot ’ us, as my Uncle Alick says.

“ I think of going to call on Helen Nicholson to-morrow evening. I wish I were beside you all again ; it is pretty dull sitting night after night by one's self. However, I feel it less than most people, as I can either write to you or read to myself. I am afraid that I shall need to spend one day, or possibly two, in Washington on my way home. I require to get some information at the Land Office there, which may possibly detain me. However, I may get it before I leave New Orleans, as I have written to Washington for it.

“ I should like, if possible, to shake hands with Tom Kane and his family on my way through Philadelphia. If I be spared to come

safely back, I must try and leave Philadelphia in the morning, so as to reach you about dinner time, instead of coming upon you in the middle of the night.

“ ‘ Oh, would I were beside her now !  
 Oh, would she listen to my call ?  
 Oh, would she give me vow for vow,  
 Sweet Alice, if I told her all ? ’

“ Good-night, you sweetest among women. God bless you and our dear children, and unite us once more in health and happiness.

“ February 12, 1846. A lovely day, but cool. I am pretty busy with one thing and another, and therefore have only time to say God bless you and all my dear ones.

“ Ever thine

“ WM. W.”

“ NEW YORK, February 11, 1846.

“ MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

“ I received yours of February 2 last evening, where you give us all a sort of scolding—*me* for *my* scolding *you*, Charlotte for her flat wit, and ‘ Dry-as-dust ’ for his poor writing, showing you to be in good spirits, notwithstanding you said you were ‘ sinfully dogged and snappish.’ Poor fellow, what will you say when you hear this war-like *news* ? And what if we should be sent out of the country, whether we will or no ? Cotton will go up, I suppose, but then, I suppose, as usual, we have none on hand to reap the benefit. I am very glad you are not going to Texas. It is a great relief to my mind. Besides, it is not yet annexed to the United States. I wish I could give you a calm and contented mind about our future. Depend upon it, it is all fixed for us already, and we may make up our minds to stay, and if it is *not to be*, some unforeseen circumstance will arise to make us at once determine to go home, or we may resolve to go, and be obliged suddenly to change and *stay*. I am sure, after all our prayers on this point, God will help us *to choose* what is best for our spiritual good, and with that one thing needful he will give us as many temporal comforts as will not harm our better interests. Bessie still remains firm to England and home ; Charlotte and J. Walter, like you, have a ‘ scunner ’ at the idea of it ; Powell and Harriet say the sooner the better to be gone. I am pretty nearly neutral. For my *own* sake I would say *remain*, but I

am not sure it is best for you and the children. I used to fear that remaining here would create in us a greater degree of worldly-mindedness than I had before, but I find that wherever one is there is enough of sadness and sorrow to keep one a little down, and, as my number of acquaintances is now not so many, and I can keep clear of much visiting, I am a good deal freer from the temptations I dreaded of vanity and a foolish tongue. Mr. De Peyster has been here for about an hour, so that I am obliged now to put up and go to bed, it is so late, and my back aches so much. He has been very agreeable and very kind ; has taken what I wrote yesterday to dear Cornelia to postpay and send off for me, and my watch, which has, to my sorrow, stopped going since yesterday. There has been a letter from P. Smythe to Maria De Peyster, received on Monday, 9th inst., saying that Cornelia was much worse than she herself wrote, and begging Maria to come up to see her ; but not at Cornelia's request, only his own, for she feared the journey by land for Maria at this season to Albany would be too much for her. Yesterday (Tuesday) there was a letter from Cornelia Forsyth (her daughter) to Joe Strong, saying she did not think her mother so ill as Cornelia thought herself, which saying has provoked Maria not a little, and Mr. De Peyster says : 'When a woman is said to have an incurable disease by all the medical men who see her, and one speedily advancing, I think a daughter is taking it very easily to say she is not so bad.' Maria cannot go up, because she is not well herself, and has not been well for some weeks past, and Dr. Berger says she must take care of herself. Anna Winthrop also needs her care and attention just now. I spent Monday morning very pleasantly with Anna, and read many chapters in the Bible, and we talked cheerfully and delightfully on religious subjects together. She was much better in spirits, in looks, and in strength. Last night she slept pretty well, and Maria was with her to-day, and the report from her was equally good. I did not go out all day. Carrie Neilson came with her work and passed the morning with us, and little Willie Neilson played with our Willie. Both he and Helen have colds, so they did not go out either. Margaret Lawrence came in, and Eliza Russell Hone. As we were going to dinner Alethea Brinckerhoff came ; so they did not let her in, which I regretted. I can't sleep, and it is woefully dull to sit bolstered up in bed wide awake, and thinking how far off



one's dearest friend and protector is, and one who is always so kind to me as you are at these times, when I am frail and helpless. God bless you, darling. I will pray for you, think of you, and try to dream of you.

"Your own devoted

"H.

"Thursday, February 12, 1846. Only thirty-one days more to March 15. This is a bleak, snowy day, and I do not think I shall go out unless Maria sends her carriage for me to go to Anna's. I had a pretty good night last night—some sound and refreshing sleep, which is a blessing we don't always think of till we are deprived of it. Charlotte begs me to tell you that she has conquered her stupidity in arithmetic sufficiently to be for the second time head of her class. They have a new teacher of English at school, and her last composition was read out to the school, but without mentioning the name. He said: 'This young lady has some faults in carelessness of style, but she would do well to cultivate her talent for writing, as she bids fair at present to become more than one of the ordinary run of writers, and might, with care and application, become a celebrated writer for the public!' I told Charlotte to be content to pass through life quietly and usefully; her talent for composition should be trained and cultivated, but only, I hoped, to write letters and stories for her brothers and sisters, or her own children, if she ever had any; that neither her health of mind nor body would permit her ever attempting anything more; she was by far too sensitive to criticism, and her whole temperament too excitable and nervous for anything out of the common walks of usefulness. To this she readily assented, and laughed at her teacher supposing her capable of anything more, but said she thought it would gratify me to tell me of it. Charlotte wrote a very good acrostic to Harriet Mills, and copied it out in a most excellent hand.

"Dear Helen and Willie have very bad colds—cough, and colds in the head. Helen is rather feverish with it. Charlotte has also an inflamed eye from cold, and Powell and I have rheumatism. The weather has been so changeable, from lovely spring days to this bleak winter. Harriet is well, and has the medal in her class for writing. God bless you, my own dearest Will, and send you soon and safe home to your own, 'for better or for worse,'

"HARRIET."

## CHAPTER XII.

### CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED.

“NEW ORLEANS, February 14, 1846. Eve of St. Valentine ;  
or, more correctly, St. Valentine's Evening.

“MY DARLING WIFE :

“I have to-day received your melancholy letter of 4th inst. about poor Anna Winthrop. God grant to you and her an abundant supply of his holy spirit, so that your words spoken may sink into her heart and bring forth fruit meet for repentance. Poor thing, what a sad, melancholy life she has had of it ! But if *we* feel for her poor weak mind and body, do not doubt that her heavenly Father sees and weighs well all the circumstances of her lot, and he will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. She should be most kindly and tenderly dealt with, for I am persuaded that her mind is, and has long been, rather off its balance. I have no doubt that her present illness is the effect of overnursing that monstrous baby of hers. I am sure, poor thing, were I in her place and had an assured reliance on the work of Christ, I should be right well pleased to clear out and be rid of all the trouble of her unruly children and the bother of housekeeping. She takes the world dreadfully hard, poor creature, and, first and last, she seems to have had a sore time of it. I pray that God will give her that peace which this world cannot give, and that her present illness may be the means of causing her to draw nigh to God, and to fly for refuge to the Saviour, and that both her husband and children may have clearer views of the truth as it is in Jesus. My blessed Harriet, we hardly know what a treasure we have in possessing the knowledge of the way of everlasting life. Truly we may say : ‘Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ But very earthly and dirty vessels the treasure is in, and it is indeed of God's mercy that he does not entirely withdraw his grace and hide his face from us. Deal gently with poor Anna,

as I know you will ; pray much for her, and show her rather the mercy and loving kindness of God than his justice and his wrath ; especially impress upon her mind our Saviour's most kind, most merciful invitation : ' Come unto me *all* ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.' It is all of God's *free* grace : they that come at the first hour and they that come at the eleventh shall equally receive every man a penny. It is not of man that willeth or runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.

“ ‘ But what though clothed with guilt I am  
 As with a garment o'er,  
 In Christ, the spotless Lamb of God,  
 There's boundless worth in store.  
 That worth his merit all divine  
 Who died upon the tree  
 Can bring the vilest near to God,  
 And that's enough for me.' ”

“ How apt the cares of this life and the pursuit of business are to choke the Word within us, and how constantly our adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour ; and although we are not ignorant of his devices, yet we are ever allowing ourselves to become his prey. Oh, my darling Harriet, let us earnestly watch and pray, especially me, that we fall not into temptation, but that I may be sober and vigilant like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and that, when troubles and trials come, we may both have on the breastplate of faith and, for a helmet, the hope of salvation. I shall not cease to pray for you and poor Anna. I hope God will restore her to sound health of body and mind, and that her soul may also prosper and be in health.

“ By the way, you have been doing yourself injustice in the numbering of your letters ; although you have jumped up from 10 to 14, yet you have not jumped far enough, for the letter I got to-day is the eighteenth I have received since I left you, inclusive of the note addressed to me, ' Wanderer on the face of the earth,' which I found rolled up in my nightshirt when I left. I do hope the next letter will bring more favorable accounts of Anna Winthrop.

"I went to tea at Sam Nicholson's on Thursday night, 12th inst., and found him and Helen at home, he making the tea. They had a beautiful tea set, and prime tea, of which I took *two* cups (which prevented my sleeping). We had a very pleasant chat for an hour or so by our three selves. He is really a very decent, pleasant fellow, and a sensible man. We had three gentlemen at dinner that day, and so I was dressed, or I do not know that I would have taken the trouble to go. I was very kindly pressed to come often, and may go once again before I leave. I suspect that I am naturally a very unsocial, ungregarious animal, for, with my books or writing to you, I have never the remotest wish to stir out, or have anyone in, in the evening. I *had* company this evening—an enormous rat having met me halfway down the stairs as I was going up to my room.

"Sunday, February, 15, 1846. When I went to Dr. Scott's this morning, whom should I find in the pew but little Kirkpatrick from Liverpool. He had gone into it by accident. Wasn't it a strange 'fortuitous concourse of atoms'? Who would have thought the last time we sat in Mr. Kelly's church that the next church we met in would be in New Orleans? We had a very good sermon this evening upon 'casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for *you*,' and finished by singing 'Come, ye disconsolate.' In the morning the text was : 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' My wits would go a-wool-gathering, but Dr. Scott said one noteworthy thing, and that was that as New Orleans had been the wickedest city in the Union, he believed that it would become the most pious, in conformity with St. Paul's saying : 'Where sin abounded, grace would much more abound.'

"I had a delightful country walk after the morning service by myself. This day fortnight, March 1, the Lord's Supper is to be taken ; I hope to partake of it for the *last* time in *New Orleans*.

"I have just written to Anna Cross, and last night wrote to Mary Ferguson for this steamer. I hope you have written to Dr. Blackburn ; if not, I dare say you may have time to write after you get this if you feel in the humor. Good-night, dearest.

"Monday, February, 16, 1846. Nothing new. This is a fine, clear, cold day. Give my kind love to Anna Winthrop. Since writing the above I thought it but decent for *me* to reply to old

Dr. Blackburn, so I have scribbled off a letter of which the enclosed is a copy. God bless you and my dear children.

“ Ever thine own

“ WM. W.”

“ NEW YORK, Sunday, February 15, 1846.

“ MY DARLING WILLIAM :

“ I have your very cheerful, pleasant letter of February 3-5. I got it on Friday, 13th, being in the marvelous short time of eight days. I cannot account for your not receiving my letter sooner.

“ This has been to me a day of darkness and of trouble, but I trust my darling Helen, who has been the cause, is now going to be a little better. Cough and pain in the chest have been increasing upon her ever since I last wrote, and upon dear Willie also, though he has not been so feverish, and keeps up and plays about. On Thursday night about nine o'clock I sent for Dr. Berger, who prescribed doses of syrup of ipecac every two hours, castor oil, and her chest rubbed with hartshorn, and her feet in hot water and mustard. On Friday she was much better, but on Saturday was worse again, and I did nothing but hold her all day after ten, when I returned from Parmley's with Bessie and John Walter. At night she seemed better again after her Saturday's bath, but to-day has been much worse. I sent for Berger ; he says colds are very common among children. The weather is awful—snowing and cold, and blowing furiously ; the snow rising in large clouds from the ground. Berger says it may be whooping cough, but he scarcely thinks so ; that it is not scarlet fever, nor any other complaint, but severe cold, without it may turn into whooping cough. She has had on a mustard blister, and is taking flaxseed tea, ipecac, and all sorts of stuff, but has seemed very seriously ill all day till now (5 P. M.), when she is a little easier, cheerful, and not so hot. Our rooms have smoked, first the nursery in the morning ; then fortunately the wind veered round and the nursery has been quite clear, but the parlor smokes. My bedroom has had the chimney built up with brickwork by mistake, and the ventilator has been put up on the wrong chimney. I have just sent for Captain Comstock, [the hotel keeper], and could scarcely keep from crying when I showed him poor Willie groaning with earache, his head tied up in flannel, and he pale as a sheet, and begged that there might

be no delay, but the evil remedied at once, that I might have the sick ones in my bedroom if necessary. I also asked for that room at the end of the passage by March 15, or before if needed—he promises that I shall certainly have it whenever it is wanted ; and at the same time I have begged that any vacant rooms may at once be offered to me before being disposed of, in case I should want them. But this has been a furious day of wind, so perhaps the chimneys will do better after it is over. Willie is roaring with pain, so I must leave off.

“Monday, February 16, 1846, 12 noon. I am in great haste to get this off before the postman leaves the hotel, but it may be too late for to-day's mail. I thought Helen so ill yesterday that I did not intend to send this off till to-morrow, lest you should be uneasy, but she seems much cooler and better to-day, and is up and has her dress on and can play with her doll ; has also had a better night, so that I am in great hopes that she will now soon get well. I promise her every time I want to get her medicine down that dear papa with the whiskers, who is far away, shall come home soon and bring Helen a new doll. So please get her one of those pink kid French things before you come from New Orleans ; it will not take much room in your portmanteau.

“Charlotte has gone to school, as the snow drifted so that it has left this side of the street thoroughly clean and dry. The day is fine. Neither of the rooms smokes, and the men are working at my chimney ; the mason work is done, and the chimney open. I shall have a fire lighted at once to try it when it is finished. Mr. De Peyster has just been here in his fine sleigh. Anna Winthrop very much better, up and dressed and cheerful ; all harmony at her house. Dear Cornelia has been relieved by the medicine in spite of the doctors, but is still very ill. Bess and Harrie have colds in the head, and cough a very little, so I would not let them go to school. John Walter has gone to school and is very well. Powell a little rheumatic, but nothing of consequence. Only twenty-seven days to March 15. God bless you, my own love. In desperate haste,

“Thine own

“H. A. W.”



“NEW ORLEANS, February 18, 1846.

“MY DARLING HARRIET :

“I received your sweet letter of the 8th inst. to-day.

“Now, my darling wife, I am most grieved to see that you have been ill. I have no doubt that your illness was brought on by over-exertion and anxiety about Anna Winthrop. You *must not* upon any account injure your own health for the sake of anybody under the sun. You have a husband and children entirely dependent on you, so that you cannot be permitted to play any such pranks as you might have done had you remained single, as you decidedly said you had determined to do on a certain occasion. Indeed, I don't know that you have ever in words revoked that decision. I think that plan of yours of allowing the six pledges to put their money as they find themselves prompted to do so into the poor box without the knowledge of anyone is excellent, and the plan of voting on each other's conduct capital, teaching them betimes the habit of self-government.

“You will know long before this that I have given up the idea of going to Galveston, or anywhere else except straight home, and I am most happy to say that we received to-day a letter from the Commissioner General, Land Office, Washington, which I think will render it unnecessary for me to remain at Washington on my way home. If you receive this letter on February 28, and write a few lines that day and send them off, I may still get them here, but if you don't get this by February 28, you must not write again to New Orleans. Hurrah ! hooray ! hurrah ! I wish you would write and send off your letter on Saturday, March 7, addressed care of Mitchell & Mure, Charleston, S. C. If I leave this about March 9 (Monday), I ought to be in Charleston about March 15, and in New York 18 or 19 ; but if the English steamer's letters reach this say March 4, I may be able to leave this sooner, as I do not intend to remain above two days after I receive them, unless there be something in them specially to detain me. I hope I may have decent roads and good weather. I am just as well pleased I am not going up the Mississippi, for the steamer *Saladin*, arrived here this evening, reports having run into and sunk another steamer above Vicksburg,—I forget her name,—twenty people drowned, and ten badly scalded. I am sure I have great reason to be thankful that in all our exten-

sive voyaging, mine especially, in steamers, we never even saw an accident. John Walter tells me that poor Jenks lost ten dollars ; if he have not found the money, don't you think J. W. could hit upon some way of giving him ten dollars, without offending his pride? You can put the money to debit of my underwriting account, that is, just enter it in your house book, putting before it the letters 'W. W. U. account.'\* Murray T. just tells me to send kind respects. By the way, I called yesterday on Dr. Scott and again to-day, but did not find him at home either time ; I had a thank-offering for the city mission, which I must contrive to give some way or other. I am rejoiced to know you think that Anna Winthrop has simple views of divine truth, and also that Charles W. is taking to the Bible : that is a good sign. I am reading, besides the New Testament, Samuel and Isaiah. I have read right on from Genesis to Samuel. Really the stories of the Old Testament are very interesting, and recall the days of one's youth, and a certain very small square book bound in red morocco called 'Bible Stories,' full of very small woodcuts, one of which was David playing on a harp, and Saul trying to dig a javelin into him, but which weapon was represented as sticking in the wall in front of David's nose, who appeared to be less astonished than might have been reasonably expected, though perhaps he thought it was 'only pretty Fanny's way.' I wonder what Mr. De Peyster and others think of Polk's rejection of the offer of arbitration. I am inclined to think that old Polk is right, and for the reasons stated in Buchanan's last letter, but certainly at present the British appear to have acted most *amicably* in the matter. I don't believe there will be any war yet, and I do believe that the matters at issue will be all peaceably settled by negotiation.

"Mrs. Pelton has come to town. I called on her yesterday, but she was out. Pelton is with Sellar at Attakapas, and is coming home to see me before I leave. Good-night, dearest ; God bless you and my dear children.

"February 19, 1846. A cold, raw morning ; nothing new, and I am busy and must 'shut up.'

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

\* Instead of entering it as almsgiving. W. W.'s account book was not to display the record of his charities.—E. D. K.

"NEW YORK HOTEL, NEW YORK,

"Wednesday, February 18, 1846.

"MY BELOVED HUSBAND :

"You have decidedly put me in what I call 'a fix.' That letter of yours to John D. has just arrived, together with your very pleasant one to me of February 7, 8, and 9. Now, dearest William, I have read over this letter of yours to the 'trio' *twice* very attentively, and with a flushed cheek and beating heart, for it is to me one of *very serious* importance. Here I was interrupted by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson coming in and spending the whole evening, and it is now nine; my back aches and I *must* go to bed. This will oblige me to make my letter not so long as I intended, for to-morrow I shall be occupied so much in nursing Helen that I shall not have much time before two to finish it.

"Helen is decidedly cooler and better to-day, her cough not so severe, and she herself much more lively. I had her out in the parlor for a short time this evening for change of air. Anna Russell, the Morrisises, and John Kane were here this morning; Mrs. Van Rensselaer also, but I did not see her. I have not been seeing anyone lately on account of Helen's being so ill. Dr. Berger cannot yet say if it be whooping cough or not, as the whoop is not yet formed; but I think it has been a very severe influenza only, as Sunday and Tuesday were her worst days, and to-day and yesterday she was so much better. Willie is quite unwell also, and Harriet. Elizabeth has been home also for two days with cough and nausea; and to-day Johnnie came home, as he had such a cough and headache. Charlotte keeps well. Willie has had no return of earache. Poor Mary James is dead and buried to-day.

"Bessie has had two medals, neither of which she will wear; the one for good conduct, with the motto, 'Many daughters have done virtuously,' etc., she says is too ridiculous.

"Charlotte is just now going through her six weeks' review, and so far she has the largest number of marks, and she hopes to be at the head of her class of twenty-five. She has been trying very hard to please *you* when you get home, and as there are so many older girls in the class, it will be very praiseworthy if she gets the place. She has been writing some very excellent compositions at school, for which she is always marked No. 1, and she has written five rhymed valen-

tines—one to Harriet, one to Bessie, one to Powell, one to Harriet Mills, and one to Mr. De Peyster, a beautiful one, which she sent off by the express post this morning. The one she received was from Maria, we found out ; and one since from a girl at her school. When your letter came in to-night, Helen held out her hand for it, and said : ‘ It is from dear papa with the whiskers,’ and I gave it to her to hold till the light came. When the lamp was lighted, I asked her for it, but she hugged it up and said : ‘ No, my own.’ I said : ‘ Read it to me, then.’ She looked closely at the writing on the back and said : ‘ Papa far away, tum home ; noo parlor, noo dolly !’ This meant you would bring her a new dolly, and come to the new parlor, which she calls my bedroom since it had a fire on. Captain Comstock wanted me to have one on to try the chimney ; it vents perfectly well with Liverpool coal. No smoke in the other rooms since I last wrote. Good-night.

“ Thursday, February 19, 1846. I have read over your letter to the trio again, and am very glad that I shall have a few days to think over it calmly. I am strongly inclined to put the letter by in my portmanteau till you return, for it seems to me by your statements therein that you are almost asking to remain, and remaining involves the necessity of two or three months’ separation from your family *almost every year*, at the *very least*, either across the Atlantic or to New Orleans. I take into consideration the shortness of life, and dread losing in separation any part of it that we might spend together. Then, too, we must remember that we cannot fix the dates for your journeys, and they may occur sometimes when illness in the family or affliction renders it especially hard to part. Living in New York involves our launching into greater expenditure in house-keeping, entertaining and going more into the fashionable world than we would in Liverpool, as well as your working harder in business. Would we not be more and more absorbed in the things of this world, and less and less in those of God ? Might we not grow gay and careless, unless you felt the responsibility and anxiety of the increased business so much that both you and I were to be kept gloomy and saddened by care ?

“ Then I think the trio know all the necessities of your remaining or coming home as well as you do, for they are kept constantly advised of all that occurs in business here or at New Orleans. These

things perplex one's mind. I have prayed for guidance and will do nothing rashly, but my present intention is just to seal your letter to John and send it as it is without a word from me. If I do it, my reasons are because you say you conscientiously think you ought to remain, and that you think you would not be doing right *not* to lay the matter before them. My own idea is that you are laying the matter before them in every business letter you write without this one at all, and I fear 'a hasting to be rich,' an impatience of the state of 'neither poverty nor riches,' and a sort of restless discontent, are at the bottom of your perplexities. Forgive me if I do you wrong. As for our being separated, I would willingly go home to England with you, and come out again bag and baggage if necessary, rather than to endure separation again. I hope that you will mention your views further in your next letters before this goes, that I may discern more of your mind upon the subject.

"Helen had a much better night, and is nice and cool to-day; the other four are at school, as the day is mild and beautiful. Willie is also better. I have no more letter paper, or would write another half sheet. God bless you, my darling, and preserve you from error.

"Ever thine own very devoted

"H."

"NEW ORLEANS, February 21, 1846.

"MY SWEET WIFE :

"I am much disappointed at not getting a letter from you to-day. We have letters from D. & Co. of Thursday, 12th inst. If you had been well, you would write the day before, and the letter would have been sent to Dawson Thursday morning, 12th inst., to go by that day's mail, so that the not receiving any letter has made me very anxious about you all day, so that I had little or no spirit to go and order a frock coat for myself, which I find I need, and which they make as cheaply here as in New York, and I think rather better. There dined with us yesterday Henry Young, an elder brother of Billy Young, who left Glasgow last October for St. Domingo, where he has a mercantile house. He arrived here two days ago from Cuba, which he had reached from Jamaica. He is not such a pleasant, open-countenanced fellow as Billy Young. There also dined with us Mr. Mills, 'the Bailie,' as he is called. It was at his sollicita-

tion I consented to get a frock coat here, he having buttered me up about my handsome figure in order that I might patronize his tailors.

"Last evening, when I was going to bed, Murray T. said : 'Oh ! William, I wish you would have down that hymn book of yours some evening, as I recollect all that hymn, "Come, ye disconsolate," but one word.' This seemed to be a partial answer to my prayers, so I went up at once and brought down the hymn book, and also your two miniatures, and showed them to Murray. He thought that by Hargrave of Liverpool a most speaking likeness, as do I, but he thought the daguerreotype detestable. It certainly looks very like what I fear you would look if you were a dear little sweet widow.

"I had a call yesterday from Dr. Scott at the office, and had a pleasant chat with him. He talks of visiting England either this summer or next year. I said I should be most happy to see him at Liverpool. I gave him fifty dollars for the city mission, which is much needed here, and for which there was a collection last Sunday, but I had nothing but fifty cents in my pocket, and I thought this was, perhaps, as good a way of spending money as any other.

"I have just put down notes of a parting address to Mylne and Murray T. as to the way I think the business ought to be conducted, but I don't intend to give them it until just a day or two before I leave, as it will probably make them both angry. I have not yet made up my mind decidedly as to giving them it at all, but I rather think I ought, and if I continue to think so, will do it. The Lord direct his unworthy servant in this thing. My blessed Harriet, I dare hardly think what may be impending over me if you be ill, you darling ; and yet, if you be ill, surely J. Walter or Charlotte or Maria would have written. May God watch over and bless you and my dear children, and unite us all together again in health and happiness.

"Sunday, February 22, 1846. Washington's birthday. No mail in north of Charleston received to-day, so I am kept another day in suspense about you, my darling. This has been a lovely day, bright and warm, with a fine refreshing breeze. I heard Dr. Scott in the morning, who animadverted in very strong terms on the impropriety of having theaters open on Sunday, and sham fights also. There was one of these to-day on the Bayou St. John in honor of Wash-



ington's birthday. Governor Johnson, our new Governor, was in church. After sermon came home, expecting a letter from you, and was disappointed. I then, in order to be out of the bustle, walked down the riverside, far below the third municipality and the lowest tier of shipping, and then I sat down on some planks and 'meditated on the water.' From my point of view I had a very fine view of New Orleans, as we saw it on our first arrival. After my return I sat down to read Goode's 'Better Covenant,' but found it was dinner time. We had Mr. H. Flint and Mr. Briggs dining with us. Since then I have been at evening church and heard Dr. Wither- spoon of North Carolina, a very commonplace old gentleman. By the by, I hear that Tom Slidell's little boy is out of 'danger. I believe I mentioned in my last that he was dangerously ill of typhoid fever.

"I long to see you again, my dearest, and to hear your sweet voice. God grant that I may meet you and all my dear children in health and happiness in this world, and in due time in the next. Good-night, my soul's beloved.

"Monday, February 23, 1846. I have just received your very interesting and amusing letter of 11th and 12th inst., wherein you tell me about dear Charlotte's composition being so much complimented. I am delighted to hear that poor Anna Winthrop was in so much better a frame of mind. Poor Cornelia seems 'wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal.' I am very sorry about Maria's illness. She really enjoys this world, and could defer her departure to the next with pleasure to herself and those about her. You write your letter as cool as a cucumber, and say nothing about your reason for not sending it off on Thursday morning, keeping me in hot water for forty-eight hours. However, 'All's well that ends well.' I hope that this will be my last letter but three. God bless you and all my dear ones. Best love to Maria.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK, February 20, 1846.

"MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

"As the time happily approaches for your leaving New Orleans, and the letters by the *Cambria* arrived yesterday, I think it better to

write to you to-night and to-morrow, and again on Monday, and Tuesday, instead of Sunday and Thursday, as before, for, should you leave by the 5th or 6th, and Thursday's letter be even nine days on the road, you would not get it at all. I shall be guided afterward in my writing by your letters, telling me if there should be any place on the road where I could address you. I send you on dear Mary's letter and Aunt Helen's, and shall try and write to both before Thursday, 26th. I have written to-day to Dr. Blackburn to save you doing so when you come home. This has been a terrible day of wind and snow; the snow lies two feet thick on the ground, and as I have no more paper in the house, and don't want to make too heavy a postage to you, I must be concise.

"I have just been reading over your letter to the trio again, and did I not know how you hate to lose your labor, I decidedly would not send it on. As it is I am half inclined to keep it, that you may read it again when you come home. In the first place, it is far too long, and looks too much as if you *wanted* to stay. I think, having formerly mentioned James Lee's opinion about your remaining, there was no necessity for repeating it, nor for referring to what you wrote to them formerly: that you would not on any account fix yourself in New York, and your being disappointed when they decided otherwise. All this they knew before. Then you refer to Sellar's opinion about the necessity of a superintendent general. Let Sellar give his opinion himself if he think this, or, if *you* think so, give it as *your own* opinion, and say that Sellar thinks the same *very strongly*. You next tell them they have a vast amount of property in this country, which they also know, and surely should think of such things for themselves, and that it would be desirable that one connected with them as you are *should* reside in the States. This occupies one page and a half. You then fill another half page with what you would do if you were not a family man; but, being a family man, this is out of the question. Why, then, write it? The rest of the page of what you think of doing with Sellar, and all the next page about your own plans should you undertake the responsibility, are very sound and good, and to the point. You next say your objections to remaining another year and coming home are separation from your family, seasickness, and that, remaining another year, you might not like to move back to Liverpool. This looks very like

a dislike to moving *now* ; the *thought* being there tells a great deal of the inner man. You next come out boldly and strongly and say what makes the *three* first pages of your letter *unnecessary* : that you conscientiously think you should reside in New York for at least some years to come, provided Glasgow and Liverpool could be well managed without you. You then say that even if you agree with Sellar your wife can't yet promise to remain ; that you will be too happy to return and be rid of the responsibility. Then you say you will certainly leave the States with regret, but if they wish you to stay, you will bring your mind to it ; and then follows the cream of the letter : that living in New York would be twice the expense of living in Liverpool, and that you ought, if living in New York, to entertain. All this is very true, no doubt, and ought to be considered, but it looks very like *asking to stay*, and saying you *ought*, but you *won't* ; and then if you *want me*, I will, but what will you *give me to make it an object* ? Finally you conclude by saying: 'I cannot at present make up my mind whether I would be most useful in New York or Liverpool, but wait your decision.' Now, to me all this tells the plain truth—you don't know your own mind, but incline to stay, and hate going home. Excuse plainness from your own flesh and blood, my beloved Will. I send this as it is, that you may burn it. "H.

"Saturday, February 21, 1846. My dear husband, I am so sorry to bother you with my impertinent opinion of your letter, but you know I am by no means infallible, and you may be all right after all. It was so confiding and lovely in you to send on the letter for my judgment that I am inclined to murder myself for not approving it as I ought. If I should keep the letter till your return, you might send it on by the sailing packet, rewritten entirely to John D., and not to the trio at all, telling him your own and Sellar's opinion, but that you by no means *wish* to remain, except as you think it would be advisable for the business, etc., and that your remaining would involve a much greater expense in living, etc.; but if he think with you that it is very necessary, he had better propose it to the trio *in time*, before your arrangements are made for returning ; that it is their interests which are involved more than your own, as they hold so much property here, therefore it is they who are to decide about your remaining ; and that if you return you would like to have their *full concurrence*, and not

have them think they can send you out here *again* at *any time*, because, as a family man, you might not be able to bring on all your family again, and you think you would not be doing your duty to them to leave them, and if it were *absolutely necessary*, owing to the death of a partner on this side or other cause, for someone to come out, who would that person be? would Cross come out? or would he, John—that these things had better be thought of before your return, for you think, with your Trieste jaunt and this winter at New Orleans, you have been separated enough from your family.

“In your letter to John you tell him to read your letter to the trio, and, if *he* approve of your remaining, to propose from *himself* to *them*, as, if *they* don't approve, your letter may be thought conceited; therefore, if *he* approve, *he* is to propose the thing and not show your letter; if *he do not* approve your remaining, then just to burn the letter. Then why write to the trio at all? Why not to John direct? A little circumlocution would not be so much amiss as in a business letter, which ought to be very concise and to the point. I will write you finally on Tuesday whether I think it best to send your letter or not. I pray day and night for guidance on this particular matter for myself, and for guidance for *you*, and that your mind and the minds of the other partners may be so controlled that you may decide what is best for the spiritual interests of ourselves and our *children*. To our children the whole aspect of their future lives would be changed either for better or for worse by their remaining here or living in England; *much, much* depends upon so seemingly small a matter. Therefore, dearest Will, let us pray earnestly that God will choose our lot for us, and direct our steps. Helen is greatly better, Willie and Harrie almost well.

“Thine own

“H.”

“NEW ORLEANS, Tuesday, February 24, 1846.

“MY DARLING WIFE:

“This is *Mardi gras*, and between 4 and 5 P. M. there was a great procession of people in masks and all sorts of absurd dresses, from St. Louis Street along Chartres Street to Esplanade, then up that and along Royal to Canal, and then back by Conti Street. You never saw anything so grotesque as some of the masks and dresses. The masked people were either in carriages or on horseback, and

threw flour at those they could reach, and were befloured by the spectators in return. Unfortunately it began to rain pretty heavily about 4 P. M., which spoiled the fun; had the day been clear and bright, as well as warm, there would have been a good deal of amusement, although what 'onder airth' tempts the people to go and make such jackasses of themselves I am at a loss to conceive. I believe it is the last of the carnival, and to-morrow Lent begins. Mylne fancies it is a relic of the old Roman Catholic orgies of which the 'Abbot of Unreason' was the head, an account of which is given in Scott's 'Abbot,' but it seems to me that the revels of the Abbot of Unreason and Lord of Misrules came after Lent, and was a sort of jollification that the people treated themselves to after the mortification and penance of that season.

"We had Mr. Cruger dining with us to-day, who married a cousin of his own, I believe, and a sister of your friend Eugene. This is a warm, balmy evening after the rain. I went and saw off Henry Young and C. Kirkpatrick in the *Peytona* for Louisville this afternoon; I wished I had been going with them; however, I may reach New York nearly as soon as they will, although that is hardly probable. I hope all the dear children will have nice new things—that is, decent, nice-looking clothes—when I come home, and I would like Willie to have his hair nicely cut. I think J. Walter might take him down to Saunders' the Saturday after you get this. Don't let Willie's hair be cut too short, but so that it will curl about his neck. It is a great comfort to see children nice when one comes home. I know, my sweet pet, the children always *do* look well when I come home, but it occurred to me that you might be waiting my return before getting spring clothes; now, I would rather you got the clothes first, and consulted me afterward. You know, I never saw them out in their new winter things, and I would like to have a chance of seeing their new spring ones. It's raining cats and dogs again. Good-night, sweet love.

"Thursday, February 26, 1846. I wrote nothing yesterday, having been very busy all day and till late in the evening writing about business matters. Yesterday was a lovely day, and so balmy and warm that Mylne and I were out on the balcony without our hats, after dinner, for half an hour, and the thermometer at 70° in the shade. By night it got cool, and this morning it was bitter cold,

with the thermometer at  $45^{\circ}$  at breakfast time. The sun has since come out, but it is still very cold. We have New York letters of 16th inst., but I have none from you or the children. You must have had an awful gale and snowstorm on 14th and 15th inst. I see that two ships in which we had about five hundred hogsheads of sugar have been lost ; however, we are fully covered by insurance, provided the New York insurance offices don't fail.

"I am afraid that you suffered again from the smoke, but that is nothing to being drowned, as you might have been had you been in either of the two unfortunate ships above referred to, out of which I see some fifty or sixty people were drowned. The gale caught them just where we were caught in the *Sultana*, but fortunately for us it was from northwest instead of northeast.

"It is of course quite uncertain yet what day I can leave this, and I find many things to do just as I am about going. I hardly think I can get off before Monday, March 9, which would, if I get straight through, bring me to New York on 19th or 20th. I shall not be able to travel as fast as the mail, because at this season only the mail-bags are taken by stage from Stockton near Mobile to Montgomery. Passengers have to travel by steamboat up the Alabama River to Montgomery, a forty-eight hours' journey. The stage reaches Montgomery in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Then, when I reach Charleston, if I find a gale blowing, I shall wait till it moderates, as the steamers thence to Wilmington are very poor craft, and only fit for fair weather. You may be sure I will lose no time on the way. God bless you and my dear children, and unite us all again in health and happiness.

"Ever thine own

"WM. W."

"NEW YORK, February 24, 1846.

"MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

"I received your dear letter of 11th and 12th inst. yesterday at dinner time, but was too unwell to write that evening, as I promised doing. I had not been out for ten days, except once to the House of Industry, since Helen was ill, and, thinking exercise would do me good, I went out yesterday as far as Margaret Hone's, but came home worse. My back aches very much. However, I got up to



breakfast, and I am now lying dressed upon the sofa. I cannot ride out at present, as no carriage can go, and I am afraid of getting in and out of a sleigh ; besides, so many accidents are happening every day. I think I must have held Helen too much on my lap when she was ill ; indeed, I know I did ; but she is almost well now, and I have learned prudence. Willie walked out with Powell yesterday, and again to-day, and has been none the worse of it ; he looked so pale and miserable, and his cough was quite gone. Helen coughs a good deal still, but has not a particle of fever, so that she looks pale and hollow-eyed. She has fallen away to half her size, and is so weak she quite staggers. She was sitting next me on the sofa just now, and put her hand in mine, and looked up in my face with such a coaxing look, and said : ‘ *My own dear mamma !* ’

“ Maria, Emily, and Jane Hone have all been here this morning. Emily and Mr. Foster came to spend the evening with me last night, and found me in bed. It is a great comfort to have kind friends and kind faces around one. Em was quite hurt and tearful because I told her I always forgot to send you her love and messages. She sends many more to-day. They are all going to a grand breakfast at the Racket Club at 2 P. M. to-day, given by the bachelors. She brought me last night a letter from dear Cornelia, or rather one dictated by her. She keeps very ill, but there is no immediate danger ; but her faith and hope and love are mountain strong. She desires to lie passive in the hands of God, to do with her as he will. She is willing to die if he think best, or willing to live if there be yet anything for her to do or suffer. Anna Winthrop is greatly better, cheerful and happy, singing hymns all day, and with tears of love to God and her fellow-men ready always to start to her eyes. Charles is devoted to her, and the children obedient and affectionate. All *our* dear children are well and at school. Charlotte is a treasure, one even now, I think, rich in faith, but she works her mind too much, and looks a little pale, and is not buoyant enough in her spirits. I had Harriet Mills here to tea on Saturday for Charlotte, and have her very often here, for they make no charge for her, I find, and I think it amuses Charlotte. Bess is studying harder. At her own request she was put into a higher class and given more to do, but she does not like it at all. Harriet improves, and is a much better child generally in everything ; in fact, she is better.

She and Bess both look very pretty, Charlotte and Willie decidedly ugly.

"I have read your letter to the trio again, and *with prayer*. I think you might have written a better one, and I think it would have been better to leave it to *them* on the other side to propose your remaining, or, at all events, some one of the partners on this side. Still I see it is a good deal to the point, and I think it a much better letter than I did when I last cut it up to you, you sweet fellow. To-day I feel more inclined to send it, and intend to write to John Yuille along with this to come up to see me to-morrow, and to bring me one hundred dollars, and I will get him to alter the *Per Hibernia* to *Cambria*, and tell him to postpay it if I should decide on sending it ; but don't you write to John Dennistoun, saying you have sent *such a letter*, in case I should keep it, nor do you write another to the same effect until after the sailing of this steamer, in case I *should* send it.

"Mr. and Mrs. Spencer called here on Saturday afternoon. They got here on Friday, and go off to Boston to-day to sail to Liverpool per *Cambria*. Mr. Spencer abused America and Americans with all his heart. Was as deaf as a post with cold, and as cross as two sticks.

"J. Walter says Dr. Hutton had a grand sermon on Sunday upon *peace*. The news by the *Cambria* would delight *you*. God bless you, dearest, and soon reunite us. If I do not hear from you positively that you will be home on March 15, before Sunday, I will write again on that day to New Orleans, and send it off on Monday, March 2. I shall write to Mary to-day, and Aunt Helen to-morrow, if I have time before J. Yuille comes. The \$100 is to pay another school bill till February 23—\$95, including two quarters' music. I drew \$150 before.

"Thine own

"H."

The Rev. Thomas Spencer referred to in the foregoing was perpetual curate of Heaton Charter House, near Bath, England, and intimately connected with the Anti-Corn-Law League.

"NEW YORK, Thursday, February 26, 1846.

"MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

"I am greatly disappointed in being obliged to write to you again before you leave ; so much so that every time I awake in the night

(which is very often), and every time my eyes open to the morning light, instead of chuckling to myself that I may knock off another day from my list, I heave a disappointed sigh at being obliged to *add* five more to my list, for I now think you will not leave New Orleans till Monday, March 9, and you cannot possibly reach here before 19th or 20th.

"I have your two dear, precious letters of February 12 and 16; the latter arrived in eight days, and the day *after* I received the one of February 12. The first inclosed one to Dr. Blackburn, which was ludicrously like my own. *I* had written about Carlyle, Vaughn's 'Protectorate,' that I had kept the papers, etc., till your return—about Peel, your sentiments about the present crisis of affairs, etc., etc.; but as I had also written many other things, I let mine go, too, especially as it was well written—a weariness of the flesh to write it, and I may not have another chance before going home. I also wrote to dear Mary, and to dear Aunt Helen, *and sent off your letter to John*, having read it over till I nearly knew it by heart, and meditated upon it till I was half cracked, and prayed about it till I was ashamed to pray any more. I thought that if you changed your mind after, and decided that you had better go home, you could safely lay the blame upon *me*, as I really fear I cannot make up my mind to part with you again to go across the Atlantic, so that if you go it must be without my consent; and as to your spending a winter at New Orleans without me, I say I might as well die, or be *burned for a widow* at once, for all the good life will do me. I thought upon reading your letter for the last time that if they wanted you to stay they might think it a very good one, but I read it always as the sort of knell of our parting in July.

"You will be pleased to learn that dear Anna continues to improve, and her spiritual health also to prosper. Peace also among her children and with her husband. I have not seen her for ten days or more. I took a very short walk yesterday, and was none the worse for it, but to-day could not go out, as it was so piercingly cold, and I walk so slowly. Willie went out with Powell, and all the children went to school, but it is thought the most severe day we have yet had this winter. Maria and Em and Sarah Mills were here to see me this morning, and John Hone this evening. I delivered your love to Harriet Mills, and told her what you had written about

her ; she was too happy. I received an invitation to E. Russell Hone's for *this* evening. Maria and Em are going. It is the first time she has entertained in two years, owing to the death of her young sister and her grandmother. I am better, but long to have you home, that I may enjoy your society before we part company again, perhaps forever.\*

“ John Walter has gone to see how his aunt Anna is to-night. I was singing to dear Helen to-night a cheerful dancing tune, for I was thinking just then that in two days more the 1st of March would be here. She looked up with wonder into my face, and then broke into a glad smile, and said : ‘ Is papa tum home ? ’ I thought it was very knowing of her to think of such a cause for my gayety, for with *her* illness, my own ailments, poor Anna's state, and Cornelia's, and you away, too, I have *sung* nothing but hymns, or have been silent with my harp upon the willows. I have determined to send this off early to-morrow morning (27th), instead of waiting till Saturday morning (28th), so as to be sure of your getting it before you leave New Orleans, as you will no doubt be anxious about your letter to John D. I sent for Yuille, and told him to postpay it, etc. You see that I am not *without* hope that you may leave on the 5th or 6th or 7th prox., because the steamer's letters were forwarded to you on February 20, and if you get them on March 1—nine days—it would leave you five or six to transact business, and be off. I hope the news will be good news for you ; it is certainly very important news politically, but I trust you will not have received orders to remain to open a new line of business on the strength of the political news. Oh ! my darling husband, how I long to see you, and clasp you to my heart once more. Do not put off unnecessarily, but come soon to see your poor wife. I will write to Charleston when you tell me, but no more to New Orleans.

“ Ever your own, my beloved Will,

“ HARRIET.”

\* I never read these three last words without a painful feeling, although I know my blessed Harriet only meant the “ forever ” to apply to *this* life. Through the merits of our divine Redeemer, I feel assured, sinful and unworthy as I am, that I shall meet her at the right hand of God.

WM. W.

## CHAPTER XIII.

ENDING WITH THE LAST LETTER EVER WRITTEN BY  
WM. W. TO H. A. W.

“50 CHARTRES STREET, NEW ORLEANS,

“Sunday, March 1, 1846.

“MY DARLING HARRIET :

“I wrote to you last on the 26th ult., and did not receive your letter of February 15-16, covering dear Charlotte's (for I am not going to call her 'Tottie' any more) of February 14, until yesterday ; it was numbered 17 ; to-day yours of 18th-19th ult. came to hand, also numbered 17. I am very sorry to hear that poor 'little Nell' has been so ill, and you so anxious and worried about her. I hope and trust it is not the whooping cough, for it will go through the whole of them, which would be too much for you in your present delicate state. Charlotte's letter of February 14 was very well written, and with a good deal of wit in it. 'The golden cannon, and little leaden thunderbolts' puzzled the paternal mind for half an hour, but at last the wit flashed electric through my brain, and I exclaimed with a loud guffaw : 'I see't noo, I see't noo !' like the stupid old Scottish judge who never comprehended the witty Henry Erskine until some twenty minutes after his brethren on the bench had ceased laughing. I suppose the seal with the impression of a cent on it was meant to show the exhausted state of Charlotte's exchequer, and to obtain my consent to a contribution in aid of the same, and I hereby request that you will hand over to her a picayune, which she will consider as the 'witty sixpence.' Positively she must not go on with such brilliant flashes or she will ruin me. I will try and bring little Nell 'a noo dolly'—in fact, before you mentioned it, a dim vision of a possible doll with a negro face had floated across my mind. I must see if I can get something also for Willie, with his earache, poor little fellow.

“I am curious to know what you will do with my letter to the trio. I am rather inclined to think that it ought to go, and, if it

do, I will then, in the event of our going home bag and baggage, have done my duty to the utmost in even hinting at the possibility of my staying. I can't say I want to stay particularly. Now that Free Trade is in the ascendant I want to be home ; but, then, Free Trade *being* in the ascendant, it is, perhaps, more necessary that I should stay ; however, there is no use *writing* about the thing. I hope to *talk* it over with you soon, and I hope God will decide what may be best for our spiritual and temporal welfare. I don't think that it is any great desire of being rich that would keep me ; perhaps it's more the fear of being poor, with so large a family ; but the fear is much removed, humanly speaking, by the prospect of Free Trade, and when I am in the right frame of mind, I feel that God will provide for me and mine wherever we are, and I desire to cast all my care upon him, knowing that he careth for me. Ambition would take me home, also religion in some respects ; and further, to bring up my children in a hardier and more robust way, mentally and physically, than I think they will be in New York. On the other hand, in New York you have your sisters. It is a pleasant, cheerful place (though, strange to say, I rather prefer New Orleans as a residence and place of business), there are good schools, and there is a sort of excitement in driving people helter-skelter here and there, and even in being driven at high pressure one's self. If we go home to Liverpool bodily, I shall feel *planted* there, as it were, and the only move a move out feet foremost to some detestable cemetery, at Low-hill, or elsewhere, with miserable stunted trees, and shrubs begrimed with soot, instead of the noble forest trees and fine healthy sea breeze which one would have in a similar predicament at Greenwood, besides having a chance of an occasional visit from Maria, when she brought some strangers to see the place. Her want would be the converse of Sterne's when he went to 'drop a tear at the tomb of the lovers, and found no tomb to drop it on.' She would easily enough find the tomb, but the tear would not be forthcoming, cheerful witch that she is !

"The glorious news by the *Cambria* (February 4) reached me yesterday by express, and to-day letters came forward. I have one from John, one from Cross, and one from Joe Greaves ; none from Mary or Anna. I consider the Free Trade measure proposed by Sir Robert Peel as a great triumph, and we now see the abolition of the



Corn Laws certain in February, 1849, and in the meantime the duty reduced one-half. Indian corn, buckwheat, pork, beef, etc., all duty free at once, and all wheat grown in the colonies duty free at once. It is very pitiful in Peel putting off the total abolition for three years, and I am not without hopes that Cobden and the League may force him to *immediate* as well as total. John Dennistoun writes me that Peel is certain to carry his measure in the House of Commons by a large majority, and also through the Lords. I did not write any part of my letter yesterday, as I was excessively busy, and did not quit the office till about 9 P. M. I will be very busy all the time I am here, and know not yet whether I will be able to leave this on Thursday, 5th, or Monday, 9th inst. I don't want to leave on a Friday(!). I had enough of that the last time I left this.

"I went to Dr. Scott's this morning, and had an excellent sermon on the text: 'For other foundation can no man lay,' etc.—1 Cor. iii. 11. Afterward I partook of the Lord's Supper. The day was fine, and I felt thankful that my sojourn here was nearly over, and pleasantly over. The hymns were pretty and the music good, and if I did not make much melody with my voice, I tried my best, both with it and my heart. I had 'a time of refreshing from the Lord.' There was a lady baptized in the church prior to her reception as a member. It's odd how little affects one sometimes; a little boy went up to the pulpit steps to say something to Dr. Scott before sermon, and placed his hand on Dr. Scott's arm in a very confiding way while he spoke to him; there was something in the group thus formed that brought the tears to my eyes: the boy seemed to look with such entire confidence to Dr. Scott. I suppose it was this confiding look that moved me. I did not go this evening, as a Dr. Witherspoon was to preach, whom I did not like, so I have probably been in Dr. Scott's church for the last time. I have very agreeable associations connected with it. It seems to me that I have been fully more under the influence of religion there than in Mr. Kelly's, although I don't like Scott's preaching so much as his.

"This has been a lovely day. Murray T. and I took a walk down the river as far as the convent. The weeping willows are quite green, almost in full leaf, and all the other trees bursting out. Peaches are in full blossom. The day has been very warm, but it

is cool again this evening. Good-night. God bless you and all my dear ones, and unite us again in health and happiness.

“P. S.—Monday, March 2, 1846. Your excellent letter of February 20, covering a delightful one of same date from dear Charlotte, and two most kind ones from Mary and Aunt Helen, has just arrived this morning. Your critique on my letter to the trio is most just, and makes me feel like a scalded cock. Imagine what you call a ‘rooster’ clapping his wings and crowing, and the cook pouring a kettle of boiling water on the ‘puir brute.’ I am the ‘rooster,’ you are the cook; and I wish now that you may not have sent the letter forward, so that I may alter it in conformity to your notions. This shows that I ought always to be near you to have counsel and advice. However, I did say to John that I originally intended the letter to go direct to the trio. Perhaps, also, although *you* have all the ‘pros’ and ‘cons’ fully in your mind, the trio may have forgotten them. If you *have* forwarded the letter, good and well; perhaps it is just as well that it should go, with all its imperfections on its head. I shall be saved the trouble of concocting another. If it have not gone, why, it will also be well; we can then talk the matter fully over when we meet. I did not read the *business* letters yesterday, and so did not then know how many things I might have to think of before leaving. I don’t think now I will be able to get away before Monday, 9th inst., and I would reach home just as soon by not leaving till Tuesday, 10th inst., as the Mobile boats (at least the good ones) leave for Montgomery’ not on Tuesdays, but on Wednesdays, so if I left on Monday I might have to stay one day in Mobile. I *may* yet be ready to leave on Thursday, but I don’t think it. I am in a terrible hurry and bustle this morning, and scarcely know whether my head or my heels are uppermost. Sellar has just arrived back from Attakapas, and Pelton with him. I am sorry not to be able to say to a day when I shall be home, but I expect from 15th till 20th inst. I shall, if spared, write you again on Thursday, 5th inst., whether I leave that day or not, but I hardly think I will get away before Monday, 9th, or Tuesday, 10th inst. Keep up your spirits and pray that we may all meet in health and happiness. God bless you all.

“Ever thine own

“WM. W.”

Addressed to Charleston, S. C. :

“NEW YORK, Tuesday Night, March 3, 1846.

“MY BELOVED WILLIAM :

“I have such a craving and hankering after the pleasure of writing to you that I cannot wait until Wednesday and Thursday, the days I had intended writing, instead of Friday, the 7th, *your* day, for I have such a delicious corner of hope in my heart that if I wait till Saturday, 8th, before sending off my letter, you would not get it till after you reach home, and I do not want you to miss hearing from me on the way home. I wrote you on Wednesday, February 25, and sent off the letter to New Orleans, telling you about my final determination about the letter to John; which *has gone*. Since then I received yours of 19th in eight days ; it reached me on Friday, 27th, just as I was going into bed ; so I returned to the parlor fire, and, locking the door, read it over twice to my very great satisfaction. You say in that letter that, if the steamer's letters arrived by the 4th, you will be here *before* the 18th or 19th. I am sure you would get them by the 2d, so I am hoping to get you in my arms, my *dear, dear* fellow, on Sunday, 15th, at dinner time, or Monday, 16th ; but I won't be *too sure* till I get yours of March 2, which will probably tell me of the steamer's arrival, and, oh ! woe is me if there be anything in these letters to detain you !

“Emily Hosack was here this morning about ten o'clock, and Em Foster and Maria about eleven. I went out a very little way to walk, but it is so slippery, and the snow so deep, I cannot manage it. Mrs. Bedell was here also to-day, and Julia Mills. These all got in. Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Hutton called ; very pleasant people. He says he has called *four* times before ; I only heard of *once*. I sent for Whitman to-night to hear Dr. Detmold's answer. I can have the room on the 15th, but Whitman had never till now told of our engaging it for April 1. Here I stop, as my back aches furiously, and Charlotte wants to say a word for herself. God bless mine own dear husband with a sweet, sound sleep.

“Wednesday Evening, March 4, 1846. Well, dear Will, I am much better to-night.

“Thursday, March 5. Here Julia Mills came in, and stayed till near 10 P. M. ; so I could write no more. She had been saying all winter

that she was coming, and as the time was drawing near for your return, I thought, if she did not come now, she might think it her duty to come when you returned, so I pressed the matter upon her, and said *you* would be at home before she had been near me ; this stirred her up, and last night she came. Yesterday I went with Maria and Em to see Eliza Kane, who has been unwell for three weeks. We could not see her, but saw Mrs. Douglas Cruger instead. I could scarcely creep round to Tenth Street, and when I got to Eliza's, had to sit down on the steps, but got home safely. It has begun to thaw, and to-day is lovely, so that I shall venture out again to-day. Eliza was very kind ; begged me to let her come round and sleep with me any time I felt lonely ; if she could do me no good, it might be a comfort to have a grown person beside me, ready to help me if necessary, or to keep me company if wakeful ; and if I would like it, she would come over every night after tea, and sleep with me, till your return. She said she was going to send me blanc mange, or jelly, to tempt me to eat, but I said the only complaint I had was *getting too much*. Helen is quite well again, and stronger, but pale ; I dare not yet trust her to go out. Don't forget her dolly.

"God bless you, my precious husband, and spare us both to meet in health and true happiness. I have not heard from Cornelia lately. Anna not quite so well.

"Thine own devoted

"H."

"NEW ORLEANS, Thursday, March 5, 1846.

"MY DARLING WIFE :

"The mail failed yesterday, and again to-day, so I have nothing later from you than when I last wrote, and know not whether you have forwarded my letter to John D. When I wrote on Monday, I thought it would be impossible for me to leave to-day, but I 'set a stoot heart to a stey brae,' worked like a beaver myself, and made everyone else do the same. And so, thank God, I am ready to start to-day at 4 P. M. for Mobile, and go by the same steamer that takes this. But I shall probably be detained a day at Mobile, as the best steamers for Montgomery leave there on Saturday ; then, besides that, the mail beats the steamers on the Alabama River by twenty-four hours, so that, if this meet with no detention, it ought to reach New York two days before I shall, even if I am not detained by

bad weather in Charleston. If I have a chance, I will write to you on the road, but very possibly this will be the only epistle you will get before I see you. Won't you regret that? I have got through with all my business, and feel in good health and spirits. The weather is lovely and there is a fine moon for night traveling. God has specially blessed me hitherto, and I trust he will crown all his mercies by uniting us all together again in health and happiness. Sellar is here but sails for Cuba this week. God forever bless you and all my darlings.

"Ever thine own

"Wm. W." \*

\* June 2, 1892. How little did I think when I closed the above letter that it was the last I would ever write to my blessed Harriet, or of the heavy blow which was impending over me in her death on April 17, 1846.







## CHAPTER XIV.

### MY WIFE DIES.

HAVING finished my last letter from New Orleans on March 5, 1846, I now copy from my journal an account of my journey to, and arrival in, New York :

“MOBILE, March 6, 1846. Left New Orleans yesterday at 5 P. M., and had a smooth, pleasant passage to this place. T. Sellar and Pelton dined with us at New Orleans. After dinner Mylne, Murray, and Sellar accompanied me to Lake Pontchartrain. I arrived (Mobile) at noon to-day. Was introduced by Mylne to Mr. Edmonstone of Charleston, who went that distance with me. He and I left at 5.30 P. M. by *Norma* for Montgomery, where we arrived at 2.30 P. M. on Sunday, March 8. I slept on a shake-down on the floor of a very dirty stateroom on board the *Norma*, Edmonstone having a four-posted bed. We had a very quiet, nice passage ; only one drunken man, and not a card seen during the passage ; on the other hand, a good many tracts lying about, and to-day we had a sermon from a Methodist minister, who had a good face and good voice. He read the 106th Psalm ; then we all sang, he leading, ‘Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,’ etc. The sermon was on the text ‘For the Lord is a sun and a shield.’ The preacher had considerable fluency of language, but not much to the purpose, although his doctrine was good and his prayers short and good. We all went down on our knees. In his sermon he said : ‘A young lady who had been deaf and dumb from her birth attended a camp meeting in the back parts of Virginia, and became anxious for her soul, and when all were praying for her her tongue was loosed and she cried distinctly : “Glory ! Glory ! Glory to God !”’ This was decidedly ‘too much pork for a shilling.’ Excepting this it gave me great pleasure to worship God in a steamer on the Alabama River, and to see such an attentive audience, and so great a change from the gambling and dissipation of nine or ten years ago.

“Monday, March 9. Left Montgomery for Chehaw, forty miles

by railway, at 8 A. M. Dined at Chehaw at 12.30 P. M., and left it per stagecoach at 1 P. M. Supped at Cussetah at 11.30 P. M. The stage upset about midnight, six miles from Lagrange. All the passengers more or less hurt, except myself. A Cherokee Indian very badly cut about the right eye, two other gentlemen had their heads cut and contused, and Edmonstone got his side hurt. We had changed stages only two miles before the accident, and the new one had all the side curtains fastened down. I rolled up the curtain next to me, and, when the coach upset, I jumped through the vacant space like a cat, and was on the upper side of the coach, and outside, almost as soon as we upset. Fortunately the horses remained quiet. The moon was up, but the night was hazy. We all joined in raising the coach, and then drove on to Lagrange, where we left the Indian and another gentleman who was hurt, as well as four Indians who were in the other coach, which was not upset, but who were frightened, and moreover wanted to remain with their wounded companion. These five Indians were going as a deputation to Washington. All the country is covered with peach trees in blossom.

"Tuesday, March 10. Arrived at Atlanta, the beginning of the Georgia Railroad, at 5 P. M., and dined there. We got berths in the cars on which we could stretch ourselves, and, with my plaid for a pillow, I got some sleep. The roads to-day before we reached Atlanta were awful, and we sunk sometimes up to the axle of the stage in red clay.

"Wednesday, March 11. Reached Augusta, Ga., about 4.30 A. M., and went to the Globe Hotel; washed and dressed; then in an omnibus crossed the Savannah River by a fine bridge to Hamburg, where the South Carolina Railroad begins. Started at 6 A. M., and stopped at Aiken, about twenty miles from Hamburg, to breakfast. Country flat and swampy. Met Dr. Buckman, the naturalist, on the train. Arrived at Charleston at 1.30 P. M. Called at Mitchell & Mure's, and got my letter from Harriet; called also at John Fraser & Co.'s office, but they had all gone home to dinner. Sailed per *Governor Dudley* at 2.30 P. M.; weather stormy and looked as if it would be worse. From Montgomery to Charleston the country covered at every homestead with peach trees in blossom. The *Governor Dudley* proved a better sea boat than I expected, and although we

had a heavy sea and a good deal of wind, we proceeded on our voyage. I went to bed at 6 P. M.

"Thursday, March 12. Arrived at 12 noon at Wilmington, N. C., and started immediately for Weldon per railway; dined at Goldsborough, N. C., and reached Weldon about midnight.

"Friday, March 13. Arrived at Richmond, Va., about 7 A. M., having stopped from 3 to 5 A. M. at Petersburg, Va.; we breakfasted at Richmond, and thence by rail to Acquia Creek on the Potomac, and from there by a very nice, clean steamer up the Potomac to Washington. We passed close under Mount Vernon, Washington's house, a respectable-looking, old-fashioned mansion, of two stories, with pillars in front, and standing on high ground, with some fine old trees about it, overlooking the Potomac. The fore-deck of the steamer was literally piled up with fine fresh striped bass, rock fish, etc., etc., just caught with a seine-net in the Potomac. When we arrived at Washington, there was great crowding to get into the omnibus which took us to the railway station. We left Washington about 5 P. M., and in the car were old Mr. Isaac Bell and his daughter Mary; arrived at Baltimore at 9 P. M., and Philadelphia about 3 A. M., March 14.

"Saturday, March 14. Left Philadelphia about 7 A. M., after remaining there nearly four hours, breakfasted at the Walnut Street House on the wharf, crossed to Camden, and thence by rail, passing Joseph Bonaparte's house at Bordentown [I saw him in his garden either at this time or previously], and so on to Perth Amboy, where we got on board the steamer *Independence*, and thence through the Kills. We landed Mr. Bell and Miss Mary at New Brighton, near which place he had a fine large house, looking on the Kills.

"I arrived at New York at 1.30 P. M., in 8 days 20½ hours from New Orleans; but, allowing for difference of longitude 1 hour, in 8 days 19½ hours. I stopped 7 hours at Mobile, and 17 hours at Montgomery, therefore my traveling time was only 7 days 19½ hours. I went first to the office in Wall Street; the day was rainy and dismal, and the melting snow was piled in the middle of Broadway, in a continuous row, three feet deep. I arrived at the New York Hotel about 2.15 P. M., and found Margaret Hone with my dear Harriet, dressing up the children for some play they were going to enact. And so ended my travels. God be thanked for all his mercies.

" March 19, 1846. Went with William and Bleecker Neilson and a Mr. Weeks to see the House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents. It is situated on the New York side of the East River, and the building was originally a fever hospital. It is now extremely well ventilated and very clean. There were about 260 boys and 60 girls. I don't think that over one-tenth of the boys were black and none of the girls. The superintendent is a Mr. Wood ; he told me he saw no difference either in intellect or morals between the white and black boys ; he thought the latter less tricky, and that they did not combine and plot together so much as the white boys. All the boys and girls are under eighteen. The black boys are not so steady as the white boys when bound out as apprentices. There is a great demand for the boys as apprentices, but little or none for the girls. The juveniles are all taught reading, writing, and arithmetic ; they have also manual training. The boys make chairs, razor-strops, pocketbooks, etc. The girls sew and make the boys' clothes, which fully occupies their time. The girls and boys are entirely separated. Both boys and girls, with few exceptions, appear to me to have bad expressions, the girls especially ; they seemed to have countenances not unlike the insane inmates of Hanwell near London, so that there may be a closer connection between disease, mental and bodily, and crime than one at first would suppose. The sources of support of the institution, which is managed by a private society, are :

" By Corporation of New York City per annum, . . . .	\$4,000.00
Tax on Theater Licenses, . . . . .	3,000.00
Portion of Commutation Tax on Foreign Passengers, . . . .	3,500.00
Proceeds of Industry of the Juvenile Delinquents, . . . .	6,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$16,500.00

" The superintendent has rooms for himself and family in the house, and the run of the house provisions, with \$1200 per annum salary. There is a large swimming bath for the boys, with shower bath ; they go in forty at a time, summer and winter ; the bath room is large, and heated by steam. There are excellent airy schoolrooms and well-ventilated workshops.

" The juveniles are committed for vagrancy, or any crime, or simply for being abandoned by their parents. A history of all

persons admitted is taken down from their own lips, as well as all circumstances regarding them which may transpire on their examination before the court, and after they leave the institution any authentic notices of them are recorded in its books. Many turn out well, and boys who have been educated there are now mates and commanders of ships, and some of the girls are well married. I heard one curious history of a girl, Maria —, seduced by her half cousin, a brothel keeper, and then sent to the institution. He was prosecuted by the society, imprisoned, and fined, and she is now the wife of a merchant in Utica. Dined with William and Caroline Neilson. Extras out with English news till March 4.

“Friday, March 20. Received letters from Cross and Anna of March 3, and from Mary of February 27. My impression is that John D. will decide that we shall go home.

“Thursday, March 26. [Note.—Here comes a page and more of statistics about the cost of laying down wheat in New York from Illinois, and a statement that it would require seventy-five cents per bushel to pay the Illinois farmer the cost of raising it. Then a statement about Indian corn; the best and most cultivated is from the “gourd seed,” and then I write]: One of the largest farmers in the West says all the profit he wants is to sell his corn on his farm at 12½ cents per bushel, which exactly corroborates what President Polk told me. [Of course these statistics of forty-six years ago are worth nothing now (1892), as rates have entirely changed owing to the facilities afforded by railroads, none of which existed west of Buffalo in 1846.]

“April 13, 1846. Yesterday was my beloved Harriet's thirty-sixth birthday. I went in the evening to attend the organization of a new Congregational church, to be called the Church of the Puritans. Of this Dr. Cheever is to be the minister. I suppose it is to be a sort of rival of Grace Church; as the latter is all for the rich, so the Church of the Puritans is to be for rich and poor, especially for the poor; for ‘to the poor the Gospel is preached.’ I liked their declaration of faith, and could bid them God-speed, only I think the ‘meetinghouse’ of the Puritans would have been a more appropriate name for their building than the Church of the Puritans. They, no doubt, intend the latter epithet to be applied to the *society*, but society will apply it to their building.



New York paper of Saturday, April 18, 1846 :

“ DIED.

“ On Friday afternoon, April 17, Harriet Amelia, wife of William Wood, Esq., of Liverpool, and daughter of the late John Kane The relatives and friends of the family and those of Frederic De Peyster are invited to attend the funeral from the residence of the latter, No. 88 University Place, on Sunday afternoon next at 4.30 o'clock.”

In the *Telegraph* newspaper of April 20, 1846, appeared the following obituary :

“ We notice, with great regret, the death on Friday last of Harriet Amelia, wife of William Wood, Esq., of Liverpool, daughter of the late John Kane, Esq., of this city. This beautiful and interesting lady will long be lamented by a numerous circle of friends.”

FROM DIARY.

“ Saturday, April 18, 1846. Since my last entry in this book (April 13, 1846) the *heaviest of earthly calamities* has befallen me. I have lost my *soul's best beloved*, my *blessed, blessed* Harriet. She fell asleep in Jesus yesterday (April 17) at 6 P. M.

“ On Monday, April 13, she took a drive with her sister, Maria De Peyster, which she enjoyed, and was, as usual, looking lovely and blooming when I came home at four o'clock. In the evening of that day Maria and her husband spent a very pleasant evening with us, and Harriet Mills was also here. My darling wife and I went to bed about 10 P. M., and by her desire we prayed together at her bedside before retiring to rest. About 4 A. M. on April 14 she roused me and I went for Dr. Berger and the nurse. At 10 minutes to 7 A. M. on *Tuesday, April 14*, a large stout boy, with thick black hair on his head, as all the rest of my children have had, was born. His dear mother had decided to call the child, if a son, Alexander Dennistoun, after Uncle Alick. I had proposed Frederic De Peyster or Alexander Dennistoun, and she chose the latter. I remained at home all Tuesday, and she was remarkably well and in good spirits, and nursed the baby for the first time about 10 P. M. She had a good night, and next morning looked bright

and well. Dr. Berger came and saw her at 9 A. M. Wednesday, 15th, and said she *was remarkably well*, and her pulse like a young lioness. I went down to the office about 10.30 A. M. She said : ' Now, mind, Will, Dr. Berger is out of the way to-day, and you are going away, too.' I said I should be back early, and was back by 3 P. M., an hour earlier than usual, but was detained a quarter of an hour longer than I expected looking at some Sea Island cotton of Charles Easton's going consigned to A. Dennistoun & Co.

" When I came home, I found my blessed wife in a high fever. She had begun to feel it about 11 A. M., and got alarmed and sent for Dr. Berger. He was not to be found, but Dr. Trudeau, Berger's son-in-law, came in his place. By the time I came home Dr. Berger had got there. When I took Harriet's hand, she said : ' O Will, why did you leave me ?' I said I would not have left if I had had the slightest idea she was not doing as well as it was possible to desire ; but, having delayed writing a letter to New Orleans for a day in order to remain at home, I thought it as well not to put off writing for two days.

" I should have said that about 10 A. M. on Tuesday she had symptoms which, I recollect, *she* thought worse than Dr. Berger would admit them to be. Applications of ice were made, and were apparently efficacious.

" When I sat down by her bedside on Wednesday, April 15, at 3.30 P. M., I asked her if she would like me to repeat anything to soothe her, and asked if she would like ' Ye nymphs of Solyma,' and she said : ' No, not that.' I then said, " Shall it be ' All thoughts, all passions, all delights,' " etc., merely meaning to repeat something that would put her to sleep, but she said reproachfully : ' How can you ask to repeat that just now ?' I said I only wanted to send her to sleep, so I thought it would not have mattered what I repeated. I then felt sure that she thought herself, and was, seriously ill. I repeated to her ' Let Christian faith and hope dispel the fears of guilt and woe,' and ' Where'er I turn, on every side, my guilt, O Lord, I see.' I sat up all Wednesday night with her, occasionally lying down in my dressing gown on the outside of the bed. She was very feverish all night, and I repeatedly rubbed her back with laudanum and camphor. Thursday, April 16, I was with her all day, and read the Bible and prayed with her ; but my head is rather

confused about Thursday. I know I was often out and in of the room, and Dr. Berger called in a Dr. Delafield as consulting physician, which made me see she was in danger. However, I had still full hope. Thursday night about nine Dr. Berger came. She had a sinking pulse. He stayed most kindly with me till 1 A. M., and gave her laudanum, etc., but she, dear creature, tossed about and could get no rest. I gave her fifteen drops of laudanum after Berger left, making forty-five in all, and she had some sleep from 5 till 7 A. M., but she had suffered greatly in her breathing, and all this time she did not seem to recognize me, or to speak, but when I asked her if she were in much pain, she said no.

"When the two physicians returned at 10 A. M., Friday, 17th, Dr. Berger told me he still had hope, but that the probabilities were *against* her recovery. I was with her all day, and she kept gradually sinking, and breathing as if her breath were caught painfully. Dr. Berger came back about 2 P. M., and I saw he considered her case hopeless by his ordering her some arrowroot and brandy. She took a little and it revived her slightly, but she soon sunk again. He then ordered her a little brandy and water, but this had little effect. I sent for John Walter and Charlotte, and asked my blessed wife if she knew me. She opened her large, lovely, kind eyes, and, gazing at me, said: 'Know you! of course I do,' and she squeezed my hand. She laid her hand on John Walter's head and blessed him, and also dear Charlotte. She saw and recognized Bessie, Harrie, and Willie, who all kissed her. I asked her if I should bring Helen, but she said: '*No*; I know that dear little Helen would be frightened.' I asked her if she felt assured hope and confidence in God, and if she felt his presence with her in this her last trial; she said: 'Yes, I do.' I said: 'God will be with us,' to which she replied: 'He will,' and her look indicated that she felt assured 'he would.' I asked her to pray to God for us. She gazed upon me with fond affection, and fixed her eyes, which truly looked angelic, on my face. At last, with her right hand in mine and the other in John Walter's, she breathed her last about 6 P. M. No struggle, no convulsion, a simple cessation of breathing. For about five minutes before this her eyes were directed right up to heaven, and had a most serene and heavenly expression, as if they entered into 'that within the veil' and saw, like Stephen, Jesus sitting at the right hand of God. She

had so often talked to me about how she would look, and had feared that she might look ugly, I was rejoiced she looked so beautiful in death. I never saw anything so calm and beautiful as she looked when laid out. I put her dear head in the coffin last night (Friday, April 17), and this morning (18th), before breakfast, I had it screwed down and sealed it, that no one might see any change, but might have the same impression that in life and death she was lovely in body, and, oh ! how lovely in mind.

"All our friends have been kind to us at this trying time, Maria and De Peyster peculiarly so. De Peyster has arranged all about the funeral, and John Walter and I and he went over to Greenwood Cemetery to-day (Saturday, April 18) to select a plot of ground where to bury my blessed wife. I have chosen one with four trees overarching, and with a view out to the ocean, on the summit of what is called Ocean Hill, so that when in England I may think she is on the shore of the sea, only separated by it from me. I suppose, however, Ocean Hill is a mile or two inland. She and I walked past the very place last autumn ; I think early in October. Who would have thought that my next visit would be to select a grave for my soul's darling ? Dear Maria De Peyster has been with the children all day. After dinner Dr. Hutton called, and I asked him to baptize little Alexander, which he did in a most feeling and affecting way ; the children, Maria, Powell, and Mrs. Anthony were present. About 8.20 p. m. to-day the undertaker came to remove the coffin to Mr. De Peyster's house, from whence the funeral takes place to-morrow (Sunday, April 19). Before my darling's remains left I read to John Walter, Charlotte, and Bessie her last will or letter of advice. Oh ! how excellent it is, so Christian, so sensible and judicious, and so like herself ; so consoling from the pure and fervent Christianity which it breathes. It is dated March 25, 1846, and was given to me that day. God grant I may fulfill her will in *spirit*, as she says, and as near the *letter* as God may see fit. I prayed with the three dear children before the coffin left. As it was dark, I drove upon the box of the hearse to Mr. De Peyster's, and there left till to-morrow in Maria's care the remains of that dear, blessed wife whom I got from Maria's house on September 15, 1830, when I married her, now 15 years, 7 months, and 3 days ago. She died 15 years, 7 months, and 2 days after our

marriage. O God ! grant me patience and resignation after this heavy, heavy trial. I am now writing this in our dining room, 158 New York Hotel, where we have so often sat together. The children have all gone to bed. She died in bedroom No. 160. My blessed, blessed Harriet ! Oh, how I loved her ! and how sweet and kind a guide and counselor she has ever been to me. Now she is with the blessed spirits around the throne of God, and, it may be, even now watching over me and our dear children.

"I left my marriage and engagement rings on the third finger of her left hand ; the former was too small to come off easily, even if I had wanted it, but I liked the idea of still being bound to her, although she is in heaven and I upon earth. It almost appears folly to write this that I have written. No words can express my love and admiration of her, but I thought I might like to remember about the last illness of my dearest,\*or *our* children might (I love to call them *our*), and so have put down the foregoing while fresh in my mind.

"A letter arrived to-day from Cross, but I have not opened it, not wishing to have my thoughts distracted about business at present.

"Oh, heavenly Father, guide and direct me in all my paths through this life, and especially in regard to bringing up our dear children in thy nurture and admonition above all things, as their dear mother and I have so often prayed. Amen !

"Sunday, April 19, 1846. After breakfast to-day I desired Charlotte to teach the two children, Harriet and Willie, while Helen sat on my knee, and J. Walter and Bessie on the sofa, as their dear mother taught them. She accordingly expounded to them the last chapter of Luke, and by God's blessing did it beautifully. We then had all much pleasant religious conversation together, and really 'a time of refreshing from the Lord.'

"At 11 A. M. Mr. De Peyster's carriage came for us, and I and the five eldest children went to his house to spend the day before my blessed wife's funeral. We had all much pleasant religious conversation, reading of hymns, and talking of my beloved. It is most soothing and delightful to hear how her lovely Christian character was appreciated by all her friends. I felt all this day that God was with me and mine of a truth, supporting and comforting us

according to his gracious promise. I said to Maria that if I died I would like to leave my children under her charge, and, failing her, Emily Foster's. She said she would be most delighted to take charge of them. I said that unless some extraordinary revolution happened there was enough settled on them to educate them well, viz.:

" In money settled on them and Harriet, . . . . .	£4000
Insured on my life, and not liable for my debts, . . . . .	3500
	<hr/>
	£7500
Insured on my life, but liable for my debts, . . . . .	2000
	<hr/>
	£9500

"This was very delightful for me to know, and it seemed to me all of a sudden that I ought to stay in *this* country for my dear children's sake, and also for my own, to be near my Harriet's remains, so that when it pleases God to take me home where now, indeed, my earthly as well as my heavenly treasure is, the mortal part of me may be laid beside her.

"When the relatives and friends began to assemble, I went into the back bedroom with Maria, J. Walter, Charlotte, Emily Foster, and John Hone, and, by the bye, I read my blessed Harriet's will to Maria and Em, and the former read part to Anna Winthrop and Jane Hone. John Hone was allowed to read the whole, as my darling wife looked upon him as a son. The lady relatives were in the front bedroom, the gentlemen who came to the funeral were in the parlor and in Mr. Weeks' house next door, Mr. De Peyster's not being able to hold them all. Among them were the venerable Chancellor Kent, a cousin of Harriet's father, Philip Hone, Sam Howland, etc., etc., and most of the leading people in New York. The pall-bearers, who, it seems, must not be relatives, were: James F. De Peyster, Charles H. Russell, William Waddington, B. F. Dawson, Charles A. Clinton, Samuel S. Howland, Thomas Parker, George T. Elliot.

"The coffin was carried shoulder high along the west side of University Place and part of Washington Square, from whence it crossed into Dr. Hutton's church, through the center door, and we walked up the middle aisle, the coffin being placed in front of the pulpit.



I sat on a bench at its head, the rest of the people behind. The whole church and galleries seemed to be full of ladies and gentlemen. The organ first played, and the choir sang an anthem,—‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,’—after which Dr. Hutton read many beautiful verses from the Bible, of which he has given me a copy. Then old Dr. Knox, in whose church (Collegiate Dutch Church) Harriet sat when a child, prayed, then Dr. Hutton gave us a blessing, all very appropriate and soothing, and I think my blessed Harriet would have liked the respectful order, decency, and good taste of the whole thing. We then had the coffin put into the hearse, and a few near friends followed it up Fourth Street into Broadway, and down Broadway, where she had so often walked in all her youthful beauty, and down which she and I had driven as far as Niblo’s on Saturday evening, 11th inst., little thinking how our next drive down it would be. I, J. Walter, Willie, Mr. De Peyster, and John Hone were in the first carriage, immediately after the hearse. We crossed the South Brooklyn Ferry; the evening was beautiful. It was strange to be carrying her in her coffin to the very point where we landed so full of happiness on August 12, 1844, from the *Queen of the West*.

“We arrived at Greenwood Cemetery about 7 P. M., and reached Ocean Hill, where the grave is, about half past seven. I touched the coffin just as it was lowered down. There are three black seals on it at the hinge, sealed with my little seal. It was getting quite dark before I left, and Philip Hone said I had better come away. And there I buried Harriet! to rest, at least the mortal part of her, till the Resurrection morning, when I presume her blessed spirit will be again united to her lovely body, that lovely casket which first attracted me to the priceless jewel within. She is now a happy and blessed spirit before the throne of God, where I hope through the atoning blood of Christ my Saviour to join her in his good time.

“We drove home from Greenwood and left Willie at the New York Hotel, and J. Walter and I went with Mr. De Peyster to his house, where we had tea; he kindly walked home with Charlotte, Bessie, John Walter, and me. I then read Jay to the children, and so ended my blessed Harriet’s funeral day. I have been wonderfully supported, and have had strong proof, if such had been wanting, that she and I have not followed ‘cunningly devised fables.’”

## CHAPTER XV.

CONTAINS HARRIET'S LAST COUNSELS TO ME AS EXPRESSED IN HER WILL.

"MONDAY, April 20, 1846. Awoke very early and 'communed with my heart upon my bed.' After breakfast began to put things in order, write up the house book, etc., etc., look over some of my darling wife's papers. Mr. De Peyster came in and brought me Jacob Harvey's note expressing his sympathy in very strong terms, also a slip cut from the *Telegraph* newspaper, which I have quoted above.

"Although *I* never shall forget my blessed Harriet's lovely character, let me now jot down for the benefit of her younger children the following traits : She was very lively and full of fun, but innocent fun,—not a particle of sarcasm,—very witty, and could write off poetry almost as fast as prose when she chose to do so. She had the most angelic temper, yet firm and decided when she thought it necessary to be so. Although it is much to say of a human being, I do think she was *totally devoid of selfishness*. In all our married life of fifteen years and seven months I never saw a single instance of it. She always loved to make those around her happy, and had a particular knack in interesting, pleasing, and teaching children, and never got out of patience with them. With great general kindliness of feeling, she had *deep, deep affection* for those she loved. Her face was the very mirror of truth and candor. Her eyes large grayish blue of the most intellectual sort, yet full of kindness and love, long black eyelashes, and the most beautiful delicately penciled eyebrows ever seen on human face. Her nose of the Grecian sort, her brow high and beautifully white, and her cheeks finely shaped and always with a beautiful tinge of rose color ; her lips full, and though her mouth was not large, it was larger in proportion than the rest of her features. Her ears were small and very beautiful, and her head had most delicate shape; her hair a beautiful fine glossy black, not a gray hair in it when she died, and when young, and when she was first married, she used to wear it in natural ringlets, and although latterly she braided

it, she had only to pass it over her finger to make it curl beautifully. Her teeth were very white, and as her lips were always a little parted, they were a noticeable part of her face. She had a lovely neck and shoulders, with a skin like driven snow; a beautiful figure, with a very small, trim foot and ankle : I could always span her ankle with my hand. She was altogether a perfect Hebe in her appearance and shape, and the pure and blessed spirit within was far more beautiful even than the temple which contained it, lovely as that was. She was taken from me in the very prime of her matronly beauty, having just completed her thirty-sixth year on April 12.

“ ‘ Encompassed in an angel’s form  
An angel’s spirit lay.’ ”

“ Her appearance to the last was graceful and youthful ; she did not look over twenty-five. Oh ! what words can tell her character ; she was the very ideal of a perfect Christian lady. God only knows what I shall do without her. Oh ! may he supply her place to me and the children, and lead us and guide us in the way she walked, and at last receive us all unto himself, there to be forever united with her in singing the praises of the Lamb. The last time she was able to go to church was Sunday, March 29 ; she walked with me to Dr. Hutton’s dressed in her jet-black silk frock, India shawl, and white satin hat trimmed inside with pink, and she never looked more lovely.

“ To-night Dr. Knox called and sat a few minutes ; he knew Harriet as a child and all her father’s family ; thirty-one years ago there were nine of them, and the father and mother alive, and all in great prosperity, and now only three left.

“ I have had a sore time of it to-day ; my bereavement seems heavier than I can bear. I have arranged all her letters I got in New Orleans. John Hone called in the evening and did me good ; so did De Peyster and Emily and Foster. I got the deed for the ‘ parcel of ground ’ at Greenwood ; it cost me one hundred dollars. O God, grant me patience and resignation under thy chastening hand, and keep me from driving away my melancholy by returning to business, but may I ‘ hear the rod, and who hath appointed it.’ ”

“ Wednesday, April 22. Yesterday I got the European letters till 4th inst., all quite pleasant, although I had expected very disagreeable ones. John D. and all want me home, but I feel that I

cannot go for good, at least at present. All the children, even Bessie, want now to stay here. My present idea is to go home myself in July, and return here October 4, and make arrangements for remaining here. I engaged Mrs. Anthony from May 25 till November 1, at twelve dollars per month, to take charge of the baby.

"Thursday, April 23. Writing to Anna. Then Maria De Peyster came, and we got the most of my blessed wife's clothes arranged, the rest to be done to-morrow morning. Among my papers I found the following written in pencil. Harriet scribbled it off the day we landed from the *Queen of the West*, August 12, 1844, and had flung it, I recollect, in the fire at Glen Cove, and I snatched it out when partially burned.

" ' Oh! gallant Captain Woodhouse—Captain Phil,  
 I'm asked to sketch thy portrait, and I will.  
 An honest tar, with weather-beaten face,  
 Whose pleasant features might a landsman grace ;  
 A voice of thunder, and a heart of steel  
 Where danger is—and yet that heart can feel  
 For steerage woes, and lend a timely aid  
 To those whom want or hunger have dismayed.  
 The infant prattles on his friendly knee,  
 No fear at that now gentle voice hath he,  
 While all, both young and old, admire the skill  
 With which he guides the helm, brave Captain Phil.  
 And now the passengers our notice claim ;  
 We'll introduce them here to you by name.  
 There's Cook and Gregg, two merchants from one town,  
 And " Longman," with his coat of dingy brown,  
 And lazy gaping mouth, which never shuts  
 Unless to crack stale jokes and hazel nuts ;  
 An owner of poor slaves is he, and one  
 Who " larrups his own niggers " all for fun !  
 A contrast here is Guenther, mild and good,  
 To whom the little birds look up for food ;  
 And Kennedy, whose gentlemanly ways  
 Will cause the most censorious to praise.  
 There's Wagaman, the doctor, Willcox, Smith,  
 And Pearson, who makes up just the fifth  
 Of ciphers in this budget nice of mine,  
 On whom I cannot waste another line.  
 There's Carcasson, a sort of monkey man,  
 Whose gambols make us laugh, refrain who can.

There's Southgate, missionary, there's Brodhead, too,  
 Esteemed by all, though favorite of few ;  
 And yet the Woods, who know the matter best,  
 Say J. R. Brodhead is worth all the rest.  
 Next come the family of Woods, but here  
 I pause and hesitate, and somewhat fear  
 To trumpet forth the praises that are due,  
 To such a family—so pass on to  
 Our noble ship, of packet ships the best.'

"My darling one could write such verses as the above as quickly as prose.

"Tuesday, April 28. Fourteen days to-day since my blessed Harriet was confined. On Friday last, 24th inst., Tom Kane arrived from Philadelphia to see me ; he is a very kind little fellow and his society has cheered me. On Sunday, 26th inst., Tom Sellar arrived from Cuba *via* Charleston, much sunburned, but stout and well. He did not hear of dear Harriet's death till he arrived at the hotel. On Monday, 27th, I went with Maria De P. to Staten Island, and engaged rooms and board for myself and the children at Miss Morris', New Brighton. I read to Sellar after I came home the latter part of Harriet's will, where she gives her confession of faith, and to-day I read it to Tom Kane. I hope it may be blessed to both. It seems to me I feel her loss more and more. God give me grace to submit humbly and even cheerfully to his will. I wrote to-day to the trio anent my plan of staying here.

"April 29, 1846. Dr. Hutton gave me last Sunday a copy of the verses from the Bible which he read at my blessed Harriet's funeral. They are as follows :

"'Come, and let us return unto the Lord : for he hath torn, and he will heal us ; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.'

"'The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.'

"'He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted ; neither hath he hid his face from him ; but when he cried unto him, he heard.'

"'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.'

"'The Lord will not cast off forever : but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.'

“ ‘All things work together for good to them that love God.’

“ ‘Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright : for the end of that man is peace.’

“ ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’

“ ‘The day of death is better than the day of one’s birth.’

“ ‘The righteous shall enter into peace.’

“ ‘There the wicked cease from troubling ; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together.’

“ ‘The righteous hath hope in his death.’ [And what a hope! W. W.]

“ ‘We know that, when Jesus shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is.’

“ ‘I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also.’

“ ‘We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’

“ ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them.’

“ ‘Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus.’

“ ‘Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.’

“ ‘They shall walk with me in white : for they are worthy.’

“ ‘They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’

“ ‘I saw no temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.’

“ ‘Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.’

“And here is a fitting place to insert my best beloved’s will of March 25, 1846 :



“ ‘ NEW YORK, March 25, 1846.

“ ‘ MY BELOVED HUSBAND :

“ ‘ At your request I sit down to express to you some thoughts and wishes respecting our dear children and yourself in the form of a will, though if *in all things*, as circumstances arise, you ask God to direct you, I have *no will* respecting either them or yourself but *your will*, guided by your excellent natural common sense, after having “ committed your way ” unto our heavenly Father by earnest, fervent *prayer*, *waiting* for his answer, and trusting in his promise that he “ will direct your paths.” Having written to you many letters, as you know, in the form of a will previous to my confinements, and finding many reasons after for altering my opinions and wishes, it leads me greatly to distrust my own judgment, for in all things we must be guided by the new events and circumstances constantly arising in our everyday history, and you, my beloved William, must not go by *the letter* of this will, but by *the spirit*.

[Passages relating to J. Walter Wood are omitted by his desire.—  
E. D. KANE.]

“ ‘ Our dear Charlotte has irritable nerves and an anxious disposition. She must guard against a fretful temper, and cultivate cheerfulness and a contented mind. She is too fond of neglecting reading, or, when she reads, of reading story books, a sort of unnatural appetite far from wholesome, while the reading of other books, such as travels, history, or biography, strengthens the mind and makes many a weary hour pass pleasantly and profitably. It would be at once a safeguard against the habit of fretfulness and wandering from one trifling thing to the other, without plan or object but to get rid of time that is hanging heavy on her hands. Will my dear Charlotte attend to this matter for her own sake and for her mother’s? She should not be allowed to study too hard at school, or for school, any more than *you* should apply yourself too closely to *business*. Both her bodily and mental health suffer by it. The mental suffering shows itself in this peevishness and irritability before spoken of, and the bodily suffering by her looks, headaches, and disordered stomach.

“ ‘ Even dear Bessie needs much overlooking and watching respecting the books she gets hold of ; though fond of wholesome reading, she has a great or greater craving for trashy stories from annuals or newspapers, as bad for the mind as novel reading, and creating a

*disrelish* for useful and healthful reading, which is unprofitable and useless, is an abuse of God's gifts, injurious to the mind and reason he has given us for his own purpose, and a waste of that time and leisure which are also a gift from him, to be used, and not abused. Of course I would not prohibit an occasional perusal of a fictitious work, as some of them are not only good in themselves, but relax the mind and amuse for a time from more serious duties; but I would prohibit irregular and promiscuous reading of story books and silly authors. Will my dear husband see and provide *good, useful*, and, at the same time, *interesting* and *instructive* books for these dear children, as faithfully as he would provide food for the body? Don't encourage the writing of poetry in dear Charlotte; an occasional hymn or, if she be in the humor for it, a frolicsome piece she may indulge in, but she is too excitable to try to be a poetess.

“Let Harriet be carefully guarded from flattery and from silly young companions; she is already thoughtless and vain. May God guard her from the temptations which surround her! Willie and Helen are yet tender and innocent and may be molded to anything. Will my darling husband consider them, and the child that shall be born to him (if it live), as sacred loans from the hand of God, to be given up by him when he shall call them hence, and an account given of the manner in which their tender, innocent minds were guided?

“If, my beloved William, you should marry again, do it wisely, choosing a Christian helpmeet, and one that may have sense and discretion enough to make you willing to intrust the *whole charge* and bringing up of your children to her, should accident or death take you from them; but could you be as happy *alone* with your rapidly growing children, I should, of course, prefer that you did not venture your happiness and theirs in so perilous a lottery; but take God more closely to your heart than ever, as a never-failing friend and counselor, who has promised to be with the orphans and bereaved in all times of trial and difficulty. To you I would say: Desire not great things of this world for yourself or children, but pray earnestly that sound minds and sound bodies may be given to you, *and the true medium of happiness*, without danger, that is, “neither poverty nor riches.” Do not be solely or too much engrossed by business; take a moderate part in politics and your

country's good. *Without moderation* you may tumble headlong in a course that is not a good or a wise one, and temperance of *speech* and *action* becomes a Christian as much as temperance in meats or drinks. Try to be useful in the religious world and in the Church to which you belong, taking the Bible for your guide. If I die at this time, I would say that your best plan by far is to go home with the children and get your own friends to know and love them. I would not remain in the Everton house ; a new one would divert your mind and theirs, and they are such nervous, superstitious little creatures that visiting my old haunts again may excite a fear and terror in their minds which they may be ashamed to acknowledge, but which may greatly augment their misery at returning home without a mother's love and company.

“ ‘ If God should see fit to take me hence, I trust that both you and they will not indulge in useless grief, but at once turn your minds to active usefulness, endeavoring to be happy by doing the will of your Father in heaven, and looking forward with hope and certainty to that blessed reunion where sin and sorrow are no more.

“ ‘ I commit myself, soul and body, into the hands of my merciful Creator, feeling deeply my utter helplessness as a sinner in his sight, but trusting to that blood of cleansing which taketh away all sin—the blessed Lamb of God, Jesus, my all-sufficient Saviour. *He alone* is my *hope*. I trust his word that he will never leave me nor forsake me, vile and polluted as I am.

“ ‘ Perhaps Mr. Mills would bury dear Caroline beside me in Greenwood Cemetery, or, if his ground is already prepared, let me lie pretty near her.’

[Harriet omitted to sign the above beautiful letter.—WM. W.]

“ April 29, 1846. Tom Kane left this morning for Philadelphia. He is a kind-hearted, clever fellow.

“ May 1, 1846. I received yesterday a letter from my sister Eliza, dated Naples, March 3, 1846. She is going for a month to Rome, and then to Graefenburg in Germany. I regret to see no mention of God or heavenly things in all her letters. Oh ! may he be with her and James, and hedge up their ways so that they may be turned into the narrow path. My blessed Harriet's letters are a great consolation to me. They show her heavenly-mindedness so much, and

breathe so much of that 'good hope through grace.' By the bye, I can't find that expression in the Bible or in the little concordance which I have by me, and yet I think it or its equivalent is in the Bible.\*

"Monday, May 4, 1846. Three weeks to-day since my blessed wife was in all her beauty, the day before she was taken ill. I have been very low and sad to-day, thinking of my not having remained at home all Wednesday, April 15. Powell tells me that Harriet said several times that day she wished Mr. Wood were at home, and Mrs. Anthony, the nurse, said she (Harriet) first complained of a great feeling of cold internally, and wanted the doctor, as she felt uneasy. Margaret Hone, who was in the parlor, went for Dr. Berger, and then Powell immediately after, and then Dr. Trudeau came. I have already mentioned that the cold feeling was succeeded by heat, and then cold again. God have mercy on me ! The recollection of all her worth and loveliness, and her sufferings, and my great loss, nearly drive me distracted. If I had only stayed at home that Wednesday, April 15, from the office, I should have felt better, although I know *it was to be*. God's will be done, but it is an awful loss ! Powell says that once, when she was in Harriet's room on April 15, my blessed one shook her head very mournfully at her. I think she must have even then been alarmed, and, as she knew Dr. Burns' book well, she must have recollected his description of a 'weed,' or childbed fever. At the end of it he describes just her symptoms, and says immediate attention is necessary.

"Sent a *Telegraph* newspaper, with her obituary, to Archie Morison, Eaton Hall, near Norwich, per *Great Western*."

\* 2 Thess. ii. 13.—ED.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER OF 1846 IN NEW YORK AND NEW  
BRIGHTON, S. I.

"TUESDAY, May 5, 1846. Called on Dr. Hutton to-day and registered my little son's birth : 'Alexander Dennistoun Wood, born Tuesday, April 14, 1846.' The registry is kept in the Reformed Dutch Church, Washington Square, New York, and is a legal document.

"My mind much easier and more submissive to God's will to-day. Called on Maria De Peyster and had much pleasant conversation with her about my blessed Harriet ; old Mrs. Bedell there. When I came home to the New York Hotel, I found Mr. Mills, and afterward came Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Winthrop and Frank.

"Friday, May 15, 1846. I wrote by the steamer to-day to Mary, Anna, Aunt Helen, and my clerk, Henry Jones ; to the last about Ann Birch and Harriet's other two pensioners, Mrs. Saltus and 'Old Maggie,' and desired him to continue their pensions till I came home. Said to Anna that I changed my mind a dozen times a day about staying here or returning to Liverpool, but thought I ought to consider my children most, and J. Walter and Charlotte were very averse to returning. Sometimes I thought I would like to get into my old mill-horse work at Liverpool ; again I felt as if it would make me go crazy to be there without Harriet. I suppose by this time (Sunday, May 17) they will know in Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, and probably in Elie, of my irreparable loss ; and so I doubt not that prayer has been made for me and mine, and may God hear the petitions for Christ's sake. To-day Harriet's maternal uncle, Mr. David Codwise, her mother's youngest brother, called on me. He is a very hale, good-looking man, upward of sixty, and married to Harriet's cousin, who was a Miss Matilda Livingston, daughter of Captain Gilbert Livingston of a British cavalry regiment, who fought on the royalist side at the

Revolution, and had a pension of one hundred pounds per annum till his death ; and then his widow, Harriet's aunt, got fifty pounds per annum from the British Government till her death. She only died a few years ago ; was alive when I was married on September 15, 1830, and lived on the west side of Greenwich Street, below Rector. Mr. Codwise told me that Harriet's grandfather, John Kane of Dutchess County, was a very fine-looking, large, tall man, and a first-rate classical scholar, able to quote Homer and Horace. Mr. Codwise saw a great deal of the old gentleman at his sister's (Harriet's mother) house when he was a lad at college. Mr. David Codwise's great-grandfather spelled his name 'Godwise.' David Codwise, when a lad, used to walk every week forty miles to Stamford, Conn., where his father had a country house. His father was a shipmaster and owner of a brig called the *Maria*, built at Staten Island under his own superintendence. In her he traded between New York and Santa Cruz on his own account. He had one crew for eight years, and used to call them his 'boys.' When not at sea, they had half wages. He married a Miss Van Ranst, whose mother was a Beekman. Harriet's mother's name was Maria. There is a picture of her and of my blessed wife Harriet, when a child of two or three years old, in Charles Winthrop's (now Robert Winthrop's) possession. David Codwise told me that Harriet's grandfather, John Kane, was originally a tenant of the Livingstons in Dutchess County, where he kept a large store, and it was there that Captain Gilbert Livingston saw and fell in love with Miss Kane. Mr. Codwise says her father\* may afterward have acquired property of his own in that county, and that he married a Miss Kent, an aunt of Chancellor Kent.

"May 21, 1846. Got a very good daguerreotype taken of myself, and two taken of the daguerreotype of my blessed Harriet that was done in London in August or September, 1841 ; also one of Rogers' miniature of her taken in New York in the summer of 1829, when she

\* John Kane *did* own property of his own. It was confiscated by Act of Attainder, October 22, 1779. He subsequently enjoyed a pension from the British Government in consideration of his losses, and commissions in the British Army were offered to his sons. His house and store were standing when Judge John K. Kane was a young man. He described them in a letter to his father, Elisha, now in my possession.—E. D. KANE.



was nineteen, and one of the miniature taken of her by Hargreave in Liverpool, 1833, when she was just twenty-three.

"Saturday, May 23, 1846. Paid Booth's bill to-day for three drives with my beloved Harriet on 6th, 9th, and 11th of April. On the last-named date Harriet and I went with little Harriet after dinner round Tompkins Square, Gramercy Park, and then down Broadway below Niblo's. Many people were walking up and down Broadway, and I recollect remarking to my beloved one, that there they were walking as we walked seventeen years ago, and they would be doing so seventeen years after we were dead and buried. Little did I then think it would be the last drive I was ever to have with her. She was looking lovely that day. I believe it was the very day (May 23,\* 1829) seventeen years ago that I became engaged to Harriet at No. 40 Warren Street, front room, second story, used by Mr. John Hone as a library.

"Monday, June 1, 1846. Moved to-day from the New York Hotel, *without* my blessed Harriet, but with all *our* dear children. This was little Alick's first excursion. We drove down Broadway to the New Brighton ferryboat at Pier No. 1, North River. First came baggage cart, then a coach with Powell, Mrs. Anthony, and little Alick, Bessie, Harrie, and Helen, and in another Charlotte, J. Walter, Willie, and I. Maria De Peyster, Harriet and Julia Mills, Carrie Neilson, and Margaret Lawrence came to see us off, with little Willie Neilson. The day has turned out fine. Our rooms here at New Brighton (Miss Morris') seem clean and comfortable. I have many and undeserved mercies and blessings still about me, but how my blessed Harriet would have liked this place, if we had only been here instead of Glen Cove in 1844! However, my mind was much depressed then, and *I* might not have liked this any better than Glen Cove. Oh, let me learn by past experience to cultivate a cheerful and thankful disposition, and enjoy the blessings God gives me for the *present*.

"Tuesday, June 2, 1846. To-day I got my letters per *Hibernia* steamer till May 19, from Mary, Anna, Cross, Eleanor, John, Fanny, Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. Haywood, and Mr. Kelly, all very kind and sympathizing. It did me good to see how much my blessed Harriet

\* I don't see how I could make the mistake of taking April 11 for May 23, as I evidently did in writing the foregoing.—WM. W., May 3, 1892.

was beloved and esteemed. I only wish she had been here to see and enjoy the letters. Mary's, Anna's, and Cross' were particularly kind, and also the Rev. John Kelly's and Mrs. Humphreys'. Anna and Cross want me to come home, and as my blessed one also wanted me to go there, I suppose, if we all be spared, I must go next year with the children.

"Wednesday, June 3, 1846. Went to Maria De Peyster's with the above-named letters ; she wept over them, poor thing. I left Eleanor's (Mrs. Alexander Dennistoun) and Mr. Kelly's with her to read to poor Anna Winthrop.

"I see that my poor aunt Ann Wood, my father's eldest sister, died at Elie, May 13, 1846, and would be the first of the family to meet Harriet in heaven. She was told of Harriet's death the day she died.

"Tuesday, June 9, 1846. Went with De Peyster, Foster, and John Hone to dine at Foster's cottage near the telegraph station, Staten Island. My little Charlotte was there, and Maria, Jane Hone, Julia, Sarah, and Harriet Mills, and of course Emily Foster. These all came running out to meet me as we arrived, *but* my own blessed one was not there, she who was the life and soul of all these family reunions, who always looked the loveliest, and who always ran to meet me with her kind welcome. Her absence went to my heart like a knife, and made me miserable. Poor Maria has also a bad cough and looked ill. Charlotte quite enjoyed herself, so much is

' . . . the mind its own place,  
And of itself can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell.'

"Dear, dear Harriet, oh, what a wife she was ! what a sweet guide and counselor ! The very ideal of a perfect Christian wife and mother, and so lovely in face and person, so witty withal. I walked home by myself four miles and found the communing with my own thoughts was more wholesome than being in society.

"I took no wine, and by God's blessing will follow my blessed wife's advice to be temperate and moderate in all things.

"Wednesday, June 10, 1846. With Mr. De Peyster met Maria at the Staten Island boat, and went with them to see the interior of Trinity Church.

"Following is a sort of sketch of my blessed wife's character as

given in the Rev. John Kelly's letter to me of May 18, 1846, after receipt by him of the news of her death: 'It required indeed a very slight acquaintance with your late dear wife to perceive that she was distinguished by no ordinary excellence of character. Her intelligence, her sound good sense, her gentleness, her interest in the welfare of others, her admirable management of her own family, her sincere but unobtrusive piety, commanded more than the esteem of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and were capable of appreciating moral excellency, while her love of home, by concentrating these qualities in one place, heightened their influence there, and made her the light and joy of that domestic circle which she so richly adorned.' How true and just. God bless him for appreciating my darling as he did.

"Saw Captain Finch, now Captain Bolton, U. S. N., in the boat to-day; he did not know me. I saw him last when he dined with us in Liverpool in 1832, when John Walter was nine months old. The captain was an old beau of Harriet's.

"Saturday, June 13. There came to-day to our office in Wall Street a Mr. Isaac Pierson, who asked for me, saying that Mrs. Pierson, my aunt, was at the Western Hotel. I went there and saw her; she is about seventy-four, yellow and wrinkled, but still with some trace of what she was when I knew her as Aunt Mary Wood. She it was who, under God, converted her cousin, Dr. Thomas Chalmers, then minister of Kilmany, from a mere Deist to be the great Christian minister which he became. Now she looks like Meg Merrilies in a consumption; tall, gaunt, and, in fact, a specimen of the genus 'hag.' However, there she was, my father's sister, whom I had not seen for twenty-four years. The last time she had seen me I was in the Greek class at the University of Glasgow. It was most painful to me to think that here was a person so nearly related to me, who had never known me during all that part of my life that was worth living for, who had never seen my darling Harriet. After telling her stepson, the Mr. Isaac Pierson aforesaid, that he ought to take her in an omnibus up to Union Square, I repented, and took a coach to her hotel, and drove with her up to Union Square, Gramercy Park, etc. The last time I was riding there was with my blessed Harriet! What a contrast! I felt angry with myself for not feeling more kindly to Aunt Mary. Her clothes were good

enough, but pitchforked on her, and her hair was far from being nicely dressed.

“June 22. I saw her off on board the packet ship *Rochester*, bound for Liverpool. I was more reconciled to her appearance to-day. She has got a good stateroom and I gave the stewardess five dollars to take care of her. I also gave her my plaid to keep her warm, which I intended as an offset in my mind for the want of affectionate feeling to her. The wind is west, and I dare say she will have a fine passage. I did not take her down to Staten Island to see the children, as, if I felt as I did to her, when in my youth I had known her as a ladylike person, and they had no such recollection, their seeing her would have left on their young minds a painful and disagreeable impression of their grandaunt.

“Saturday, July 4, 1846. A ‘raw and gusty day,’ at least, rainy and foggy, and very cool for the season; the whole past month of June has been remarkably cold and wet for this climate. My dear Charlotte went up to visit the Winthrops at Dosoris, Long Island, on Thursday, 2d inst., with Mr. De Peyster and her aunt Maria; the latter was looking and feeling ill, with great pain in her chest, and also much distressed about her sister Cornelia’s approaching death, leaving her two orphan children, Mary and John Smyth, quite unprovided for. The latter is to be taken care of by his father’s relatives.\* The former (Mary) ought to be taken care of by her half sister, Cornelia Forsyth, but Mr. Forsyth objects; he must be a poor, miserable, contemptible, small-souled creature, as he is well off, and has only two children. I believe Mary Smyth is a fine, intelligent girl of about fifteen, and, I understand, a child of God. If it were not for the state of my finances, and that my uncles might mentally object to my so increasing my already large family, I would like much to take and bring up Mary Smyth. She would be a fine companion for Charlotte, and my blessed Harriet thought a great deal of her. Perhaps when I go home I may see a way to do this. She has two claims, as one of God’s dear children and as Harriet’s

\* Which he wasn’t, but by his aunt, Maria De Peyster. He subsequently became a clerk in Dennistoun, Wood & Co.’s office, went to Melbourne, Australia, and died in 1891, Vice Consul General for the United States there. Mary was a lovely, good girl, married a Mr. Rathbun of Albany, was thrown from her carriage there and killed on the spot some years ago. (I write this March 8, 1892.)

niece. I recollect she and I spoke about it before she was taken ill, and she would have liked to do it if we could afford it.

"This day (July 4) last year we went in two carriages to Oyster Bay. Charles Winthrop and I were in one, and Harriet, Maria, and Mr. De Peyster in the other. We bathed, pulled cherries, etc. Afterward there was a ball in the evening at Glen Cove. I recollect that I did not much enjoy the day. O God, how I have despised and neglected thy great mercies! to think of my not rapturously enjoying any party in which my blessed Harriet was. Yet I fancy it was because I could not get enough of her society to myself.

"Thursday, July 9, 1846. Went to Greenwood Cemetery with Mr. De Peyster to see the monument erected to my darling Harriet. It is of grayish red sandstone, the same as Trinity Church is built of; it is a plain column, standing on a cubical base, and on the top of the column a lachrymatory urn with a wreath round it. The monument looks elegant and modest, like her dear, sweet self, and I think she would have been pleased with it. I thanked God that he had enabled me to afford to put up this small token of respect to her blessed memory.

"The inscription is as follows :

IN MEMORY OF  
HARRIET AMELIA,  
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JOHN KANE OF NEW YORK  
AND WIFE OF  
WILLIAM WOOD OF LIVERPOOL.

Born in New York April 12, 1810,

Married September 15, 1830,

And after an absence of fourteen years in Great Britain, while on a visit to

her native country,

Died in New York

April 17, 1846,

In full assurance of eternal happiness through the atoning blood of her Redeemer.

'Encompassed in an angel's form

An angel's spirit lay.'

"The plot of ground is surrounded by a neat iron railing with every now and then an iron torch inverted as a supporter. It is

overhung by four trees, and is on a slope facing the southeast and overlooking a flat plain and the ocean beyond it. It is a beautiful spot, cheerful and pleasant. I hope against hope that I may some day lie beside her there on the right side of the monument ; she lies on the left. If I do not lie there, yet, thank God, through that precious blood of Christ, we shall meet at the right hand of God to rejoice together in his glorious presence. Oh ! God be with me and mine even unto the end. I sometimes realize in a faint degree the joy we shall feel in meeting at our Father's throne.

“ ‘ My first, last love ; the idol of my youth,  
The darling of my manhood, and alas !  
Now the most blessed memory of mine age.’

“ Monday, July 13, 1846. Took John Walter, Charlotte, Bessie, Harriet, Willie, Helen, and Powell, ‘the nurse,’ to Greenwood Cemetery, going from this (Staten Island) in the 8 A. M. boat to New York, and thence to Brooklyn, where I got a coach and a cab. They were all very much pleased with the monument. Dear little Harriet read the inscription aloud. I thought I saw the tears in J. W.’s, Charlotte’s, and Powell’s eyes. My ground is really a sweet spot, and I think the monument the most elegant and classical in Greenwood. We returned by the noon boat, and then I began to pack for my European voyage. The day was very fine. I dined with the children at Miss Morris’, and intend to leave to-morrow for Boston, to sail thence for Liverpool per *Britannia* steamer, the first built of the Cunard line and only eight hundred tons burden. May God in his mercy watch over my dear children and myself, and spare us to ‘bear one another’s burdens.’ I have copied out that part of my darling Harriet’s will relating to John Walter, and on another paper those facts relating to the other children, leaving the former with John Walter and the latter with Charlotte, and on July 11 I wrote a sort of letter of advice, in case of my death, addressed to all my children. The original I leave with Charlotte and a press copy with John Walter.

“ July 14, 1846. I left New York *en route* for Boston by the *Oregon* steamer, and had a beautiful sail up the Sound, but I felt very melancholy and depressed when we passed Glen Cove and the locust



grove on the bluff near Mrs. Clement's where Harriet and I had so often sat together in the summers of 1844 and 1845.

"July 15, 1846. Arrived at Boston at 6 A. M., and put up at the Albion Hotel. Ascended the Bunker Hill Monument with Tom Sellar. There is a fine view from it, but not so good as from the State House. Wrote part of a letter to John Walter in the evening. I am much disappointed with the size of our stateroom in the *Britannia*."

## CHAPTER XVII.

SUMMER OF 1846—I RETURN ALONE TO ENGLAND, AND IN THE AUTUMN COME BACK TO MAKE MY HOME IN NEW YORK.

“ I SAILED per steamer *Britannia* for Halifax and Liverpool, July 16, 1846. There were many ministers on board, going to attend the *first meeting* of the Evangelical Alliance in London. Some time on the 18th we struck upon the Jiddaw ledges, and there we were hard and fast, with a slight swell and the steamer rolling and grating on the rocks. The boats were all got ready for launching, and cork jackets were distributed all about to the passengers, many of the ministers putting them on. I and Sellar and several Southern men, about sixteen in all, had got the steward to give us downstairs a large room where we took our meals. That day all were so anxious about our probable shipwreck that no one went down to dinner but myself and Joshua Dixon of New Orleans, nicknamed ‘ The Parson,’ from his sober, quiet manners. While sitting at dinner we could feel and hear the ship grating upon the rocks. When we had finished the first courses, Dixon was for going on deck without the dessert. I said : ‘ No, let us go calmly through the whole thing,’ which we did, and then went on deck, where the passengers were walking up and down, very anxious. The engineer had advised the captain to let him empty one of the boilers, which was done, and the steamer floated and backed off the rock on which we had first struck, only to strike and stick upon another. I went down to my stateroom, put all the gold I had into my pockets, wrote on my card where to send my body if we were all drowned, and put it in my pocketbook, and then was ready for the worst. After several maneuvers we did get off all the rocks, with a hole in the fore part of the steamer, and making a good deal of water. Finally we reached Halifax, where a survey was held on the *Britannia*, and a bulkhead built across the fore part of the steamer and the hole plugged up in some way. After a day’s detention we resumed our voyage. I had written to Charlotte from Halifax, telling

her of our danger and inclosing the card on which I had written about my body. Unfortunately on opening my letter the card dropped out of it, and she read the card first, which nearly frightened her out of her wits, poor little thing. After leaving Halifax, with all our repairs, we still made a quantity of water, and our pumps were kept going all the time. When off Newfoundland, the pumps got choked by some small coal, and the captain thought it might be necessary to put into port there again. However, the coals were cleared away, the pumps acted well again, the weather was fine, and we crossed the Atlantic with the pumps going the whole time. We arrived off Tuskar at 10 P. M. on July 30, and on Friday, July 31, arrived at the Coburg Dock, Liverpool, where the dock authorities allowed the *Britannia* to keep her furnaces burning that the pumps might work and keep her free of water until the cargo was landed and she could be placed on the gridiron and the hole in her forefoot properly repaired. I saw her there, and the hole looked upward of a foot square, and there were probably other holes in her bottom. I suppose if the weather had been boisterous we should all have gone to the bottom.

"Sunday, August 2, 1846. I went to the Everton Crescent Independent Chapel (Rev. John Kelly's) and partook of the Lord's Supper, and was much comforted and edified. Between the morning and afternoon services I went to my own house, No. 1 Netherfield Road South, Everton, and was soothed by being where my blessed Harriet and I had been so much together, although the contrast between my leaving on July 6, 1844, and my returning on August 2, 1846, was very sad. I had a key of the playroom on the third story, which had been locked up since 1844, when we left; the Crosses had possession during our absence. The room floor had nearly half an inch of dust on it, and there was a platform with various arrangements, made for the children's last Christmas festivities by Harriet. The sight made me inexpressibly sad, and I thought that I could not possibly return to my Everton house without her. This was on Sunday, August 2.

"By the way, Anna and Eliza, who had written, blaming me for the feeling I had toward Aunt Mary Pierson when she dropped down upon me in New York from Missouri, told me that when she got to Liverpool per *Rochester* they were staying at New

Brighton, and went down to receive her at the pier there, and take her up to the hotel they were staying at. When they saw her, they did not wonder at my feelings at her queer appearance, and they walked one on each side of her with their parasols so held before her as to prevent her being seen on their way to the hotel, where they could overhaul her backwoods dress.

“Monday, August 3, 1846. I had a long conversation with my sister Eliza, and although much depressed since my return to Liverpool by the contrast between the past and the present, I had made up my mind to remain in Liverpool, especially as Harriet wished it. I have prayed fervently that God will direct me what to do, and in such a way that there may be no mistake about it.

“August 4, 1846. To-day John Dennistoun reached Liverpool from London, and he, Uncle Alick, Cross, and I had a preliminary meeting to talk over matters as to the future carrying on of the business. I went to the meeting fully intending to remain in Liverpool. John D. asked me what my feelings were on the subject, which I stated, but said I wished him and my uncle Alick to decide upon what they considered best for the business without reference to my feelings. Uncle Alick said that he thought I had better return to New York, and it was at once decided that the New York firm name should be changed from Dennistoun & Co. to Dennistoun, Wood & Co. I am to continue to have the share I have in the general business and £1000 salary per annum in addition, T. Sellar to remain in Liverpool with John Yuille. My uncle Alick’s decision has probably fixed my fate and that of my dear children for life, and though contrary to my blessed Harriet’s wish, and my own idea of duty in view of her wishes, I have no doubt that the decision is right, as I have so often prayed that God would decide for me in such a way as might be most conducive to my spiritual welfare, and also in such a way as might leave me in no doubt about the matter, and he seems to have done so.

“I have spoken to Cross to-day about shutting the New Orleans office on Sundays, but not yet to the others. I took wine to-day for the first time since Harriet’s funeral, April 19.

“My uncle Alick drove me out in the neighborhood of Liverpool, to tell me that he had bought up, with John, the Hopes’ shares in the Borough Bank of Liverpool, and that they were going to appoint

Wm. Cross manager with a salary of £2500 per annum. I said I was very sorry to hear about the purchase of the Borough Bank shares, and of Cross leaving our business. I told Uncle Alick that I feared, in case of any financial crisis, we would fall between two stools. Heretofore we could always count upon help from the Glasgow Bank if we needed it, although they charged a good price for their assistance, selling out Consols if necessary to give us money, and when we repaid the loan, with interest, buying back Consols if they were lower then when they sold them, and pocketing the difference; but if they had to buy in Consols at a higher rate, they charged us with the difference. Now, I said, the Glasgow Bank, in case of a crisis, will tell us to apply to the Borough, and the Borough will probably send us back to the Glasgow.

“Cross was in high feather about his appointment as manager of the Borough Bank, and wanted me, as his wife’s trustee, to invest her money in its shares, as he was certain they would rise in value under his management. This I decidedly refused to do, as I thought it highly inexpedient to invest trust money in banking business. Cross was ruffled at this, and asked me if I did not think him capable of managing a bank; I said I would show him that I *did* think him capable of doing so by buying myself 1000 shares of the Borough Bank at their par value of £10 per share, which I did; my objection was only to putting *trust* money into any investment where there was a banking risk.

“I spoke to Uncle Alick about the large salary Cross had as manager of the Borough Bank, and he said if I chose to give up my share of our business and take a salary of £2500 per annum he was willing to make the arrangement. I replied that I *would* take the salary and give up my share of the business; but John Dennistoun demurred to any such arrangement, and Cross said I would be a great fool if I made it—that he believed with my salary and share I would make much more than £2500 per annum. He believed that our business profits would be £20,000 per annum, and, if so, my share would be one-eighth, equal £2500, and salary £1000, equal £3500 per annum. On the other hand, I say we will not make above £10,000 per annum, my share of which would be £1250, and salary £1000, equal £2250. How true my blessed one’s saying was that we should always be taken care of, and how true to me

the 20th and 21st verses of the 71st Psalm, which she has marked in her Bible: 'Thou, that has showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness and comfort me on every side.' "

In my diary about August 4-10 there are various entries about cotton and flour, and future business arrangements, and this curious memorandum: to 'talk with Tom Sellar as to the brusquerie of his manners.' My recollection of him for the many years I knew him was that his manners were pleasant and agreeable, and *my* speaking to him about 'brusquerie' was akin to 'Satan reproving sin.'

On August 10, 1846, I went to London; a visit to my uncle John Dennistoun and Fanny, his wife, at their then residence in one of the three Grosvenor Place houses overlooking Queen's Garden across Grosvenor Place. His lease is only for 85 years, and for the lease he paid £8500, besides £100 per month rent. The furniture and painting cost him £8000, of which the painting of the drawing room was £750, and of the roof £300. He could sell in the season the house with the furniture as it stands for £20,000, or rent it for £1200 per annum. The drawing room is in the shape of a trapezium, the longer leg which goes across the house 55x22, and the other fronting on Grosvenor Place 35x25.

"On August 11, 1846 (Tuesday), went with John D. to the House of Lords, and heard a most interesting debate on what was called the 'Hounslow flogging case.' A private, White, had been literally flogged to death, at least he died from the flogging. The Lords of Whig politics sat on one side of the House, and the Tories opposite them. The Duke of Wellington sat on a bench of which there were several running across from the Whigs to the Tories, hence the papers spoke of 'the noble duke on the cross benches.' He rose, holding himself very erect, with a fine military bearing, spoke distinctly, but with somewhat of the mumbling of old age, was apologetic about the Hounslow case, hoped that in time they would be able to maintain discipline in the army without flogging, etc., etc. The others who took part in the debate were Lord Monteagle, formerly Spring Rice, Lord Fortescue, Lord Brougham, in black frock coat and checked black and white trousers—the cuts in *Punch* represent him exactly; he was very restless when sitting down and continu-



ally scratching the back of his head. The Duke of Buckingham also spoke, and the Duke of Grafton, the descendant of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn. The Earl of Stanhope, dressed all in brown with a brown wig, also spoke ; he was in Paris at the time of the first revolution, adopted revolutionary principles, and called himself 'Citizen Stanhope.' Saw also Earl St. Germans, late Lord Eliot ; also Bishop Stanley, who belongs to the eldest branch of the noble family of Stanley, the Stanleys of Alderley in Norfolk. Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, in his gown and lawn sleeves, also took part in the debate ; he is the son of William Wilberforce, and is nicknamed 'Soapy Samuel.'

"I saw several messages delivered to the Lords by a deputation from the House of Commons, headed by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, a very dandified gentleman, with ruffles, and his wristbands turned over his coat sleeves. The Usher of the Black Rod, in a black velvet court dress and court sword by his side, when the deputation entered, called out : 'My Lords, a message from the Commons !' Whereupon the Lord Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, formerly Sir Lucas Pepys (and of the same family as Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty in James II.'s time, and writer of the Diary), rose from the woosack, a large crimson-colored sofa, shaped like a woosack, with ears at the four corners, and marched down, with the purse in his hand, to the bar. He (the Chancellor) was a comical-looking figure with his scarlet robe and ermine trimmings, and his great curled wig. He had to hold up his robe, or gown, as he walked to the bar, and looked like a crazy old woman. The 'purse' was like a small carpetbag with the arms of England embroidered on it in gold and silver. This he laid upon the bar, and Mr. Grantley Berkeley laid *upon* it—not in it—one of the bills from the Commons. Then the Chancellor turned, walked back to the woosack, sat down, and no sooner there than the Usher of the Black Rod called out : 'My Lords will return an answer by messengers of their own !' This might happen fifty or sixty times a day, if there were as many bills. To-day I think there were twenty. When they were all presented, the Lord Chancellor put on his three-cornered cocked hat, and, *sitting down*, said to the Commons at the bar : 'My Lords will consider and send messengers of their own.' My Lords kept the deputation from the Commons waiting and standing on their feet for half an hour.

"August 12, 1846. Two years to-day since I landed in New York with my wife and children. I went with John D. to-day to Richmond to see his little son James, and spent an hour at the Castle Inn there. A beautiful day. Returning, saw the Duchess of Gloucester and Lady Clementina Villiers on their way to some dinner party. We also saw Lord Campbell (Plain John) and his daughters in the park, to whom John bowed. After our return from Richmond there was a large party at John's house, and we did not sit down to dinner till 8.15 P. M. One of the party, to whom John introduced me, was a German baron, a colonel in one of our cavalry regiments. He had a fine military carriage, as erect as possible, but his face was seamed with the wrinkles of old age, for he was eighty, which I thought a wonderful age."

From London I returned to Liverpool to attend to various business arrangements, which having completed, Will Cross, Mylne, and I started off for a jaunt to the Highlands, etc.

I received on my arrival from London, on August 13, a letter from Maria De Peyster, dated July 28, telling me that my poor little Alick was taken ill with cholera only three days after I left, on July 17, and died July 25, and was buried July 27 beside his blessed mother.

"August 20, 1846. Left Liverpool for a jaunt to the north of England and Scotland, accompanied by Will Cross and W. C. Mylne. On our journey north we noticed field after field as black as coal from the effects of the potato disease. We reached York that night and slept at the George Hotel. It and the Black Swan are the two best hotels in that ancient city. Next day went through York Minster, in the afternoon proceeding to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and slept at the Queen's Head. Saw the old Norman castle, originally the *new* castle; one room forty feet high. In the town there are many so-called 'chares,' or narrow lanes, like those in Genoa or Trieste.

"On August 22, 1846, by coach to Berwick, passing Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Percys. From Berwick to Edinburgh by the North British Railway, along the coast and behind North Berwick Law and the Bass Rock, opposite Elie. I had all my life seen these beautiful objects on their northern side, looking from Elie. In passing through East Lothian, or Haddingtonshire, noticed that the

farming was splendid, but the potato and bean crops were destroyed by the prevailing disease.

"August 23, 1846. Heard in Edinburgh my old fellow-collegian at the University of Glasgow, Dr. Candlish, preach a clever sermon, marred, however, by his voice and delivery. Cross went with me to church. In the afternoon called on Mrs. Patrick Wood, the second wife and widow of my uncle, the captain, whose grave I visited in the Dean Cemetery. Spoke of bringing out to my office in New York young Walter Wood, the captain's son, whom I christened 'Walter the Savage' to distinguish him from the other Walters in the family. If he do come to my office, I hope it may be for his good. I would like to render the dear old captain 'contrariwise blessing' for *not* making me, his eldest nephew, his executor, instead of Will Cross, who is not a drop's blood to him, although a nephew by marriage.

"I reached the dear old house at Elie on August 25, 1846. I walked out to the Links, near Lady Anstruther's bathing house, where Harriet and I had walked together in the summer of 1842, when she was in mourning for her sister Charlotte Heyworth, and wore a white muslin, with a black pattern on it, which was most becoming to her.

"On Monday, August 31, I was at Lagarie, staying with my uncle Alick, in the beautiful cottage which was my aunt Walter's, and would probably have been mine had she not died suddenly and unexpectedly. It is on the north shore of the Gareloch, opposite the Duke of Argyll's seat of Roseneath. I wrote to Mr. Stitt of Liverpool, offering my Netherfield Road house at Everton, Liverpool, for £2200 sterling cash, or one-third cash and two-thirds mortgage, with interest at five per cent.

"Wednesday, September 2, 1846. Went to visit my sister Mary and her husband, Robert Ferguson, at Blantyre Lodge on the Clyde, not far from Bothwell Castle, the seat of Lord Douglas.

"On September 9 I went into Glasgow, and, with Baillie Banken, visited the Merchants' House Cemetery. In a vault there belonging to my uncle Alick Dennistoun are deposited my mother's remains and those of my father. The vault is just southeast of Knox's monument, across the walk.

"New Brighton, on the Mersey, opposite Liverpool, Saturday,

September 26, 1846. I have just been packing up my things to go over to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on Monday, September 28, and among my papers I found the following in my father's handwriting: Elizabeth Dennistoun [my mother], born August 31, 1787; Alexander Dennistoun [late M. P. for Dumbartonshire], born April 14, 1790; Mary Dennistoun [Mrs. Walter Wood], born April 16, 1792; William Dennistoun [died young], born January 8, 1795; James Dennistoun, born February 4, 1799, died June, 1828; Margaret [died young], born December 8, 1800; John [M. P. for Glasgow], born March 19, 1803.

"I have copied the above before sending the original to Eleanor (Mrs. Alexander Dennistoun), in case I should die in America, and my children should have any curiosity about my dear mother's family."

On Monday, September 28, 1846, I believe I went from New Brighton in Cheshire to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, so as to make the most of the short time that was left to me in England to perfect my business and other arrangements.

It was arranged that my youngest sister, Eliza, was to accompany me to New York to take care of my house and help me to look after my children. This was not the sole object in view, or I could not have been so selfish as to allow her to leave her sisters and other relations, and come with me to 'a strange land.' It was deemed best for her own comfort and happiness that, under existing circumstances, she should live with me rather than with Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson or Mr. and Mrs. Cross. She was to be with me as a guest, and not to contribute in any way to my household expense. She was anxious to do this both when she lived with us in Liverpool and now, when she was going to live with me in New York, but I would not allow her to do so.

As well as I can recollect (for I have no memoranda on the subject), we sailed from Liverpool by the Cunard steamer *Hibernia*, Captain Lott, on Saturday, October 3, 1846, for Halifax and Boston. We had a very stormy passage. My old friend and partner William C. Mylne accompanied us. Some fifteen of us on board had a kind of private dining room for ourselves, and one very stormy night George Hopley of Charleston had brewed for us a large tureenful of a drink made of brandy, champagne, absinthe, and coffee (it has a name, but I forget it). It was then all mixed

together and set on fire, being stirred about by the maker all the time. This night we had asked Captain Lott to come down to our room and partake of Hopley's brew, which he did, when, lo and behold ! the ship gave a lurch, the heat had melted the soldering of the tureen, and its blazing contents were all over our cabin. We soon got the blaze put out, but the incident gave all of us such a fright that we had no more of the mixture.

As well as I recollect, we arrived at Boston on October 17. Mylne left for New York before Eliza was out of her stateroom, saying to me in his stiff old bachelor way : " Give my regards to Miss." When Eliza and I got to New York, I took her down to Miss Morris' at New Brighton, S. I., to see my children, and introduce her to Maria De Peyster and Emily Foster, who were still down on the island. After a little I took Eliza and my little band up to the New York Hotel, where we put up until I could find a suitable house. I fixed on 5 West Sixteenth Street, which was quite new and had never been lived in. It was built by a Mr. Oppenheim, and I rented it for twelve hundred dollars, which I recollect Maria De Peyster thought a very extravagant rate. It was thirty-four feet front and three stories high, and an admirable house in every way.

" On Monday, December 28, 1846, I left the New York Hotel for my new house, No. 5 West Sixteenth Street. Sent off Rachel, the nurse, with Helen, Willie, Harrie, and Bessie, and a lot of toys, in a coach, which then returned and took my sister Eliza, Charlotte, and John Walter. I left the New York Hotel on foot about 1 P. M. along with a cart load of baggage—no less than twenty-six packages. Went down Waverly Place and along Fifth Avenue. Alas ! how differently am I now situated from what I was when I left my house in Everton on July 6, 1844, with my beloved Harriet and my children. Still I am surrounded by comforts and blessings. Let me be thankful and look upward and onward.

" Tuesday, December 29, 1846. Arranged my books in the evening, and did not get to bed till 2 A. M., Wednesday, December 30, 1846."

So end my memoranda of that eventful and painful year, making a fit close of what I may call the First Book of my Autobiography. Shall I live ever to finish the other two ? \*

\* My father's death left his autobiography so incomplete that a different arrangement of the volumes has had to be made from that intended by him.—E. D. KANE.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A NEW BEGINNING OF LIFE—A HOME IN NEW YORK AND A SECOND WIFE.

“FRIDAY, January 1, 1847. Unpacked my two portmanteaus entirely; I believe the first time for two years and a half. A beautiful day. In the morning I went to Dr. Hutton’s church, Washington Square, alone, from whence Harriet was buried April 19, 1846. I then called at a Mrs. Scudder’s in Broadway, a little cottage standing back from the street between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, upon our poor nurse Powell, who was very ill. I read the 17th chapter of John’s Gospel to her, and repeated Bosworth’s hymn :

“ ‘ Where’er I turn, on every side,  
My guilt, O Lord, I see ;  
My secret, my presumptuous sins,  
All testify ’gainst me.

Defiled, polluted, vile, I stand  
Before thy searching eye ;  
Oh ! how can such a wretch as I  
To thee, great God, draw nigh ?

Unclean ! unclean ! on every side,  
Before thy feet I fall ;  
I bare my heart, Lord, and confess  
No good dwells there at all.

And did my soul’s salvation hinge  
On anything in me,  
Then, verily, my guilty soul  
Should ne’er salvation see.

But what though clothed with guilt I am  
As with a garment o’er,  
In Christ, the spotless Lamb of God,  
There’s boundless worth in store.



That worth his merit all divine  
Who died upon the tree  
Can bring the vilest near to God,  
And that's enough for me !' \*

"In the afternoon I went alone to Greenwood Cemetery and prayed at Harriet's grave.

"Eliza saw company this 1st of January, and had thirty callers. She thought it slow work.

"January 4, 1847. Called and saw poor Powell in the afternoon. She was unconscious.

"January 5, 1847. Powell died at 8 A. M. Mrs. Scudder says she smiled sweetly before her death.

"January 6, 1847. John Walter and I went in a carriage after Powell's hearse, and saw her buried in a vault at the back of the Carmine Street Baptist Church. Her coffin was plain mahogany, no name on it."

So far I have copied from my notebook. Now for some time I must trust to my memory.

In January and afterward we heard from the newspapers heartrending accounts of the result of the potato famine in Ireland. My sister Eliza's heart was greatly stirred by these, and she determined to give one thousand dollars to the New York Irish Famine Relief Fund, of which the treasurer was Robert B. Minturn. She sent her subscription as from "A Lady," but the check she sent was signed by Dennistoun, Wood & Co. in favor of R. B. Minturn, treasurer, and as it was by much the largest feminine subscription, there was a good deal of talk about who this "lady" could be. Among the inquirers was Mr. Alfred Pell, an intimate friend of Mr. Minturn's, who told him whose check came in payment of "A Lady's" subscription. With that clew I presume Mr. Pell had not much difficulty in finding out who the "lady" was. My sister had become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, and they asked her to dinner and invited Mr. Pell to meet her. He was a handsome, intelligent man, a widower with four sons, and was vice president of some fire insurance company; well connected, but extremely impecunious. He

\* March 25, 1892. I have written this from memory, not having seen it in print, so far as I can recollect, for forty or fifty years.

very soon began calling upon Eliza and paying her attention, at which I was not by any means pleased, especially as I fancied Eliza was not disinclined to accept his attentions, and, if she did, I might be left without any grown-up female relative in the house to look after the children. My diary says : " I am not in favor of Mr. Pell, but if Eliza really did like him, I should feel a delicacy in offering any opposition, as it might be said that I did not want Eliza to marry in order to keep her money in the family. Such an idea would be utterly wrong, because I only look to Eliza's own comfort and happiness, and should be delighted and thankful if she should find a man worthy of her, but I have a fear that Pell feels like the man in Burns' song :

" ' Oh ! gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
The nice yellow guineas for me.' "

We were doing a very large business all the spring in breadstuffs from New York and Canada for Liverpool, which was apparently profitable, and kept me extremely busy all the time between Wall Street and Front Street.

On March 31, 1847, I see that Mr. and Mrs. David Codwise, Mr. and Miss Livingston, Miss Ellen King, Miss Margaret Lawrence, and Miss Caroline Howland took tea at my house. I went home with Margaret Lawrence and Miss Howland in the carriage of the latter; we left Margaret at her father's house in West Twelfth Street, and then I drove with Miss Howland to her father's house in Washington Square, left her there, and walked home. If Eliza should leave me, then I thought one or other of these young ladies would make a good substitute.

On April 17, 1847, I went out to Greenwood with Maria, and on April 22 Miss C. H. called after dinner, and I walked home with her. I lent her *Punch*, and Beckford's " Travels in Portugal," which she returned to me on April 24, and on April 26 went to Richmond. On April 30 I see from my diary that I spoke to Charlotte about the possibility of my marrying again, but I have no note or recollection of how she took the information, which of course could not have been agreeable to her.

Up till May 1 we had been doing an immense and profitable busi-

ness, and I thought that we had already realized about one hundred thousand pounds sterling of profit.

On Sunday, June 6, asked Margaret Lawrence to be my wife, and was accepted by her, and I add in my diary: "God Almighty grant that this new connection may prove a blessing to both of us, and to the children."

Eliza and I, Willie and Harrie, drove out with Margaret Lawrence to her father's house at Astoria on June 12. Her aunt Maria De Peyster called at my house on her, and rather scolded her, telling her that the world would say she took me from interested motives, at which poor Margaret wept plentifully. J. Walter and Charlotte returned home from Philadelphia on that day much pleased with their visit to Judge Kane—poor Walter with his arm much hurt, but I forget how, and my notebook does not tell, Charlotte looking in much better health. The house felt much more cheerful after their return.

The business prospects in the beginning of June began to look squally, and I feared that I might begin to experience some difficulty in selling sterling exchange, as owing to our large shipments of breadstuffs we had been already large sellers, and from the aspect of the European grain markets I began to fear something might come in the way to prevent my marrying Margaret Lawrence; but, on the other side, I note in my diary: "I see the hand of God in bringing that matter about so far, and if God be with us, who can be against us? May he be with her and with me and with my dear children, for Christ's sake."

I had wanted to take Eliza and Margaret to Niagara, Canada, etc., but found that it was impossible for me to get away from the business, and by this time Eliza and Mr. Pell had become engaged, and J. Walter, Eliza, Margaret Lawrence, and Mr. Pell all set off on a jaunt together to West Point, per steamer *Alida*, then to the Catskills, Canada, and Niagara Falls. After their return from this jaunt, which they all enjoyed, I used frequently, in the afternoon, to leave Wall Street about half past four and go by steamboat to Astoria, and spend the evening at Mr. Lawrence's, and crossing by the then Astoria Ferry to Eighty-sixth Street, walk up it to Third Avenue, where if I caught a stage which started from corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Third Avenue about every hour for New York, good and well, but if not I

had a long, dreary walk through Jones' Woods. No omnibuses or elevated railroads in those days.

"July 6, 1847. Three years ago to-day since I left Liverpool with my sainted Harriet and our children. I went to Greenwood ; the roses about her monument in full bloom."

I continued working away as usual in my Wall Street office ; the news from Europe about breadstuffs and business generally becoming worse and worse, but I find no entries in my diary until Monday, October 4, when I find the following: "Received to-day the letters by the *Cambria* steamer announcing the failures of D. & A. Denny, Reid, Irving & Co., A. A. Gower & Nephews, and Sanderson & Co. Also the resolutions adopted at the general meeting of the partners in Glasgow. I am mad because these resolutions make no difference between me and the others ; while they have acted in an unbusinesslike manner, *I have not*. I feel much bothered about the next news by the steamer which will leave Liverpool to-morrow, if bad news do not come sooner by the French steamer leaving Cherbourg September 30. I feel uncomfortable about both the Borough Bank and the Union Bank of Scotland, and J. & A. Dennistoun as well. Don't like the Borough Bank borrowing fifty thousand pounds sterling from Brown, Shipley & Co. at 6½ per cent. per annum for three months. I fear that the Borough may suffer from Watson Brothers & Co.'s impending failure. I put down these things with a view to see whether my present gloomy anticipations will be realized, as if anything be going to happen to J. & A. Dennistoun at present, I would just hear of it before my marriage, or rather *intended* marriage. So far I have great reason to thank God that we have escaped so well.

"I have most kind letters to-day from my dear sister Mary and Aunt Helen regarding my intended marriage, and also a kind one from John Dennistoun.

"October 21, 1847. My thirty-ninth birthday. Married to Margaret Lawrence, at her father's house at Astoria, in the forenoon, by the Rev. John Knox, D. D., of the Collegiate Dutch Church. After the ceremony we drove into town to my house, 5 West Sixteenth Street, Margaret and I sitting on the back seat in the carriage, and dear little Helen on the front seat opposite us. In the afternoon we started for Philadelphia ; from thence on October 23 to Baltimore."

"We reached Washington Wednesday, October 27, and got back to New York about November 1. On the evening of November 5, 1847, heard of the failure of the Royal Bank of Liverpool, with which, and Leyland & Brothers, we used to do business before we became connected with the Borough Bank. The manager of the Royal Bank was Jeremiah Chaffers, who had been head clerk of Leyland & Brothers, and who hanged himself on the failure of the Royal Bank. The newspaper extras of this evening, November 5, report fifty-five failures since the last steamer sailed; nothing said of the Borough or of our people, but these are times that try men's souls, and I dread the letters and further reports, although if either the Borough or A. D. & Co. had gone, they would certainly have been named among the thirteen failures in Liverpool which are specified.

"November 8, 1847. I am in great fear about the Borough Bank, as there was a run upon it on October 19, and I also hear from Brand that the Scottish banks are likely to get into difficulties, so our Union friends may also get into trouble, and we through either or both banks.

"November 9, 1847. The *Washington* arrived with Liverpool dates of October 23. The run on the banks was over for the present. Littledale & Co. of Liverpool have been carried through their troubles by the Bank of England."

On November 15, 1847, I write in my memorandum book: "Besides the bother about the bad times in England, I am now anticipating, with some depression of spirits, the answer I am likely to get from my uncles by the steamer of November 4 to my letter of October 7, containing my remarks on the resolutions, which were written when I was very angry, and, therefore, are pretty impertinent. When will I learn to control my temper? God be merciful to me, a sinner."

On November 19, 1847, Eliza's engagement to Mr. Pell was announced.

"Saturday, November 20, 1847. To-day telegraphic dispatches from Boston brought the English news per steamer *Acadia*. I was in a great fright that our people had gone, as the telegraphic dispatch stated that some of the oldest houses in the kingdom had failed; but Colonel Lee, or 'Jim Lee,' as he is more frequently

and familiarly called, came in late in the evening with a list of the failures, but none of our friends in the list, thank God!

"November 22, 1847. Received John D.'s letter in reply to mine about the resolutions; fully milder and better than I had any right to expect. I now feel that when they think more of it, and receive my letter of November 15, I may receive a blowing up.

"November 25, 1847. Thanksgiving. Heard a sermon from Dr. Potts, after which called on William Douglas, Philip Hone, Dr. Potts, Mrs. Ranken, and Maria; my brother James accompanied me in all these calls. Afterward took a walk with Margaret, James, and J. Walter. In the evening we went to Mrs. David Codwise's. Very dull.

"November 30, 1847. St. Andrew's Day. My brother James, John Walter, and I dined with the St. Andrew's Society at the City Hotel. The last time I dined there, and the *first* time, was on December 1, 1828, St. Andrew's Day that year falling on Sunday. That is nineteen years ago.

"Friday, December 10. I received John D.'s letter of November 17, proposing that he and Uncle Alick should retire from our American firms, and leave this house, Dennistoun, Wood & Co., to me and Dawson, and the New Orleans house to W. C. Mylne and Murray Thomson, and that I or Mylne should come over to Scotland as soon as possible, with full powers to make the necessary arrangements. This proposal on the part of my uncles has been a heavy blow to me, yet out of the seeming evil God may bring me good, for I may get out of the New Orleans house with its mortgages and slaves, slave properties and land speculation. I wish, however, that John and A. D. would stay in the house here (D., W. & Co.). At present I intend to go over to Liverpool per steamer *Cambria* with Margaret, leaving James or Eliza with the children—a sore trial. I trust God will direct me in these most important arrangements, and overrule all for my spiritual as well as temporal good, and bless and watch over my beloved children during my absence. News of the failure of the firm (J. & A. D.), or Borough or Union Bank of Scotland, might change all our plans, and these *may* come by some of the steamers to arrive before we sail on January 29. James and Eliza went off on a trip to Philadelphia 14th inst. (December, 1847).



"December 22, 1847. Waiting the arrival of the *Hibernia* steamer, now eighteen days out. Fidgety about the Borough and Union banks, and also about the reply to my letters up to November 9. I have been much depressed about the future for some time, but still with occasional days of comfort and joy in believing, and then again a sort of stolid ease from not thinking, or thinking in a different channel. My precious Harriet's letters written in 1844-45, when I was absent from her, apply to the present time, and comfort me much, bringing before me the promises of God, and showing her entire trust in them.

"Friday, December 24. Dined yesterday at Maria's with Mr. P. L. Mills. No steamer this morning. What if, when she does arrive, she should bring news of the failure of Henry Monteith & Co., of which Ferguson is a partner, as well as of the Borough and Union banks, and of ourselves! What a miserable superstition it is in me to write down these fears by way of averting the calamity! I am truly a poor, weak creature. God be merciful to me, a sinner. My blessed Harriet's letter to me, written as I was starting for Arkansas March 19, 1845, is most comforting to me at this time.

"Christmas, 1847 (Saturday). Snowy morning. At 4 P. M. learned that the *Hibernia* had arrived at Boston at 3 A. M., and brings another long list of failures; nothing, so far as I can ascertain, affecting us, thank God. I called to-day on Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Dawson, and Mrs. De Peyster. In the morning gave the children their Christmas gifts; all highly delighted. Margaret gave me the gold pen with which I am now writing.

"December 28, 1847. Plans about going to Europe all changed by John D.'s letter of December 3. Departure hence put off till first steamer in May, and then I go alone, leaving Margaret at home. Lord enable us in all things to see thy hand and to submit cheerfully to thy will!"

Well, here I come to the end of 1847, a most mingled yarn of a year. Up till May things all going well, and large apparent profits made—something like one hundred thousand pounds sterling. Then everything began to go wrong; hundreds of failures in Europe, but we not only escaped, but at the end of the year saved some ten thousand pounds sterling out of the fancied profits of one hundred thousand pounds made up to May 1. We were living in a

most delightful house, some thirty-three feet wide and three stories high ; opposite us Colonel Thorn's handsome mansion, with its fine fountain and garden in front, now (1892) forming part of the New York Hospital. There was a balcony in front of the drawing-room windows on West Sixteenth Street, with Michigan roses and honeysuckles twined up it, and in front of the house and at the edge of the pavement I planted three *Paulownia imperialis* trees. At first these were mere long, slender poles, but before I left the house, in 1862, large umbrageous trees, with great clusters of purple blossoms in spring. At that time the flow of Croton water was so strong and abundant that with the hose we could throw up water to the top of the house. At the back of the house was a little garden, where I planted a vine, which bore an abundant crop of black grapes every year, and from the back windows, looking north, we could see clear up to the top of Murray Hill ; no intervening house but Richard Irvin's and Mr. Walden Pell's, in West Twenty-first Street.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### JOURNEY TO EUROPE IN 1852.

"JANUARY 1, 1848. I paid twenty-nine New Year's calls to-day, although the weather was misty ; and Margaret and Charlotte received seventy odd calls. James and Eliza returned in the evening.

"January 12, 1848. My present feelings of depression are something akin to those I had in August, September, and October, 1844, at Glen Cove, having little work to do at present, but with changes and disagreeables in prospect. Yet out of all my former troubles the Lord delivered me, and so may he out of these. I have the experience of his former mercies to cheer and comfort me. I have a good house and I am pleasantly settled, which we were not then. My blessed Harriet has been taken by our heavenly Father, and is beyond the reach of trials and sorrows here. I wish I could make poor Margaret as happy as I made her ! "

After getting from Mr. Pell satisfaction pieces from his various creditors, and having a settlement drawn up and signed by my sister Eliza and him, settling all her property on trustees, and all she might acquire hereafter on said trustees, of whom I was one and factor of her estate, I consented to her marriage with Mr. Alfred Pell, and they were married by the Rev. Dr. Potts in the back drawing room of my house, 5 West Sixteenth Street, on February 17, 1848.

"Monday, March 6, 1848. I secured a stateroom for myself in the new steamer *America*, hence for Liverpool on April 19. Her day of sailing is the second anniversary of my blessed Harriet's funeral. Will this voyage prove *my* last ? This (March 6) is the night of the great fancy ball at the opera."

Here end my notes, and I have to trust to my memory for what follows, with the exception of what may be in print.

On April 19, 1848, there was a heavy snowstorm and the snow was three inches deep on a level. Margaret, J. Walter, Charlotte, and I set off in a coach for Jersey City, I to embark in the steamer

*America* for Liverpool. It was very rough crossing the Hudson, and the snow falling heavily, and altogether a wretched day to embark on an Atlantic voyage, and to part from my wife and children. It blew so hard that the *America* with her own power could not get out of her dock, and had to get the aid of a tugboat. At last we got fairly into the stream and held our course for Sandy Hook. I found one of my fellow-passengers was my old Liverpool acquaintance Henry Eyre, now settled in New York like myself. He is a high Tory and Protectionist, and I always a Radical and Free Trader, so we had it hot and heavy during the voyage. At that time there was some misunderstanding between England and France, and when we made the south coast of Ireland and were boarded by some fishermen or pilots, we were told that English ships of war were cruising off the Irish coast to prevent any attack from French war vessels, and that American sympathizers with Ireland might be arrested. Henry Eyre, I recollect, said in a half joke that he thought he would be obliged to denounce me when we got to Liverpool. I have no particular recollection of what I did there, but I think I went at once to Glasgow and to my uncle Alick's house (Golf Hill). I found Aunt Eleanor, his wife, confined to bed and very ill. She did not see me, partly from being ill, and partly, I think, from being disgusted at my remarriage so soon, as she was a great friend and admirer of Harriet. From Golf Hill, after attending to business matters in Glasgow, I went to Elie, and my cousin Eleanor accompanied me there, so her mother could not then have been dangerously ill. I recollect I took her to Kincraig Braes and the Caves; but beyond that I have no recollection of anything that occurred at Elie. From Elie I went on a visit to my sister Mary and Mr. Ferguson at Blantyre Priory near Glasgow. Mr. Ferguson was in very delicate health when I arrived there early in July, and the night before I had to leave for Liverpool to catch the steamer for New York, he died. I was up with him all night, but had to leave next morning. I cannot recollect the exact date, but I know I reached New York not too soon, for Margaret had her first child born August 1, 1848, and named Robert Ferguson, after my friend and brother-in-law.

I asked Mary and her daughters, Elizabeth and Grace, to come out here and pay us a visit, which they did in September, and liked

New York so well that they decided to spend the winter here, and took rooms in what is now the Morton House, facing Union Square. Mary's company and that of her two daughters was a very great pleasure to all of us. She, Eliza, Margaret, and Charlotte got on well together, as did Charlotte and my younger children with her two girls. There were constant little visits between the two sets of children in the winter of 1848-49.

In the spring of 1849 there came from Bermuda and introduced himself to me the Rev. H. B. Tristram, a young Episcopal clergyman, who had been chaplain to her Majesty's forces in Bermuda for about three years. His own mother died about the time of his birth, and about a year and a half afterward his father married my second cousin, Miss Anne Wood of Edinburgh, eldest daughter of my father's cousin, Henry Wood, and his wife. Young Tristram never knew any other mother than his stepmother, to whom he was very filially attached. I got him invited by Dr. Bedell to preach at the Church of the Ascension, which he did, and in the course of his sermon, forgetting where he was, spoke of "our gracious sovereign lady, Queen Victoria." He was a very pleasant fellow, and made himself agreeable to the Ferguson girls. That was in the spring of 1849. Early in July, 1891, on a Sunday, a card was sent up to my bedroom with "Canon Henry B. Tristram" on it. I went to the drawing room and, entering, I said: "It is a long time since I saw you, Canon; it must be twenty years." "Why," said he, "Mr. Wood, it's a great deal more than that; it's forty-one years!" He had left Durham Cathedral, of which he has long been Resident Canon, for Japan on January 31, 1891, to which country he went *via* Red Sea, Ceylon, India, and China. He spent nearly three months in Japan with one of his daughters, who is head of the educational department of the Church of England Mission there. From that country he crossed the Pacific to Vancouver, B. C., and thence by rail to New York. He visited Washington in quest of rare ornithological specimens, came back here and spent five days with us, then crossed the Atlantic, and got home to Durham, after going round the world and spending a long time in Japan, in six months. He is F. R. S., D. D., and LL. D., a great ornithologist, and traveler in Moab and other Eastern countries, and withal a most agreeable, unaffected gentleman.

In the summer of 1849 my sister Mary, her two daughters, and James traveled in Canada, to Niagara, etc., and returned to England I think in September.

Margaret and I and the children went to the "Pavilion," kept by Blancard, north side of Staten Island, for the summer of 1849. Margaret was very much admired by the guests at Blancard's table, for we and the elder children dined daily at the *table d'hôte*; but the rather pleasant early part of the summer was sadly interrupted on July 9, 1849, by the death of little Robert Ferguson when still twenty-two days under a year old. This was a great blow to poor Margaret. I think we remained at Blancard's till some time in August, and returned to town to see Mary and her two daughters off to England.

All the letter books, ledgers, etc., of Dennistoun, Wood & Co. were sent to Glasgow when the firm was dissolved, and I have no private notes of what sort of a business we were now doing, but I think it was about this time, or in 1848, that we retired from the cotton and breadstuff markets, and devoted ourselves exclusively to banking business, issuing credits, etc., etc., which change proved to be satisfactory and profitable.

On February 11, 1850, Margaret Augusta was born, a very beautiful little girl. She was baptized by Dr. Vermilye at 5 West Sixteenth Street on June 16, 1850.

Having lost little Alick in the summer of 1846 at New Brighton, S. I., and little Robert Ferguson in the same vicinity in July, 1849, we considered the place unhealthy, and so in July, 1850, we went to the Ocean Hotel at Newport, R. I., where we spent several weeks delightfully, enjoying the surf bathing and the fine sea air, which reminded me of Elie, and I was so pleased with the place that I mentally vowed I would return every summer, but I have never been there since (now April 7, 1892). I used to take Helen under one arm, and Cortlandt Field under the other, and carry them out into the surf, set them down in it, and let them scuttle ashore. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Field, Cortlandt's parents, were there that season; Mrs. Field was a half sister of Frederic De Peyster, and a very agreeable and handsome woman. During our stay at Newport Beach Lawrence, a cousin of Margaret's father, gave us a grand dinner at his house on the cliffs, and to meet us he had Dr. Eastburn,



an Englishman, and Bishop of Massachusetts, a most intelligent, agreeable man, with whom I recollect after dinner I had a long talk, sitting on the piazza and looking seaward, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.

On returning from Newport we went home to 5 West Sixteenth Street, where, so far as I recollect, things went on comfortably, and business in Wall Street was good, no noteworthy thing occurring till after the end of 1850.

On May 29, 1851, a son was born to us whom we called Dennistoun, after my mother; he was baptized by Dr. Potts November 20, 1851.

Toward the end of July, 1851, we took a cottage in the grounds of the Pavilion Hotel at Fort Hamilton, living in the cottage, but taking our meals in the hotel. Our cottage was situated on a bluff overlooking the lower bay. A lame gentleman, Mr. Henry James, father of the novelist of the same name, spent the summer at the hotel with us; he was a very well educated, intelligent man, who held peculiar religious opinions not unlike those of the Sandemanians, so I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with him. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Neilson spent that summer at Bath, not far from us, and Neilson used to go up to New York every morning from Fort Hamilton in the same boat I did.

Bessie and Harriet had a good deal of intercourse with the two Misses Delafield, daughters of the then Colonel Delafield who was commandant of Fort Wadsworth on the opposite side of the Narrows. The girls used to row across to see each other. We also had more than one visit from Thomas L. Kane (Cousin Tom), who, even as early as this, began to manifest a partiality for my daughter Bessie, his future wife. I used to go up and down daily to and from New York, and thoroughly enjoyed the delicious salt air of the lower bay after the hot city. Toward the earlier part of August pretty little Margaret Augusta began to sicken with dysentery and fever, and tossed about on her little bed in great pain, twisting her slender fingers in her long curly hair, and matting it together. She was mainly attended by Elizabeth Joy, a Scotswoman, who, with her sister Jane, came recommended to us by my sister Mrs. Ferguson. The former went by the name of "fat Elizabeth." Margaret being a nursing mother, and less than three months confined, soon got knocked up with the night watching of poor little Maggie, and the latter part of it fell on me and "fat

Elizabeth." One of these nights it was full moon, and just down below our cottage, and Maggie's room, was a wharf, at the end of which, that night, tied by a rope, and awaiting the coroner's inquest, was a dead body, which all night long kept swaying up and down with the motion of the waves—a weird and dismal sight.

Margaret Augusta died September 3, 1851. We returned to 5 West Sixteenth Street with baby Dennistoun, and spent the winter of 1851-52 there. I have no recollection of any particular event occurring until the spring of 1852, when I decided to go to Europe with Margaret, the baby, and Bessie, and "fat Elizabeth" as nurse. Bessie was at that time engaged to her future husband, Thomas L. Kane, or "Cousin Tom," as he was usually called.

We sailed June 26, 1852, from New York for Liverpool in the *Baltic*, Captain Comstock, who was landlord of the New York Hotel when we were there, 1845 and 1846. This date I find in an old account book. Among our passengers were Mr. and Mme. Pulsky,—he was Kossuth's secretary,—and they two danced the real mazourka at a ball on July 4, on deck, for the benefit of the passengers. There were also on board Miss Haines, who kept a good and fashionable school in East Twenty-first Street, and her excellent sister, Mrs. Doremus, the mother of the professor. Mme. Celeste, the dancer, was also on board, apparently a very respectable woman; also Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, the comic actors; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hoppin and a brother, Judge Hoppin, relations of my friend Mrs. May Humphreys, from whom I think they had a letter of introduction to me. We reached Liverpool and Radley's Hotel July 7, in the very middle of an election day, and had great difficulty in finding a carriage to take us from the ship to the hotel. We were given an excellent parlor facing on the open space in front, and just as we had got settled in burst an election party to speechify to the crowd outside, greatly to Margaret's disgust, who knew nothing of the license which prevails or did prevail in English parliamentary elections. My sister Anna Cross and her family were staying at a country place near Liverpool called St. Michael's Mount. Cross and I went into Liverpool every morning, coming out in the afternoon, and he and I renewed the days of our youth on the lawn there playing at leap-frog, to the great amusement of our wives and children. I was forty-four and Cross, I think, a little younger.

We stayed in Liverpool six days. From there we went to London, and put up at a very comfortable but not very fashionable hotel, the British Hotel, Cockspur Street. John Dennistoun was in London, but Aunt Fanny, his wife, was in Paris. He gave Margaret and me a dinner at the Star and Garter, Richmond, to which he drove out a Miss "Gina" Oakley, a daughter of Sir Charles Oakley, who had been British Minister at Washington. Miss Oakley was a very handsome girl. She subsequently married my cousin Alexander Dennistoun, son of Uncle Alick, and their second daughter married my uncle John D.'s son John.

My little Bessie was at the dinner with us, and a Captain Campbell, who was attentive to Miss Oakley. I remember that Captain C., being asked what part of the chicken he would have, replied : "The leg." John D. asked why he chose that part, to which he replied : "I am a younger son, and as a boy I always had that part, and now I prefer it to any other."

We took Bessie to the Tower, Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks, and the British Museum. John D. took us to the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and so forth ; also to see the first performance of an opera of "Faust" (Spohr's?) at Covent Garden. When it was over, coming out, I was mistaken for Sir Charles Wood, afterward Lord Halifax, and "Lady Wood's carriage stops the way" was called out, to our great edification. We also visited Hampton Court. I wrote on July 20 to the *propriétaire* of Meurice's Hotel, Paris, saying that I would be there with my family on Thursday, July 22, and wanting a parlor, two bedrooms adjoining each other, with two beds and a crib in one room.

From London we went to Paris, I think by the S. E. R. R. At Folkestone James M. Graves, M. P., introduced himself to me. I had not met him for over fifteen years. From Folkestone we went to Boulogne, and put up at The Hotel Bragden, and thence to Meurice's, Paris. We had intended to go from Paris to Holland, but baby Dennistoun was taken sick, and so we had to remain in Paris. Several goats used to be driven to the hotel door every morning to be milked for his small lordship. We visited the Louvre, and on August 2 Versailles and St. Germain. We were at the Palais de Justice, where we were particularly struck by the handsome appearance and bearing of the lawyers in their gowns and square caps.

We also visited the Invalides and saw Napoleon I.'s tomb. And one day, probably July 29, I took Margaret and, I think, Bessie out in an open carriage. Coming home through the Rue Rivoli we encountered a great military procession, headed by the Prince-President Louis Napoleon (afterward emperor.) Our carriage had to stand still while the soldiers passed, and glad I was when they *had* passed, for their admiration for Margaret's handsome face was too manifest to be pleasant. We had a full view of Louis Napoleon, with his waxed mustache. He was in an open carriage and sat high.

Another day Margaret, Bessie, and I dined at the Trois Frères Provençaux, and had one of the great Bonaparte's favorite wines, made from frozen grapes, and found it quite as strong as was good for us. One evening we went to the opera, and in a box below us whom should we see but Stuart Brown and his family, he being a very strict Episcopalian.

From Paris we returned to Boulogne, and crossed from there to Folkestone, where we arrived August 5, in the afternoon, and put up at the Pavilion Hotel. We remained a day or two, and then took our way to Malvern, halting in London at the British Hotel. We went to visit my sweet sister Mary Ferguson at Malvern, staying at the Foley Arms, where we spent a very happy week with her and Grace, and, I think, part of the time, her elder daughter, Elizabeth (Mrs. Gibbon). We did a good deal of climbing the Malvern Hills. On our way to Malvern we crossed a bridge near Worcester, and recognized Tennyson's

"League of grass, washed by a slow, broad stream."

From Malvern we traveled north to York, where we spent a night at the old Royal Hotel, not being able to get into any better one, owing to the races having filled them. The old landlord of the Royal offered himself in marriage to our fat nurse Elizabeth, who would not have him. We visited York Minster, which we greatly admired, and climbed one of its towers, from which we saw Scotland in the distance. From thence in ancient times the Archbishop of York and his officials could descry the Scottish marauders on the way to make a raid on the archiepiscopal city and take measures to foil the attempt.

From York we journeyed to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where we

spent a night at a fine new railroad hotel. From Newcastle-upon-Tyne we went northward to Carlisle, and put up at an old-fashioned inn, where his Majesty's mail used to change horses, and going south from Scotland stopped for dinner, and north from England stopped for breakfast; both meals excellent. The name of the hotel was The Bush, which I must have stopped at twenty times at least, I suppose. In the large hall there were full-length pictures of the English soldiers as they appeared in their 1745 uniforms. It was here that baby Denny uttered his first word, which was "Carlisle," *very distinctly*. We went on Sunday to the service in the old cathedral, and in the body of the church was a red-coated regiment in full uniform, and its soldiers appeared to admire Margaret as much as the French soldiers did in Paris.

From Carlisle we went north, passing through Berwick-upon-Tweed, which, being at the Union in possession of England, although on the *north* of the Tweed, and therefore geographically in Scotland, was at the Union held to belong to England, and was therefore ecclesiastically Episcopalian, and under the Bishop of Carlisle. It returned two members to Parliament, who did not count among the Scottish M. P.'s. Thus this comparatively insignificant place returned two M. P.'s, while my native city of Glasgow, the largest in Scotland, up till 1832 only returned one-fourth of an M. P., Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton returning each also one-fourth, and so making up a whole member among them.

Our railroad ran near the German Ocean all the way to Edinburgh, and the scenery was both beautiful and interesting. We saw *en route* the old house of Bemerside, of whose owners Thomas the Rhymer prophesied one thousand years ago or more :

" Betide, betide, whate'er betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

And so they were up to 1852, at any rate, and may be yet (1892), for anything I know to the contrary. The road took us to the south of the Isle of May and to the south of the Bass Rock, and near Tantallon Castle, the ancient seat of the Douglasses, all of which I had so often seen from Elie on their north side.

On arriving at Edinburgh we went to a very nice private hotel,



kept by a Mr. Beach, and recommended to us for good Scottish cookery by my sister Mrs. Ferguson, who had spent a winter there with her husband and family. The morning after our arrival I sent for the head waiter, told him my wife was an American, and that his hotel (in Queen Street) had been recommended to me for good Scottish cookery, and I wanted a regular Scotch dinner—hotch-potch, salmon, haggis, and partan pie. He replied : “ Oo, sir, that was the auld Mrs. Beach that was sae guid a Scotch cook ; but she’s deed, and he’s gane an’ married a sooth-land lassie that kens nae mair aboot a haggis than a haggis kens aboot her ! ” This was not a very promising lookout for a good Scottish dinner, but the cynical old head waiter belied the “ sooth-land lassie,” for we had all the Scottish dishes in perfection.

Next day being Sunday, we went to the celebrated Dr. Guthrie’s church, and were ushered into a sitting room, where we had to wait in order to ascertain whether there were any room for us in the church. There was none, so we had to return to the hotel.

Next day we started for Elie by steamer to Kinghorn in Fife, and thence by four-horse stage to Elie. In James VI.’s time my great-great-great-grandfather, the Rev. James Scrymgeour, was minister of Kinghorn, and also one of his Majesty’s chaplains, and accompanied him when he journeyed to bring home his very ugly queen, Anne of Denmark, of whom there is a likeness in my copy of the “ Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.” I had secured the whole of the inside of the coach for Mrs. Wood, myself, Bessie, “ fat Elizabeth,” and baby Dennistoun, when, lo and behold ! my second cousin Grace Wood begged of us at Kinghorn to make room for her, otherwise she would be detained a day at Kinghorn. She was a handsome girl, and I assented perhaps on that very account. Another party in interest “ did it grudgingly and of necessity.” I was delighted to point out on our journey those Druidical monuments “ the Stannin’ Stanes o’ Lundie,” the Bass Rock, North Berwick Law, and the Isle of May as we drove along the shores of Largo Bay. The Bass Rock always seemed right before us, as it rose in the center of Largo Bay, the curve of whose shore we were following. The Isle of May had additional charms to me besides its beautiful position in the mouth of the Firth of Forth, as it was off its shores that my ancestor Sir Andrew Wood,



on August 8, 1490, captured the largest ship in Henry VII.'s navy, the *Henri Grace à Dieu*, with his two small vessels the *Flower* and the *Yellow Caravel*, for which deed James IV. of Scotland gave him the English ship for his crest, with the motto "*Tutus in Undis*," and a tree between the two little ships the *Flower* and *Yellow Caravel* on the shield. That is what is called a punning motto, *Wood* being always *safe* on the *waters*.

We remained several days in Elie, but my impression is that Margaret did not take much interest in the place, but that Bessie did. From Elie we found our way to Stirling Castle, and from Elie we went to Perth, and like Wordsworth, on the way:

"From Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravel'd."

While in Perth, "fat Elizabeth" taking out baby Dennistoun to give him a walk, went into a shop to buy something, and, entering into conversation with the woman of the shop, told her that he was an American baby. Whereat she was greatly surprised, for she thought that all Americans were *black*. We greatly admired the "Inches" or meadows of the Tay at Perth, remembering the exclamations of the Roman soldiers when they came in sight of them: "*Ecce Tiberis! ecce Campus Martius!*" (I have my doubts whether that be correct Latin or not.)

From Perth I think we went to the Trosachs, and somehow to Loch Lomond and along the south shore, and so on to Helensburgh and Uncle Alick's place on the Gareloch opposite the Duke of Argyll's palace of Roseneath. At the head of the Gareloch are the rugged, but most picturesque mountains called the Duke of Argyll's Bowling Green. We enjoyed Uncle Alick's hospitality.

While at Lagarie there came another American bride, with her husband, who was very "camsteary," and when taken to Loch Lomond determinedly shut her eyes and would not look at the beautiful scenery. I have understood that when she became older and got more sense she made a very good wife and mother, but I never saw her again.

From Lagarie we went to Glasgow to attend a business meeting of the partners, and put up at some hotel in George Square. From Glasgow went south to the English Lakes, and stayed at a good old-

fashioned hotel near the railway station called Birthwaite, where we had the best fried eggs and bacon I ever tasted—strange association with the beautiful scenery of the Lakes. Bessie and I took a walk past Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived, and also passed the place where John Wilson, for so many years editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* under the *nom de plume* of "Christopher North," was living.

At the Glasgow business meeting I forgot to say that it was decided that Tom Sellar should remain at Liverpool to manage our house there (Alexander Dennistoun & Co.), which I had managed from 1832 till 1844, greatly to the wrath of his young American wife.

From the Lakes, where we stayed five days at the Windermere Hotel, we returned to Liverpool and went to Radley's Hotel until the day we sailed for New York per steamer *Europa*.

## CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER TRIP TO ENGLAND—I PLACE MOST OF MY CHILDREN  
BY MY FIRST WIFE AT BOARDING SCHOOLS IN VARIOUS PLACES.

ON October 9, 1852, we reached New York. Tom Kane had welcoming gifts for each of us on our arrival at 5 West Sixteenth Street, two framed engravings of Ary Scheffer's "Mignon" for Bessie, to whom he was engaged, and the large Arctic picture by Hamilton for me, and a silver epergne for Margaret, all showing what a generous, kind-hearted fellow he was.

As soon as I had got settled, B. F. Dawson, having applied for and obtained leave of absence for a year, on account of his health, began making preparations for his departure for Europe with his wife and children. He was to have no salary during his year's absence, but if he returned before the end of the year his salary was to recommence from the date of his return to the office. They sailed from New York for Havre in the *Humboldt* steamer on November 20, 1852, and arrived back in New York on October 5, 1853. During his absence I had J. Walter as my partner, and Robert Winthrop and Robert Barrett as my most efficient and trustworthy clerks, so that I wasn't much to be pitied for his absence.

When at Rome, Dawson had a private interview with the Pope of that day, and he and "his Holiness" had quite a pleasant conversation together, and he had all his children blessed by the Pope, which, if it didn't do them much good, probably did them as little harm. He (Dawson) brought me back as a present the marble "Proserpine" now in the front parlor. If he and his wife and children had all been lost, he had left me all his very handsome silver spoons, which he had had made out of a bequest from an old bachelor friend of his, Robert Dixon, but of course as they all came back well and hearty, the silver plate descended to his children, but his intentions were kindly "in case of accidents."

On Friday, January 28, 1853, at 5 West Sixteenth Street, Henry Duncan was born at 7 A. M.—a fine but tender and delicate little boy.

Meanwhile, leaving him to be nursed and taken care of, let me insert here some information which I obtained from John Walter relative to occurrences in 1850, 1851, and 1852, which I had forgotten all about, and which my daughter Bessie, after reading the foregoing, when she was here on a short visit last week (June 2 and 3, 1892), recalled in part to my memory. She said Charlotte had accompanied John Walter to Europe in 1851. I felt sure she was wrong in this, and that his college friend John De Ruyter alone accompanied him in 1851, but in order to be sure I wrote to John Walter, asking him to give me his reminiscences as to 1850, 1851, and 1852, and in response he sent me a letter dated June 3, 1892, which I now copy into and make part of this dreadfully voluminous autobiography :

“ SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., June 3, 1892.

“ MY DEAR FATHER:

“ John De Ruyter and I were at sea on the steamer *Atlantic* August 7, 1851, under command of Captain West of the Collins Line bound from New York to Liverpool. Charlotte sailed some time before on an Anchor Line steamer called the *Edinburgh* [I think J. W. W. is mistaken about this name], and had at that time been in Scotland chiefly for I think about a year [*i. e.*, from 1850].

“ August 17, 1851, I was at St. Michael's Mount near Liverpool [Wm. Cross' then residence], and on August 26, 1851, at Elie, whither I had escorted 'Zibby' Cross [his cousin] from Edinburgh, and didn't we have a fine time !

“ August 29, 1851. At Dunkeld, then Oban, on a visit to old Mr. Sellar at Ardtornish, then with James Campbell on an excursion to Iona and Staffa.

“ Early in September, 1851, De Ruyter and I sailed from London for Ostend, and traveled through Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Bavaria, striking the Danube at Linz [in those times a day's steaming above Vienna], from Vienna by steamer to Budapesth ; and Galatz, which last we reached on October 31, 1851, and remained over Sunday, November 1 ; on November 3, 1851, we were on the Black Sea near Varna, and on November 4 arrived at Constantinople.

“ On November 16, 1851, we were in the French steamer *Alexandre* off the mouth of the Dardanelles, and on the 17th off Tenedos, on

November 18 at Smyrna, and on November 19 off Syra, with clothes all wet from heavy seas washing down the cabin (second class) during the night. On November 20 off Cape Matapan, very rough weather; on November 24 at Malta; from thence on November 28 by Speroneca to Syracuse, and thence *on foot* to Messina.

"On December 5, 1851, at Naples, December 20 at Rome, thence to Florence and Venice, at which last place as De Ruyter and I were eating ices in front of a restaurant in Piazza San Marco, we were arrested by a squad of Austrian soldiers, and locked up for the night for *no cause assigned*. We could not understand their bad German and Italian, except so very little as to make them think we were shamming ignorance. Early next morning their officer, having returned from a ball, said we had been arrested for wearing slouch hats, mine being especially odious, as being brown in color, the Hungarian revolutionary badge. I had an English passport signed by Palmerston, who had snubbed the Austrians, and De Ruyter's American document was malodorous on account of the then recent Martin Coszta affair.

"We were escorted to our hotel by a file of soldiers, and ordered to wear stove-pipe hats or leave the country. We did the last, by Genoa, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Paris. I reached Liverpool in February, 1852.

"On May 26, 1852, I was at Lagarie, in consequence of orders from you to hunt up Charlotte, take her a small jaunt, and bring her home to America.

"We were at Elie that month also, and I took her to Penzance, where on a Saturday afternoon, the miners having all come up, I descended alone into the Botollock Mine, then the deepest in the world, and famous for having the sea, which had broken through its roof, kept out by a structure of boards and timber like the deck of a ship. I went down till I was fairly tired, and desperately lonesome. Coming up was much worse than going down, and it seemed as if I never should see daylight again; at last, exhausted and scared, I got out, and have never hankered much after mines since.

"On May 30, 1852, Charlotte and I were at sea in the steamer *America*, *en route* for Halifax, N. S., where we spent about four hours, and were immensely conceited at our nautical superiority to the unfortunate 'Blue Noses' who there joined us on the way to Boston.

“ My piety seems to have given out here, for I can find no more dates in my old Bible for some years.

“ Your loving son,

(Signed)

“ J. WALTER WOOD.”

In the summer of 1852, when Margaret, Bessie, and I were in Europe, Charlotte, Harriet, Willie, and little Helen went to Glen Cove, L. I., Charlotte and John Walter being in charge of the three younger, and he going down to New York every day, where, with Dawson, he took charge of Dennistoun, Wood & Co. I think my old friend Richard O'Gorman was at Glen Cove that summer, and the young people had quite a pleasant time of it.

Having thus detailed various matters which occurred in 1850, 1851, and 1852, and which I had forgotten until John Walter's letter, quoted above, put me in mind of them, I now return to 1853, in which year, on January 28, my little Henry Duncan was born. The next family event of importance that year was the marriage of my dear Bessie to my friend and her second cousin Thomas L. Kane, second son of Judge Kane and brother of Dr. Kane, surgeon United States Navy, the Arctic explorer. It took place on April 21, at University Place and Tenth Street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Potts officiating. After the wedding the families of Kane and Wood returned to my house, 5 West Sixteenth Street. Dr. Potts was present, and, as I was a very busy man in those days, and could ill spare the time from Wall Street for weddings or any other ceremonies, I thought it would be a good plan to “ kill two birds with one stone,” and so I asked Dr. Potts to baptize little Henry Duncan. I think Dr. Potts rather hesitated, but finally assented, and my small son was named after my esteemed friend and preceptor Dr. Henry Duncan, the original inventor of savings banks, minister of the parish of Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire, in whose manse I lived for eighteen months (1823 and 1824). He was at one time moderator of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, had the most beautiful manse and grounds in Scotland, and at the disruption in 1843 he left the whole. His sons George and Wallace also left their livings, and his son-in-law, whose name I forget, left his.

The summer of 1853 we spent at New Rochelle, in an old-fashioned and handsome house turned into a boarding house. I



went into town daily, and on one of these days I heard, to my great disgust, that Robert Schuyler, president of the New York and New Haven Railroad, a man of high standing, had been issuing fraudulent certificates of stock. I had advanced money to (Richard) Dick Schell on a lot of these. He had offered me bonds of some Western railways, but I said I would not take these, but would lend him the money on stocks or bonds nearer home, and he brought me New York and New Haven stock. When I ascertained how much of the spurious stock I had taken, I set to to find out the law of the case. Everything was in order, except that the issue of the stock was not authorized by the directors. In my researches I unfortunately found that the Bank of Ireland at one time had issued certain drafts on the Bank of England. These were complete in every way, except that the legal seal had been stolen by the secretary and affixed to the drafts without the knowledge of the directors of the Bank of Ireland. It was held by the courts that the Bank of Ireland was not liable. This seemed to be a very similar case to that of Robert Schuyler and the New York and New Haven Railroad Co., and therefore when my friend Wilson G. Hunt, one of the directors of the New York and New Haven Railroad Co., came and offered me *one* good share for *two* of my spurious ones, after due consideration, and bearing in mind the Bank of Ireland case, I accepted the offer. Some other people who had been similarly swindled followed my example, but after some time had elapsed the American courts decided that the New York and New Haven Railroad Co. was liable for the fraudulent acts of its president, and those who held the spurious scrip eventually got *genuine* scrip for it. So sometimes it would appear that it is better and safer not to know too much. I don't know whether or not the American courts were cognizant of the decision of the Irish court. I think I found my information in a "History of the Bank of England," by John Francis, but cannot lay my hand upon it, but in Francis' "History of the Bank of England" there is a somewhat similar case detailed (pp. 126-133, vol. ii.). I suspect I must have got my information about the Bank of Ireland's spurious bills somewhere else than in Francis' "History of the Bank of England." There never had been any case like that of the Robert Schuyler fraud in the New York courts, so when the New Haven Railroad Co. offered to the holders of the spurious bonds,

before the case was fairly taken into court, to give them one good bond for every two spurious ones, looking at the two cases above referred to, I thought discretion the better part of valor, and accepted the proposition, and the holders who did not accept it, but went into court, were beaten as to the validity of their bonds, but the court held that the New Haven Railroad Co. had obtained money on false pretenses, *i. e.*, the spurious bonds, and found the railroad company liable for the money advanced to them on the bonds, and so these holders got paid in full.

This summer of 1853 our firm also had a curious case with the Buffalo and New York Railroad Co., subsequently a portion of the Erie Railroad. The president, Mr. Patchin, was very deaf when he did not choose to hear; the treasurer was a Mr. Fearing. As security for our advances to the railroad, and in addition to its bonds, we held the notes of the president indorsed by the treasurer in their individual capacity, and in order to realize on our assets we got our lawyers, Foster & Thomson, to attach all the rolling stock of the Buffalo and New York Railroad Co.; and, to do this, Mr. James Thomson one fine morning started with the necessary papers and sheriff's assistants and attached all the assets of the railroad between New York and Buffalo. This haul recouped us, and so set the treasurer and president free from their personal liabilities. Excepting the Dick Schell and New York and New Haven incident above narrated, I have no very distinct recollection of the last of the year 1853.

In 1854 matters, as far as I recollect, went on in a sort of prosperous jog-trot. In the summer of 1854 Margaret, the children, and I went to Morristown, N. J., boarding at the house of a Miss Mann. Miss Ann Slidell, sister of John and Tom Slidell, lived there. I went to and from New York every day, and a weary long job it was. I used to rise about 4 A. M., get breakfast, and then start by railway for Newark; when we reached that town, we went across it in a surface railway, and then got into another railroad, which took us, I think, to Jersey City, and thence by ferryboat to New York. In the afternoon I reversed the process, and got to Morristown for a "high tea."

In 1855 for the first six months things went on as usual, but early in summer I found it necessary to go to England, and as Margaret

was not in a condition for traveling, I judged it prudent to leave her at home with Dennistoun and little Duncan, while I took with me to Europe J. Walter, Charlotte, Willie, Harriet, and little Helen. We left this in the end of May in the steamer *Baltic*, Captain Comstock, of the American or Collins Line. I paid \$585 for the whole of our passages. We had two staterooms, Willie and I in one, and Charlotte, Harriet, and little Helen in the other. The full passages were \$130 each, and Helen's \$65. We went to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool (Radley's); and before leaving Liverpool I took, on June 12, two staterooms for the return of little Helen and myself on board the Collins steamer *Atlantic*, Captain Briggs; from Liverpool for New York on August 25, 1855.

Will Cross and my sister Anna and their daughter Elizabeth were on a visit to my sister Mrs. Ferguson at Clifton near Bristol, and Tom Sellar appears to have been temporarily in charge of our Liverpool house, Alexander Dennistoun & Co., during Cross' absence. T. Sellar and his wife were living at Woolton Hill near Liverpool, opposite the windmill.

We went from Liverpool to Clifton, and enjoyed ourselves there. I consulted Dr. Symonds about myself and Willie. He speedily disposed of my case by saying there was nothing the matter with me, and that certain symptoms which I had originated from nothing but sitting in a newly painted room in our office in New York.

From Clifton Charlotte, Harriet, Willie, Helen, and I went to London by way of Oxford, where I think we put up at the Angel Hotel, and had letters to Lancaster of Balliol, I think, and to William Douglas of Exeter College, a son of Sir James Douglas, who, with his daughter, were long and intimate friends of my sister Mary Ferguson. On our way we passed through the town or village of Wickwar, and on my making a remark on the oddity of the name, Willie said he had often heard of the *flame* of war, so it was natural that it should have a *wick*. We went from Oxford to London, where I think we put up at the St. James Hotel, Jermyn Street. The children went to the Tower, and saw all the other sights.

From London we went north by the East Coast Railway, and for some reason stopped over one night at a nice new hotel at Crewe. When Fox was returned M. P. for Westminster, there was a great

dinner at the house of Mr. Crewe, a leading Whig ; the Prince Regent was present and gave the toast :

“ True blue and Mrs. Crewe,”

to which she at once rejoined :

“ True blue, and all of you,”

blue and buff or yellow being the Whig colors.

We then proceeded on to Edinburgh, passing behind the Bass Rock and in front of North Berwick Law, opposite Elie, from which place from early boyhood I had seen these conspicuous objects, but never had been on the same side of the Firth of Forth (south side) until now.

From Edinburgh we went to visit my aunt Helen Wood, my father's youngest sister, and had the pleasure of introducing to her my youngest daughter, Helen, her namesake. The dear old lady thought her “ a pert wee hussy.” At Elie, on July 24, I heard of the birth on July 10 of my first grandchild, Harriet Amelia Kane, at Fern Rock near Philadelphia, the then residence of her paternal grandfather, Judge John K. Kane. On our way to Elie we went through St. Andrews, and took my uncle John's son, James Dennistoun, with us to Elie. (He died young.) This was my last visit to the dear old house at Elie. We returned to Edinburgh, and from thence to Glasgow, and then went to pay my uncle Alexander Dennistoun a visit at his beautiful place Lagarie, on the Gareloch. The house was built and the grounds laid out by his sister Mary Dennistoun, the widow of my father's youngest brother, Walter Wood. We had a delightful visit. Uncle Alick was so delighted with little Helen's singing, and her bright, cheerful ways, that he wanted to adopt her, but I would not consent ; for her own sake and happiness it looks now (1892) that I made a very great mistake, but I did it for the best.

My uncle Alick had a fine yacht, delightfully fitted up, and with all sorts of luxuries of meat and drink, and a good cook. Yacht owners had some privileges in getting their wines duty free.

One fine morning the captain of the yacht came up to Lagarie in uniform, with his cap and gold-lace band round it. Uncle Alick told him to get ready the yacht for a sail down to the island of

Arran and back. He then said to me : " Now, William, you come with us, and just lay aside your desire to hurry to the end of your voyage, and enjoy the voyage itself." I said I had quite enough of the sea crossing the Atlantic. However, he overpersuaded me to go, and I went. After we had fairly started I took John Dennistoun apart on the deck, and said to him that I was not satisfied with the way in which the Borough Bank of Liverpool was conducted, and that I was going to sell my shares, and I advised him to sell his ; but, said I, Uncle Alick has a good opinion of the bank, and perhaps he would like to buy our shares. So we went to where Uncle Alick was sitting and made the proposition to him. He replied that, while he thought well of the bank, he also thought that he held enough of the shares already and didn't want any more. So I still advised John to sell out, but he was very loyal to his brother, and would not, saying to me : " If it were known that I was selling out, people would think that there was something wrong, and that would lessen the value of Alick's shares." " Well," said I, " I am determined to sell out my shares, but I will do it in such a way that it will do no harm to anyone. It is now July, 1855, and I will leave orders with Will Cross and Tom Sellar to sell out my shares gradually between now and December 31, 1856, but before that time every share must be sold, without regard to the price." Well, after I left for New York, they began selling at £11 per share,—they cost me £10,—and had realized about one-half of my 1000 shares, when, at the very end of December, 1856, they sold the balance at or about the same price—Will Cross, when advising me of the sale of the last batch, writing to me that I had made a great mistake in selling out, and that if I had held on I would eventually have got £15 per share. In the following October, 1857, they were not only not worth par, or £10, but were worth *less than nothing*. But that is anticipating matters.

From Lagarie we went to Harrogate, where Anna and her children were spending some weeks, and were there on August 6, 1855, leaving on the 8th to return to London. In London we all visited the Crystal Palace, Hampton Court, and the Vernon Gallery, and after a week in London we went to Bristol, and then to the Baths Hotel, Clifton. I left Charlotte with her aunt Mary Ferguson, my sweet sister. Willie's health had become very infirm, and I left him

to board with a friend of Mary's, Dr. W. Mitchell Clark, who would see that he did not study too much or too little. August 19 I returned with Helen to Liverpool. I had placed my daughter Harriet at Miss Thornley's boarding school near Liverpool. Miss Thornley had been governess to my sister Anna Cross' children, and had recently opened a school of her own. Harriet at this time wore her hair in long glossy ringlets, and was a very pretty girl.

Helen and I stayed at St. Michael's Mount for a few days, although Anna Cross and the children were still at Harrogate. The house was in confusion, as the family were just about to remove to Champion Hill, London. Cross was going to take charge of our new London branch, Dennistoun, Cross & Co. Cross gave a dinner at which little Helen, though a child, presided. Cross, Uncle Alick, John Dennistoun, Alexander McGregor, and Matt Hayes were there, and it was the last time I ever saw any of them except John D. He came to visit us in America in 1858. I never saw Anna or Mary again either.

On August 25 Helen and I embarked for New York on board the *Atlantic* steamer of the Collins Line, Captain Briggs. We had on board Senator Toombs of Georgia and his daughter Sally; also William E. Dodge and Mrs. Dodge. Helen struck up a great friendship with Sally Toombs, which I recollect Mrs. Dodge telling me *she* did not at all approve of. The senator and I got on very well together, as he was a Free Trader. He afterward was a leader in the rebellion, and said he would yet call the roll of his slaves at Bunker Hill, in which he fortunately found himself vastly mistaken. Another bond of friendliness between Toombs and myself was that I had with me a long letter of Thomas Jefferson to Mr. Leiper, Tom Kane's mother's father, which Tom had lent me, and I returned to him when I got home. If I remember rightly, Jefferson expressed regret in it that he had ever left his chemical experiments at Monticello and gone into politics!



## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE DISASTROUS YEAR 1857.

I DON'T recollect when we arrived in New York, but probably about September 6. I made up my mind to send Helen to Miss Haines' boarding school, as it was dull for her at home, Harriet being in England. I used to go for her every Saturday to fetch her home for that day and Sunday, and very glad the little woman was to see me, and I her. I recollect when we arrived from Liverpool Duncan came to the door to meet us, a sweet, delicate little fellow in summer jacket and trousers, then, and for some years afterward so thin and delicate that we used to call him "chicken-legs." No one could then have imagined that he would have grown to be the tall, broad, handsome man he has since become.

Things went on at 5 West Sixteenth Street pretty much in the usual way up to the end of 1855. On January 30, 1856, little "Chalmers" was born, the handsomest baby, in my opinion, that I ever had. I intended to call him Patrick Chalmers, after my paternal great-grandfather, and his mother had consented to it, and a silver cup from Cousin Carrie Neilson, with that name inscribed on it, had come for the baby. But his mother got into her head, or had it put into her head, that "Patrick" was a very common *Irish* name. I assured her that in Scotland it was a very rare name, and rather aristocratic, but she would none of it.

" And when a woman wills she will, you may depend on't,  
And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."

I see by my memorandum book that on February 1-2, 1856, I wrote to Charlotte, Harriet, Aunt Helen, Anna Cross, John Dennistoun, and Tom Sellar announcing per *Baltic* the birth of "P. C. W.," *i. e.*, Patrick Chalmers Wood, so the dropping of the "Patrick" had not taken place at that date.

On February 26, 1856, I wrote to Willie, Harriet, Aunt Helen, John Dennistoun, Mary Ferguson, and Tom Sellar announcing

John Walter's engagement to Sabina Redmond, eldest daughter of my old friend and correspondent at Charleston, William Redmond. I seem to have written frequent letters to Charlotte, Harriet, and Willie.

On April 2, 1856, I wrote to Archie Lawrie under cover to Dr. Lawrie, his father, I presume, thanking him for his genealogy of the Finlays which he made out for me, and it is pasted into my H. A. W. Book.

In the summer of 1856 I took for summer quarters a house in Locust Hill Avenue, Yonkers, near Mr. and Mrs. William Bell, the latter of whom has been an intimate friend ever since up till this date (October 29, 1892). During the summer our kinsman, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, and surgeon in the United States Navy, paid us a visit, and went from us to London, when I gave him a letter of introduction to my brother-in-law William Cross, Champion Hill, and of Dennistoun, Cross & Co.; from London he went to Cuba, where he died.

On July 7 I see that I wrote to Miss Haines asking her to keep a place for Nellie as a boarder next session.

On September 24 of this year my eldest son, John Walter, was married to Sabina Redmond, eldest daughter of my old friend William Redmond. They were married at his house, Hillside, South Orange, N. J., and ever since she has been much more like a *daughter* to me than a daughter-in-law. In my notebook for 1855-58 I see that my marriage present to John Walter was \$2573, all silverware.

In December of this year I seem to have met Commodore Perry at dinner at Mr. De Peyster's, and more than once. He wanted a draughtsman to go with him to Japan, and offered \$400 per annum, with officer's rations, for such a person. My friend Dr. Hunter, then a very young man, fresh from the north of Ireland, applied for the place, but asked \$500 per annum, although he has told me since that if Commodore Perry had offered \$450 he would have taken it. Fortunately he did not, and Thomas Hunter went into the school system as an assistant in Grammar School 35, West Thirteenth Street. He rapidly rose and eventually became principal. He originated the first Evening High School, which was held for many years in the building of Grammar School

35, and he eventually became president of the Normal College in 1870.

I seem to have carried on a large private correspondence with my children on this and the other side of the Atlantic (Charlotte and Willie), and with many friends, besides attending to my large and growing business.

I now enter upon the year 1857, a very memorable year to me and mine, beginning with great prosperity, and ending most disastrously, and all owing to our unfortunate connection with the Borough Bank of Liverpool, mainly owing to my uncle Alick's desire to be as great a banker in Liverpool as he was in Glasgow. Against his investment in that concern I strongly warned him in 1846. I myself got out of it with about six hundred pounds gain on December 31, 1856.

In the spring of 1857 I went up to Tarrytown and engaged a house there for the summer season. It commanded a fine view of the North River from the back windows, at that season, when the trees were not in leaf. But when they became so in summer, we could not see the Hudson, as I might have foreseen had I not been too much occupied with our then profitable business. My uncle, John Dennistoun, estimated that the business would give us a gain of £85,100 sterling. His items were as follows :

Australia, . . . . .	£22,000
London, . . . . .	16,800
New Orleans, . . . . .	11,800
Glasgow, . . . . .	10,000
Liverpool, . . . . .	5,000
New York, . . . . .	20,500
	<hr/>
	£86,100

Notwithstanding this prosperous outlook in the first six or eight months of 1857, I recollect very well that in traveling daily between Tarrytown and New York, my spirits were depressed, and I could not help feeling that there was some heavy calamity impending. We had a large and fine garden at Tarrytown, kept a cow, and had *two* men servants. I never had but *one* before, and never but one since. There was everything about us to make me cheerful except the want of view from the house. The place was probably malarious. My depression of spirits might have in part arisen from its being the year of the

East Indian mutiny, with the reports of the shocking and cruel murders committed by the Hindoos. I presume that it was this East Indian mutiny which led to the increasing stringency of the London money market, and the subsequent commercial disasters in the closing months of that awful year.

I had sent Robert Barret over to our Liverpool house some time before this, and in October, 1857, John Walter and Sabina went to Liverpool, and sold the furniture of their house, southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, depositing the proceeds to credit of John Walter's account with Dennistoun, Wood & Co.

About the middle of October our bank in New York suspended specie payments, and before they did so, there was a heavy run upon them for gold. Wall Street was so crowded that you might have walked on the people's heads. We (Dennistoun, Wood & Co.), in order to have some specie, drew out ten thousand dollars in gold from the Merchants' Bank, with which institution we then did our banking business.

As well as I can remember, and as far as I can find out from the report of House of Commons' Committee of 1858, or the Bank Acts in my library, J. & A. Dennistoun stopped payment on Saturday, November 7, published in Glasgow upon Monday, November 9, 1857.

Mr. J. E. Coleman, a professional accountant of London, when examined before the above named committee on March 26, 1858, gave the following evidence :

Question 1954. "There is a house in your list, namely No. 6 (Dennistoun & Co), which you did not include in the addition that you made of the totals, in answer to a former question ; that is a house by far the largest in your list. Will you state the particulars of it ?"

Answer. "Their liabilities were upwards of two million pounds sterling, and I have very little doubt that they will be paid. I am of opinion that that house would not have suspended, if it had not been for the large amount which they had embarked in the shares of the Liverpool Borough Bank, and their inability to obtain advances upon real and good properties in Scotland, in consequence of the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland. I do not think that their engagements with the United States, although they were enormous, would have compelled them to have stopped."

Before the same Committee of the House of Commons Mr. J.

Robertson,\* manager of the Union Bank of Scotland in Glasgow, testified in April 30, 1858, as follows :

Question 4573. "Have you ever, in your experience, known a time of such extreme financial pressure, accompanied by so little depression or failure?"

"No, so far as Glasgow is concerned, always excepting Dennistoun's, which was a very large and respectable house."

4574. "Dennistoun's was originally a Glasgow house, and is still a Glasgow house, I believe?"

"It is a Glasgow, London, and Liverpool house."

4575. "The embarrassment of Messrs. Dennistoun was caused by their American connection?"

"Yes."

4576. "There was no circumstance connected with the stoppage of the Banks in Glasgow which in any way aggravated the embarrassment of the Messrs. Dennistoun & Co.?"

"Messrs. Dennistoun failed on the Saturday before the Glasgow banks failed."

4578. "To some extent their embarrassment might be said to be *caused*, or aggravated, by the stopping of the Borough Bank of Liverpool, inasmuch as they were large shareholders in that bank, which led to the immediate lock up of a large amount of capital?"

"I believe two hundred thousand pounds, which represented the par value of these shares in that bank."

4579. "Any other reason?"

"And by the discredit which naturally attached to the knowledge that they were liable to be called upon for further calls to pay the liabilities of that bank."

The chairman of the above named Committee of the House of Commons was the Right Honorable Edward Cardwell, who became subsequently Viscount Cardwell. Among the eighteen members of

\* Mr. J. Robertson's evidence is directly at variance with that of Mr. Coleman, the London professional accountant. I explain the discrepancy in this way : My uncle Alick was one of the largest, if not the very largest, stockholders of the Union Bank of Scotland. It was Robertson's cue to please him, and throw the blame, not on the Borough Bank shares, where it rightfully belonged, but on the head of the American houses. This was myself, who was not there to speak in my own defence, and show the baselessness of Robertson's statements.

the committee were besides Cardwell, *William E. Gladstone*, John Fergue, Earl Gifford, George Carr Glyn, subsequently Lord Wolverton, Sir James Graham, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Sir Charles Wood, subsequently Lord Halifax.

Since writing the immediately preceding lines, I find in the Committee's summary :

"32. The house of Dennistoun & Co. stopped payment on *November 7*. It is expected to pay its liabilities in full, and its members bear the highest character. But it can occasion no surprise that, on the occurrence of such a crisis as that which took place in America last year, a house with debts owing to it from that country of nearly two million pounds, losing at the same time three hundred thousand pounds by the failure of the Borough Bank of Liverpool, of which the partners were shareholders, should, at a juncture when general alarm prevailed, have been obliged to suspend payments."

I now return to October, 1857, in New York. Toward the end of that month I was laboring under intense depression of spirits, anticipating disaster through the Borough Bank. I used to go down daily to Wall Street, my feet feeling as if I were shod with lead. About November 16 or 17 I got very ill, and someone, I don't know who, either by the direction of the elder Dr. Cheesman, then my physician, or without it, gave me opium pills. These, instead of quieting my nerves, had exactly the reverse effect, and raised my pulse to 140. Margaret telegraphed to my son-in-law, T. L. Kane, and he and his wife came on from Philadelphia, and persuaded me to bring Margaret and her children with me to visit Philadelphia for change of air and scene, but I received no benefit. I became extremely ill, and was unable to return to New York till about the middle of December. But while at Fern Rock, Judge Kane's country seat and at that time my daughter Bessie's home, my spirits began to revive, as I recollect enjoying an animated dispute with my son-in-law, Tom Kane. He was hoping that the English rule in India would be overthrown after the Mutiny. I maintained that the English Government was by far the best that India ever had, and I predicted that after the Mutiny was put down it would be more perfectly established than ever.

From Judge Kane's I went to my sister Eliza's in New York, only



passing one night there, and going on with Robert Pell to my brother-in-law's house at West Point, which Mr. Pell had kindly opened for us. There I spent Christmas, 1857, Mr. Pell coming up for the occasion and concocting a plum pudding to celebrate it.

Uncle John Dennistoun came out here in January, 1858, to look into our affairs. Walter and his wife had returned to New York by this time, and I paid them a visit at Mr. Redmond's (Sabina's father) of about ten days about the end of January.

In February, 1858, John Dennistoun and I went to Niagara, where he had never been. We saw people crossing on the ice gorge below the falls. The weather was fine, and as he and I were lying on Table Rock looking at the falls and at the magnificent white clouds floating majestically over the clear blue sky, he said to me, pointing at the falling water: "William, if we had been always accustomed to see that, and had never before gazed upon *those*," looking upward to the clouds, "we would have thought them the more wonderful of the two." We returned to New York *via* Albany, and he sailed for Europe either in the end of February or beginning of March. "He went on his way, and I saw him no more"—a fine, honorable, upright man in all his financial dealings: his word as good as his bond. He had always been particularly kind and affectionate to me, and was more like an elder brother than an uncle. There was only five years of difference in our ages. We corresponded till his death, though we never met again.

I remained in New York with J. Walter and Dawson, attending to the affairs of Dennistoun, Wood & Co. In the summer of 1858 I took an unfurnished cottage near the gas house in Yonkers, which, with some things from our town house, Margaret furnished with cheap summer furniture, and we were wonderfully comfortable. I may mention here that, pending the arrangements for paying the debts of the firm, each partner restricted himself to a certain sum per annum. I restricted myself to ten thousand dollars per annum, which was a come-down from twenty-five thousand dollars per annum or upward, but I can't say I ever felt the difference; and if I recollect rightly, James Campbell and I were the only two partners that lived within our agreed income for three years. We knew, in

looking over our affairs, that we not only could pay all our debts, but have a *large* surplus, and with certain aid from the then great house of Overend, Gurney & Co. we did, in November, 1858, *pay all our creditors, principal and interest*, a thing which, so far as I know, had never been done before with so large a failure, and probably never will be done again.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

IN July, 1858, I took Margaret a jaunt to Niagara Falls from Yonkers, and back again there by the Erie Railroad. We were very proud of our then youngest child, Chalmers, who used to be pushed along the Yonkers avenues in the first perambulator that was seen in New York, sent to me by John Dennistoun. Chalmers had a leg-horn hat with an ostrich feather, and a band of ruby-colored velvet round the hat.

Next year (1859) we spent the summer at Mr. Anstice's house near the top of the hill at Yonkers, and one day Mr. Anstice came in to ask me if I had any objection to allow a gentleman—the Rev. A. Stone-Morrison—to look through the house, as he hoped to get him for a tenant next winter. I said I would be very glad to see the gentleman, and when he came in I said to him: "You don't know me, but I know you, and a great deal more about your family and connections than you know yourself." I then told him: "You are a nephew of Captain Archie Morrison of Eaton Hall, near Norwich, England, who was a cousin-german of Mr. John Kane, my first wife's father." He and all the Kane family, as already mentioned, were loyalists at the time of the Revolution. Captain Archie Morrison got a commission in the British army, married two rich wives, and lived in great style at Eaton Hall, near Norwich, England, as I have, I believe, already stated in the earlier part of this narration. My son-in-law, General T. L. Kane, when a young lad, paid Captain Morrison a long visit, and the latter was so much pleased with him that he offered to leave him Eaton Hall and all his property if he would become a British subject. Tom Kane refused to do this. Captain Morrison then left his money and estate to the Rev. Mr. Stone, the son of his sister, and he took the name of Morrison in addition to his own, and became the Rev. Stone-Morrison. He came to New York and bought the *Sun* newspaper from the Beaches, with the purpose of turning it into a religious newspaper, and sank all the

money he had inherited from Captain Morrison upon it. In the spring of 1859 I walked out to Yonkers and called on Rev. Stone-Morrison and saw in his house a portrait of Captain Morrison in his scarlet regimental coat. I think that the Stone-Morrisons subsequently went to South Orange and then to Philadelphia, but I have lost sight of them for many years (November 19, 1892).

We returned to 5 West Sixteenth Street from Yonkers in 1859, and I have no recollection of anything particular occurring in that year.

I insert here the dates when my children joined the church :

Charlotte joined Dr. Pott's Presbyterian Church, corner Tenth Street and University Place, Sunday, May 13, 1849. On the same day, twenty years before, her mother and I became engaged at Mr. John Hone's house, 40 Warren Street.

John Walter joined Dr. Pott's church, Sunday, November 10, 1850.

Bessie joined Dr. Pott's church, Sunday, May 9, 1852.

Harriet Maria joined Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, December 20, 1857.

Willie took communion at the Cathedral, Bristol, England, Sunday, May 3, 1857.

Helen joined Collegiate Dutch Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, on Sunday, March 18, 1860, being converted by a sermon of the never very popular Dr. Talbot Chambers.

Henry Duncan joined Dr. Tyng's Episcopal Church in April, 1872.

Chalmers joined Dr. John Cotton Smith's Episcopal Church of the Ascension.

In 1860 I have nothing to note of the first half of the year. In summer we went with the children to Knight's boarding house and then to Mrs. Ireland's boarding house, Yonkers, of which I have no recollection. On returning to 5 West Sixteenth Street we found all New York agog about the impending visit of the Prince of Wales. He came accompanied by the then Duke of Newcastle, a great personal friend of Gladstone. Isaac Buchanan wrote to me from Montreal that I would find the duke very like myself. When I did see him I was not particularly complimented, for, had I not known him to be a duke, I would have taken him for a red-whiskered butcher. The prince was very well received in New York, and had rooms in the then new Fifth Avenue Hotel. His own room was on the second floor, northwest corner, fronting on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third

Street. On October 12 the leading citizens, under the presidency of Peter Cooper, gave the prince a grand ball in the Academy of Music, Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. I was one of the subscribers of, I think, one hundred dollars, and got tickets for myself and wife and my youngest daughter, Helen, then about seventeen, her elder sister Harriet not choosing to go. There were ten young beauties of the leading New York families selected to dance with the prince. Among these the greatest beauty was Lydia S. Mason, eldest daughter of Henry Mason, subsequently Mrs. Heyward Cutting. (On December 6, 1883, she became my sister-in-law by my marriage to her next sister, Helen Mason.) Miss Lydia, while dancing with the prince, got a nail through the sole of her slipper into her foot, but, notwithstanding, she danced out the dance. Another of the ten beauties was Augusta Jay, a great friend of my daughter Helen, and who became subsequently Mrs. Randolph Robinson. The dancing floor was composed of boards fastened over the pit, and in the middle of the ball the flooring caved in. No one was hurt, but it took some time to set things to rights; and there was old Brown, the well known sexton of Grace Church, down in the vacant space helping to nail up the boards, and looking exactly like the *Grave Diggers* in "Hamlet."

In December, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the United States, and so the first step in our bloody Civil War was taken, and so ended 1860, with gloomy portents in many hearts, but with an unswerving belief in my own that ultimately the Union would be preserved. In the end of December, 1860, Dennistoun, Wood & Co. lent money to the United States Treasury at twelve per cent. interest per annum! Such was the fear of the result of the Civil War among capitalists.

I have no notes of what I was doing in the first important months of 1861, until Saturday, March 23, 1861, when I sent the following letter signed "Senex" to the *Evening Post*, and headed by that paper

"THE ONLY SOLUTION OF OUR DIFFICULTIES.

"To the Editor of the *Evening Post* :

"In your leading article of Thursday evening you have hit the nail on the head — '*rem acu tetigisti*' — as the Latin grammar hath it.

Many of us in this locality—‘mute, inglorious Miltons’—have for many weeks past been groaning and moaning to one another over the state of our country, but usually we have so little to do with, and are so little interested in, politics that we do not know how to make ourselves heard in this political storm. We are ‘little skilled in the set phrase of words,’ could not address political meetings if we tried, and in addition probably no one would listen to us if we did. We have no skill in writing political articles for newspapers, our only literary efforts consisting in ordering goods and counting their cost. But we feel that though dumb and useless to point out remedies for the existing evils to our rulers and legislators, no class is more deeply interested in the welfare of our common country than we are; and even as Balaam’s ass spoke out when he saw the angel’s destroying sword, so am I constrained to urge you to advocate with all the power of your pen the repeal of the monstrous Morrill Tariff, unless you are willing to see our magnificent city become a second desolated Tyre—a place for the fishermen to hang their nets on.

“Some of us, in our mournful meetings, had arrived at the very conclusion that you have come to, that the way to save the country is to repeal at once the Morrill Tariff and substitute therefor ‘the sweet simplicity’ of ten per cent. *ad valorem* duty upon all imported articles, including tea and coffee. Do this, and abandon all attempts to coerce the seceding States, give up Fort Sumter to the foolish people of Charleston, since they are so anxious to have it—they will keep it safely and in proper order for ‘the good time coming,’—but let the Federal Government retain all the forts now in its possession along the coast of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, not for the purpose of overawing the neighboring States, or even to assist in the collection of revenue, but simply in the interests of commerce. With a simple tariff of ten per cent. the whole stream of commerce would flow into the Northern ports. Free trade is the very Malakoff of our position. With it no direct shipments would go South. To be sure of this we have only to look back at the course of trade for the last forty or fifty years. I am sorry to say that I am old enough to remember the state of trade at the later of these two periods between the Southern ports and Europe. At Charleston and New Orleans particularly there were twice in the year—for the spring and fall trades—large importations of dry goods direct from Europe, but



even during the existence of this direct trade, and what the present generation of Southerners look back upon as the palmy days of commerce, the trade so carried on was almost all in the hands of foreign houses—the Finleys, Dennistouns, Buchanans, and Woods, who had their large establishments at Charleston and New Orleans. This statement you will find borne out by Vincent Nolte in his ‘Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres.’ In fact, fifty years ago the Southerners who had means to carry on a direct foreign trade looked down with a very aristocratic contempt upon all commercial dealings, and were perfectly willing that the Scotch, those busy ‘hewers of wood and drawers of water’ for their more more richly born brethren, should relieve them of the drudgery, even if they pocketed the profits.

“But the course of events was too strong even for the Scotsmen, and as the intercourse between the North and South was accelerated first by coasters, and then by Mississippi and sea-going steamers, and finally by railroads, the direct business between Europe and the Southern ports, as far as regarded dry goods, entirely ceased, and the houses above alluded to became either exporters of produce or merchant bankers, or shut up their stores and vamoosed to regions where they had not to compete with the persevering activity of New England, before which both Scotsman and Jew fall down like ninepins. The dry goods trade of these Southern cities passed entirely into the hands of men from the Northern States, who found that they could assort their stores much better by buying in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston than by importing direct from Europe, for which latter operation they had neither the capital nor credit, even if it had answered in a pecuniary point of view, which it did not.

“Now, except by artificial legislation, you cannot turn back the tide of human events, and even by such legislation you can only do it temporarily; but the temporary turning back may be attended with much misery and ruin, and we can avoid most of the evil by a prompt retracing of our steps—by repealing the Morrill Tariff, and by substituting therefor, not the tariff of 1857, but a simple *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent. on all imports. With such a duty in the North, not one cargo of dry goods would be sent from Europe to any Southern port. Everything would come to New York, Bos-

ton, and Philadelphia, and all supplies for the seceding States must be got from these ports. Of course the seceding States could raise no revenue from direct importations, and must resort to direct taxes and duties, levied obnoxiously, along their inland borders, which I look upon as quite impracticable.

“With a ten per cent. tariff in the United States, before a year passed, and without any coercion, or even attempt at it, on the part of the Federal authorities, to levy duties in the seceding States, we should hear our Southern brethren saying : ‘I will arise and go to my father ;’ and even ‘while they were yet a great way off,’ we should most warmly welcome them back to the paternal and fraternal mansion. Then out of all the miseries of the last four months would have arisen the great blessing of free trade, for after a ten per cent. tariff had been tried, and the seceding States had returned to their allegiance, there would be no ‘harking back’ to protectionist theories. I am satisfied by personal inspection of their factories, and comparison with those in Europe, that our New England brethren can successfully compete with the cotton and woolen manufactories of Europe, if they will only trust to their own energies, instead of legislative protection, as all ‘protection’ means only ‘robbing someone else.’ I hope to live to see the day when, as that veteran free trader, William Rathbone of Liverpool, once said in an Anti-corn Law speech : ‘A protected trade will be as disgraceful as a protected woman.’

“Some of my growing fellow-merchants say : ‘How can you hope for a reduced tariff from Lincoln and the Republicans, a main plank in whose platform was “protection to native industry”?’ I have much faith in the necessity of the case and in the truth of the old saw : ‘*Magna est veritas et prævalebit* ;’ and is not ‘history, philosophy teaching by example?’ Then does not history teach us that one of England’s greatest ministers, Sir Robert Peel, came into power as the ardent advocate of protection, but circumstances became too strong for him (as they will be for Mr. Lincoln), and Sir Robert dealt protection its deathblow ? And under Mr. Lincoln’s beneficent Presidency we may live to see the grand principles of free trade carried into actual practice, and thereby have an end put forever to one great cause of contention between North and South, the only genuine cause of complaint which our Southern

brethren really have. Then shall we see realized on the banks of our own majestic Hudson what Pope prophesied of a far inferior stream 150 years ago :

“ ‘ The time shall come when, free as waves or wind,  
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind ;  
Whole navies enter with each swelling tide,  
And seas but join the nations they divide.’ ”

On April 29, 1861, I sent the following to the *Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the Reformed Dutch Church. It was composed on April 15, while walking down to Wall Street :

“ DEAR SIR :

“ The raising of the national flag on the steeple of the Fifth Avenue Reformed Dutch Church and the old Fulton Street Church makes me think that the inclosed lines, written on the morning of the 15th inst., on the fall of Fort Sumter and bearing upon the restoration of the ‘ Stars and Stripes ’ to that fortress, may strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the various congregations, more especially in the hearts of those noble young men who have gone out from us to defend our national capital and protect that flag, which, for eighty-five years, has been known all over the world as the symbol of *civil and religious liberty*.

“ I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

“ WILLIAM WOOD.”

I.

“ Wretched and sorrowful my lay,  
No brilliant deed of arms I tell,  
Sad and inglorious was the fray  
In which Fort Sumter fell.

II.

“ The Rebel camp had many a gun,  
Stolen from all the country round,  
And a *hundred* men for every *one*  
That in the leaguered fort was found.

III.

“ Reduced by famine, well they fought,  
Amid the red-hot shot and shell,  
Till fire at last their barracks caught,  
And then their noble banner fell.

## IV.

“ And in its place the felon flag  
 Now floats upon the southern breeze,  
 The scorn of all but those who brag  
 Beneath the tall palmetto trees.

## V.

“ Up, Union men ! Spring to your feet,  
 Restore again the Stripes and Stars,  
 The flag that never knew defeat  
 In all our glorious wars.

## VI.

“ Down, down with every traitor,  
 Twiggs, Hardee, Beauregard,  
 Nerve our right arms, Creator !  
 Thine is our cause, O Lord !”

On April 25, 1861, the *Journal of Commerce* published under the heading of

## “PATRIOTIC FUND.

“ The following additional sums have been subscribed :

George Collins, . . . . \$100	Mulford & Mark, . . . . \$200
Edward H. Ludlow, . . . . 100	H. Meigs, Jr., & Smith, . . . . 250
Charles Easton, . . . . 500	Alexander Van Rensselaer, . . . . 500
A. W. Spier & Co., . . . . 100	D. H. Arnold, . . . . 100
John T. Metcalf, . . . . 100	E. B. Clayton & Co., . . . . 250
Beebe & Brother, . . . . 200	George Palen, . . . . 100
Henry Owen, . . . . 100	Isaac H. Barley, . . . . 100
Bernhard Mayer, . . . . 100	Maurey Brothers, . . . . 50
Cary & Co., . . . . 300	George C. Ward, . . . . 250
George A. Schnelzel, . . . . 100	Wm. Whitlock, Jr., . . . . 500
A. S. Jarvis, . . . . 50	William Wood, . . . . 250
Drake Mills, . . . . 100	Sparkman, Truslow & Co., . . . . 100
F. L. Talcott, . . . . 50	Third Avenue R. R. Co., . . . . 2,000
C. F. Dambman & Co., . . . . 500	William B. Astor, . . . . 15,000
P. M. Lydig, . . . . 500	George Schnelzel, . . . . 100

[Signed] “ WILLIAM E. DODGE, Chairman.

“ THEODORE DEHON, Treasurer.”

The following is from the correspondence of the New York *Tribune* in reference to my son-in-law, Thomas L. Kane, and his regiment of

"Bucktails"; also called "Wildcats," because they came from that part of Pennsylvania called the "Wildcat" country, but the designation of "Bucktails" was soon adopted and became permanent :

"HARRISBURG, May 4, 1861.

"One of the most notable instances of persevering patience and determination which has occurred since the President's proclamation, is that of mustering the "Wildcats" of this State, by Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who has taken up his residence in the county of McKean in the very heart of what is termed 'the Wildcat District.' On receiving the proclamation he started out on horseback to arouse the hardy sons of the forest in the counties of McKean, Elk, Cameron, and Potter. He traveled over 500 miles on his horse, enlisted 307 men, and entered Harrisburg with them in 13 days from the time he started out. The men were brought from the backwoods. Three hundred and seven men averaged 80 miles travel on foot to reach Sinnemahoning River. At different points on this stream they took rafts and floated down to Rattlesnake, on the Sunbury and Erie Railroad in Clinton county, where they could find ready conveyance to 'civilization.' Over one-half of these 307 men are 'crack' shooters, who have taken prizes at all the 'shooting matches' in the Wildcat district, and all were selected for being 'good shots.' They are armed with their own rifles, and are determined to retain them when hunting Southern game. They are professional hunters, raftsmen, surveyors, land-hunters, and lumbermen, who are already used to camp life and long tramps.

"When at Sunbury they received a dispatch from Governor Curtin that not more than 140 were wanted. They unanimously resolved that they would come to Harrisburg, and if not accepted, they would at once go to Washington and *go through to Baltimore.*

"They came into this city bearing a huge pair of buck horns in front, and each one having a tail of a deer ornamenting his soft-felt hat. They have been mustered in and form a regiment with the companies from Tioga, who have the same characteristics. These men are in earnest, and when they draw the trigger of their rifles, they do not intend to waste powder. Colonel Kane was last evening elected Colonel of this 'Wildcat' regiment. His reputation for hard service is well known, and his loyalty is unflinching."

On May 9, 1861, I wrote the following rhymes on the foregoing text :

“ Hurrah for the Union ! the stripes and the stars,  
Colonel Kane and his Bucktails are bound for the wars.  
No holiday soldiers for pomp and parade,  
But for sharp shooting famous, and keenness of blade ;  
They all love their colonel, they well know his worth,  
At his call they rushed forth from their homes in the North.  
For they knew he had justice and honor in view,  
And courage unflinching his course to pursue.  
How strange that a leader so fragile and small,  
Should be followed by troopers so stalwart and tall !  
But they knew the big soul in his body that dwelt,  
And unbounded reliance they all of them felt.  
Hurrah for the Bucktails ! may history crown  
Their efforts to vanquish and put treason down,  
With so gallant a leader, so righteous a cause ;  
Well they'll strike for the Union, and fight for the laws ;  
Oh ! sharp be the battle, and short be the war,  
And may traitors and treason be banished afar ;  
While strife in our borders forever shall cease,  
And Kane and his men seek their mountains in peace.”

I find the following letter of mine written and sent to the *Evening Post*, April 19, 1861, but not published till May 16, 1861, headed :

“ A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONTEST—THE PROBABILITIES.

“ *To the Editor of the Evening Post :*

“ It has been a glorious sight to see the manner in which the Northern heart has responded as the heart of one man to the war proclamation of the President. The declaration of an active and decided policy instead of that gentle bleating of ‘ peace, peace, when there was no peace,’ has met with the cordial approbation of the vast majority of the population of the Northern States, from the blooming maiden of sixteen summers to the aged man to whom ‘ the grass-hopper has become a burden.’ The policy just inaugurated, if acted upon by an honest administration five months ago, would have nipped secession in the bud, and even if circumstances had remained as they were last Monday (April 15), the war policy pursued to its legitimate conclusion, would, I doubt not, have eventually brought back the seven seceding States into the bosom of the Union. On that day I



was heartily for war to the 'bitter end,' and was so excited on the subject that I wrote some six verses on the fall of Sumter and sent them to you (and by the way you never published them, so I suppose you did not think them quite so 'germane to the matter' as I did ; but let that pass). One of the verses was as follows :

“ ‘ Up, Union men ! spring to your feet,  
Restore again the Stripes and Stars,  
The flag that never knew defeat  
In all our glorious wars.’ ”

“ That was my feeling on Monday last, but since then we have heard of the secession of Virginia, to be followed, I doubt not, by that of North Carolina and Tennessee, and probably Kentucky and Arkansas, leaving possibly with us of the slave States only Delaware, Maryland, and possibly Missouri ; perhaps also Western Virginia. Now with such a small portion of the slave States adhering to us, I hold that the policy of endeavoring to coerce the seceding States back into the Union is extremely doubtful—to say the least of it. With only Delaware, Maryland, and Western Virginia, and Missouri adhering to us, the slave element would be reduced to such modest proportions that the free States could easily give to the slave owners of these States an adequate compensation and free all these slaves, thus giving us a united population with homogeneous institutions.

“ While thus banishing negro slavery from our borders, let us at the same time banish another sort of slavery, which holds down and oppresses white labor—I mean the slavery of a protective tariff. Let the manufacturing and coal and iron interests of New England, Pennsylvania, and Maryland abandon selfishness and be satisfied with the protection which God and nature have given them in nearness to markets, skillful hands, and inventive minds. Let us raise as much revenue as we can by a simple tariff of ten per cent. on all imported articles, including tea and coffee, and if that will not yield enough for the purposes of government, raise the balance of what may be necessary by direct taxation.

“ With Delaware, Maryland, Western Virginia, and Missouri adhering to the free States, we should have natural boundaries of rivers for by far the greater portion of our Southern frontier, and with *homogeneous institutions* and a *low tariff* we should be a united,

a prosperous, and a happy people, more so than we shall be should we be able to coerce the seceding States back into the Union with us ; for, supposing such an event accomplished, we could not hang all the secession leaders, however richly they may deserve it ; neither could we banish them from political power. Your Davises, Toombses, Priors, Keitts, '*et hoc genus omne*,' would again be, as they have heretofore been, 'the flies in the ointment of the apothecary, which caused it to send forth a stinking savor.' The 'wicked would not cease from troubling' nor allow 'the weary to be at rest.' Therefore, if the slave States are prepared to leave us in a body, let them go. It was an entirely different matter when only seven of them proposed to leave us. Then we were bound, not only by what was due to ourselves, but what was due to the Union men of the loyal slave States, to coerce the seceders back into the Union ; but now that all the actual slave States (for I do not regard Delaware, Maryland, Western Virginia, and Missouri, except as temporarily, in that category) have left or will leave us, we have nothing to consider but our own interest in the matter, and that may be attained by acting on Dogberry's advice to the constables when he told them to 'Comprehend all vagrom men in the prince's name.' And the constables proceed to ask him : 'But how if they will not stand ?' 'Why, then,' says he, 'bid them go, and thank God you are rid of a knave.'

"But while I would not push the war policy so far as to compel a return of all the slave States into the Union, I would not stop the mustering of the 'plumed troops' for 'the big war,' but, in accordance with the President's proclamation, push forward all the men that have been called or may be called for, and I would strictly blockade every Southern port. In fact, my policy would be to convince the South that the North is both able and willing to fight, points upon which the fire-eaters profess to be skeptical. The best way to maintain peace is to be perfectly prepared for war. Let the North be so, but then before we actually 'cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war,' let us take a calm view of our position and of the Southern seceding States, and when we are in a position to show them that we can dictate our own terms, let us agree upon a basis of amicable separation. And what would be the result within a few years ? Virginia and Kentucky, by the 'oozing' out of their slaves

northward and their sale southward, would become free States. As it is a cardinal point in the creed of the Southern Confederate States that any State may secede when it chooses, of course no opposition would be made to Virginia and Kentucky rejoining the United States. This would throw North Carolina and Tennessee into the border States, where the same process would go on, until at last all the slaves would be confined within the Gulf cotton States ; but in the meantime, while the slaves were increasing in these localities, the demand for their cotton would be greatly diminished. I hold it as a fixed fact that, however the present controversy may end, the cotton States have sealed the doom of their monopoly of that article. [How contrary is the result !—1893.] England and France will gradually but decidedly cease to depend entirely upon the cotton States for their supply of the staple. I consider that in the future the Gulf States will find themselves over-supplied with slave labor, while the decreased value of the products of slave labor will make the planters themselves eager for emancipation.

“ Let us, then, be thoroughly prepared for ‘ bloody war,’ with all its ‘ pomp and circumstance ’ ; but let us pause before we actually draw the sword and throw away the scabbard and proceed to smite our erring brethren.

“ War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,  
That from the aged father tears his child.  
A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
That starves the sire and kills the son.  
The husband kills, and from her hoard  
Steals all his widow’s toil hath won ;  
Plunders God’s world of beauty, rends away  
All comfort from the night, all safety from the day.

“ SENEX (WM. WOOD).”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP WITH MY UNCLES AND EVENTS OF HOME LIFE DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

IN December, 1861, died my second cousin and old companion in youth, Alexander Wood, a Scottish advocate and sheriff substitute of Berwickshire. He was born in 1810, and became a pupil of the Edinburgh Academy at its establishment in 1824, and had the honor of being the first *dux*, and of carrying the first gold medal of that institution over the head of Archibald Tait, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. He subsequently studied at the Universities of St. Andrew's and Cambridge. In the year 1834 he was admitted to the Scottish bar, and in 1850 was appointed sheriff substitute of Berwickshire. The duties of that office he performed in a manner highly creditable to himself and satisfactory to the legal profession and to the public. He was the second son of my father's cousin-german, Henry Wood of Edinburgh.

In the summer of 1861 I rented the house of Elon Comstock, Warburton Avenue, Yonkers. He was then one of the principal owners of the New York *Journal of Commerce*. In the course of the summer the first battle of the Rebellion was fought near Washington, and in the morning we learned from the papers that it had been won by the Union troops, and were greatly rejoiced thereat. Margaret, the children, and I, including my daughters Harriet and Helen, started off on a jaunt, the younger ones and Margaret in a carriage and the rest of us on foot, to visit Aunt Maria and Mr. De Peyster and the Van Rensselaers at Rye on the East River or Sound. We spent the day there very pleasantly, returning to Yonkers in the evening, and greatly to our disappointment and disgust, found that the rose-colored reports of the morning were all wrong, and that the Union army had been ignominiously put to flight by the rebels at what was called the *first* battle of *Bull Run*, on July 21, 1861.

In the beginning of this year (1861) I omitted to state that in the Edinburgh *Gazette* of February 8, 1861, it is advertised on page 199

that William Wood, B. F. Dawson, and J. Walter Wood, by mutual consent retired on December 31, 1860, from the several firms of Dennistoun, Cross & Co., London, Dennistoun, Wood & Co., New York, A. & J. Dennistoun & Co., New Orleans, and J. & A. Dennistoun, Glasgow.

The same form of advertisement is repeated in the *London Gazette* of February 12, 1861, page 620.

My partnership with my uncles began in October, 1828, before I was twenty, but was then confined to a house we had at that time in New York, under the firm of Dennistoun, MacGregor & Co., which was dissolved in October, 1829, owing to the misconduct of MacGregor in New Orleans, rendering it necessary for William C. Mylne to go and reside there. I, though under twenty-one years of age, would have been alone in New York, but in 1829 my uncles Alexander and John Dennistoun joined me as partners in the Trinidad business, handed over to me by my uncle, Walter Wood, this firm being in Trinidad George Reed & Co., and in Glasgow William Wood & Co. ; subsequently, in 1832, this latter firm was transferred to Liverpool, when I went to reside there in May, 1832.

This dissolution of December 31, 1860, severed all business partnership between my uncles and myself, after it had existed in one form or another for thirty-two years. I felt sad at the time, but from the Borough Bank affair had made up my mind to avail myself of a break in the partnership deed at that time, and never go into partnership again. Both my uncles were the soul of business honor, but I was especially attached to John, the younger, who was only five years older than myself, and more like a brother than an uncle.

Although we were beaten by Beauregard at the first battle of Bull Run, on July 21, 1861, yet I seem to have been in pretty good spirits as soon after as July 31, 1861, when I wrote the following at Yonkers :

Will Wood he lived at Yonkers,  
 At least he spent the summer there ;  
 His wife's name it was Margaret,  
 And she kept her house with care.  
 Their family, 'tis said, was large,  
 Their hospitalities were small,  
 And truth would not be broke  
 If you called them none at all !

But once they did determine,  
 Harry Redmond to invite  
 To spend with them at Yonkers  
 A summer's day and night,  
 So Margaret told the butcher boy  
 That day to increase their fare,  
 And send them four pounds of lamb chops  
 And a beefsteak chosen with care.

But, alas ! this wicked butcher  
 This order didn't attend,  
 And so young Harry's dinner  
 Near came to an untimely end.  
 But just before the dinner hour  
 Cook to her "missus" came :  
 " There's nought in house for dinner, mum,  
 But this here lot of bread."

At this was Mrs. Margaret Wood  
 Most dreadful took aback,  
 And shouted to her husband dear :  
 " Alack ! dear Will, alack !  
 Oh ! won't you go to Yonkers, Will,  
 And bring ' summut ' home to eat ;—  
 A tongue, a pound of butter,  
 Or lamb that's fresh and sweet ? "

Will heard his loving wife's complaint,  
 Scarce gave her time the whole to utter,  
 Ere he started off to Yonkers and  
 Himself brought home tongue, lamb, and butter.  
 Next time a guest they entertain  
 I hope this wicked butcher boy  
 Will better mind his business,  
 Nor Mrs. Margaret Wood annoy.

#### AN INCIDENT.

As Helen at the breakfast table sat,  
 She said : " Papa, just think what they are at,  
 Our darling ' Seventh,' whom we girls adore,  
 Are by gorillas from the Southern shore,  
 To be attacked and eaten by the brutes,  
 Unless each gallant lad some fifty shoots."



"Guerillas, not gorillas, my dear child,"  
Paterfamilias says in accents mild,  
"The first is Spanish for an armed band,  
Of peasants roving over all the land,  
And though the South has always dealt in slaves,  
For bondsmen's work their haughty nature craves,  
I never heard that to Virginia's capes  
They ever had imported fighting apes."  
"Well, well," quoth Helen, "peasants be they or baboons  
Our Seventh 'ill whip them all, besides dragoons."

In 1862 the Civil War was still raging, but I never had the least doubt of its ultimate result, although it "dragged its slow length along" much longer than I had calculated upon.

In August of this year, Margaret and I, with Dennistoun, Duncan, and, I fancy, Chalmers and Van Horne, went up to Catskill Mountain House, and there I met my friend and fellow-alumnus of the University of Glasgow (although twenty years after me), the Rev. William M. Taylor. The day after our arrival he and I took a long walk to the highest point of the Catskill range. I caught cold in the liver, and suffered excruciating pain, and thought I was going to die, and could get no brandy, all the house being shut, nor could any doctor be found. I lay awake all night, thinking how in the world they would get my coffin down the mountain to the North River. However, in a day or two I got better, and enjoyed the mountain air and scenery, taking some long walks with my sons Dennistoun and Duncan. From the Catskills we returned to our hired house in Yonkers, which I had taken for the second time, during the summer of 1862. I ought to have mentioned that on March 2, 1862, I bought from Gordon W. Burnham the house, 4 West Eighteenth Street, after having looked over, with Margaret, no less than forty-five houses in all. None of the others we liked as well, but had nearly made up our minds to buy the house on the northeast corner of Thirty-first Street and Madison Avenue. After we had looked over it all except the cellar, I fortunately said to Margaret, "Before we decide let us go and look at it?" We did, and found *a foot and a-half of water in it*. The house is at the lowest point of Murray Hill, and all the surface water flows down to it.

I bought the house, 4 West Eighteenth Street, at the low figure of twenty-five thousand dollars, owing to the existing Civil

War which prevented Mr. Thomas Holland, Burnham's brother-in-law, for whom he had built it, from buying it. All his assets were in the hands of the rebels at New Orleans, and in consequence, he was for the time poverty stricken and could not purchase.

I think my lease of 5 West Sixteenth Street was extended after May 1, 1862, as long as I wanted it, for we returned in the fall of 1862 to that house, and it was while living there that I purchased this one. I did so, although I had been paying two thousand dollars currency per annum rent. The owners of 5 West Sixteenth Street offered me a five years' lease at fifteen hundred dollars in gold. At that time in 1862, gold was from par to one per cent. premium, and I made it part of the bargain with Gordon W. Burnham for 4 West Eighteenth Street, that when the title deeds were found to be correct, he was to take a certified check in currency for the cost at par, and the house was paid for to Burnham, March 2, 1862. In order to furnish our new house, 4 West Eighteenth Street, I gave Margaret eight thousand dollars to procure furniture, carpets, etc., etc., according to her own taste. Part of this money was obtained by an auction sale of a part of the furniture in 5 West Sixteenth Street. On our return from Anstice's house at Yonkers, we went to 5 West Sixteenth Street before the auction sale of furniture, and one day in early October, 1862, I think, moved over to this house. This was on a fine afternoon, Margaret leading the way and showing me with no little pride how nicely she had furnished the house, hung the pictures, etc., etc. I have no recollection how the rest of 1862 was spent, but have a dim idea that it was about that time I sent a letter to Thomas L. Kane, then in the front with his Bucktail Regiment, with my ideas regarding the management of the emancipated slaves, whom I thought ought to be cared for and treated as wards of the United States under lawyers to be appointed in the Southern districts. With this letter of mine Colonel Kane was very much pleased, saying that if he had been near any printing press he would have had it printed and circulated, and I think he said he had sent a copy to Stanton. The press copy of my letter and Tom Kane's reply I had in my library desk within three months for the purpose of copying them into this biography, and now (February 23, 1893) I have put them away so carefully that I cannot find them

high or low. Should they subsequently turn up, I may yet embody them in this autobiography, as I am free to admit that I considered my letter on the subject rather a statesman-like production ! If I could find and read it, this rose-colored view might be much modified. I don't recollect anything more of 1862, and in the latter part of it and the beginning of 1863, we got comfortably settled in 4 West Eighteenth Street.

I see that on May 20, 1863, when on a visit to my son Willie, then at Northampton, Mass., I wrote the following sonnet on Tom Kane's return from the battle of Rappahannock, badly wounded :

“ Home from the Rappahannock's bloody strife,  
On litter borne, with scarce a spark of life ;  
Through two sad years, though wounded, weak, and worn,  
Thy gallant spirit has thee nobly borne,  
Seeking thy country's good, all good above,  
With patient ardor like a woman's love.  
Not that phosphoric light which never warms  
Those hearts which, safe at home from war's alarms,  
With traitors sympathize, for rebels feel,  
And only vilify the true and leal,  
In future days union and peace shall reign,  
Children be taught the name of General Kane,  
And learn from him to strive for truth and right,  
Through life, through death, to fight fair freedom's fight.”

Tom Kane was laid up to recover, on leave of absence, at Greenwood, his aunt, Mrs. Ann Thomas' place, below Philadelphia on the banks of the Delaware, and thither I went to visit him, Bessie, and Mrs. Thomas, from June 27 till 30. He used to be carried up and down stairs in the arms of his faithful colored man, Scipio Young, a “contraband” whom he had found in the South, and who, with his wife and family, settled at Kane's, and are there to this day, August 3, 1892.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

I ENTER THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANKING CORPORATION, LIMITED, AS MANAGER, AUGUST 24, 1863—QUESTION OF THE CHANGE OF NAME OF THE “DUTCH REFORMED” CHURCH DEBATED.

ON June 3, 1863, my eldest daughter, Charlotte Matilda, married, at Clifton, near Bristol, the Rev. Edward Bell, then curate of Gainsford, and subsequently vicar of St. John's, Wakefield, Yorkshire, England.

In the summer of 1863 we took Scribner's house at Yonkers, and while there one of the events of my life, which I have most clearly recognized as providential, happened. At that time the Oriental Bank of London was the greatest banking institution in the East India and China trade, and was under the management in London of a Scotsman named Harry George Gordon.

The bank had inspectors whose duty it was to visit all the subsidiary banks in the East Indies and China. Two of these inspectors—one a Scotsman named John Skinner, the other an Englishman, William McLay Elles—came out here in the summer of 1863 to establish a limited bank in New York. It was to be an adjunct to the Oriental Bank of London, and was to be called “The British and American Exchange Banking Corporation, Limited.” It was to have an authorized capital of £1,000,000 and a paid-up capital of \$3,750,000, and the power of calling for £250,000 sterling more, if thought necessary by the directors. The two inspectors were to find a Scotsman here to manage the bank. They applied to me. Whether they had been recommended to do so before their arrival in New York I know not. The first notice of their intention I had from my nephew, John Walter Cross, who was then a partner of Dennistoun, Wood & Co. here. I had several notes from him on the subject, written from Wall Street, as I was living for the summer at Yonkers and out of the way of hearing business gossip. I intended to embody these notes in my autobiography, but have

put them away so carefully that I cannot find them. The gist of them, however, was that if I would accept the position Messrs. Skinner and Elles were empowered to offer, I should have a salary of four thousand pounds per annum and an engagement for five years.

I took this liberal offer into serious consideration, and had intimated to Foster & Thomson, my lawyers, that if I accepted I would make them solicitors to the new bank. I think before deciding on the subject I went to see Dr. Weir Mitchell in Philadelphia, as he was one of the physicians who attended me there in 1857. He assured me that he thought my health was so completely restored that I might safely undertake the managership of the banking corporation above referred to, but I had misgivings, thinking I was too old, although I would not have been fifty-five until the following October 21, 1863, and I declined the offer. This must have been early in June, 1863, for I have the following letter from my uncle, John Dennistoun, dated Armadale, June 26, 1863 :

“MY DEAR WILLIAM :

“If possible, I respect you more than ever. Seriously speaking, I do think you deserve the most unbounded credit for resisting such a tempting offer. At the same time I am clearly of opinion that you acted wisely in declining it.

“On the one hand, you had undoubtedly a splendid income, and that, too, in return for what at one time at least would have been ‘a labor of love’; but, on the other hand, I have a strong impression that the remark the ‘old gentleman’ [Uncle Alick, W. W.] made on seeing the plan of a grand new mansion I got for this place some seven or eight years ago : ‘Well, if John build a house like that, he’ll never know comfort again,’ would have been equally applicable to you had you undertaken the great responsibility. Strange as it may seem, the above quiet remark actually was the cause of my not building, and, as I have never ceased to congratulate myself thereon, I comfort myself with the reflection that if you *had* gone into it you would probably ‘never have known comfort again,’ and therefore I am glad that you have had courage to resist what to you must have been so great a temptation.

“You have this further satisfaction, that you have nobly done

your duty to the company by not undertaking what you had the shadow of a doubt of not being able to accomplish to your own satisfaction ; and, moreover, it must ever be a great consolation that acute, far-seeing men of business should still value your mercantile services at four thousand pounds per annum ! Upon my word, the very look is tempting, and almost induces us 'ourselves' to buckle on our armor and enter the field as competitor for such a prize. I am glad you find my photograph so absurdly old looking. The fact is, if the artist had taken me as I appeared, Connie feared that we should have been taken for brother and sister, and to *please her* he undertook to add a dozen years or so to me ; but he overdid it, and added at least a quarter of a century to my appearance. This is a positive fact, as anyone that sees me will vouch. In fact, beautiful as I was when at New York and in your mind's eye, I am, if possible, beautifuller now, and it will be a comfort to you to hear that, so far as a feeling of health and strength are concerned, I am really younger than I was ten years ago.

"Poor old gentleman ! dear James I mean, I am grieved to hear that he is again an invalid. I had always understood that he had latterly got rid of his ailings, except indeed that one complaint which you and he suffer from in common—old age.

"You will also be pleased to hear that one other dear old gentleman continues as young and rosy as ever, and, as for eating, I'll back him to eat as much fish alone at one sitting as I could do of everything in a week. This is a fact. I say nothing of the war. We are all on this side completely sick of the eternal skirmishing *and no result.*

"I got the paper with the announcement of the wedding all right, altered indeed, but amended.

"Ever yours,

"JOHN DENNISTOUN."

The day after I had declined the offer of the four thousand pounds salary I had a bilious headache, with network before my eyes, and thought I would call on Dr. Fordyce Barker and ask him what was the cause of the apparent network when I had these bilious headaches. When I reached his house the headache was gone, and I found that it was not his hour for seeing patients, and I should have



to wait half an hour ; so I left the house, as I could not be bothered waiting. But after walking a little something impelled me to turn back and wait the doctor's arrival, and it was well for me and mine that I did. I told him, among other things, of the splendid offer that I had had, and he exclaimed : " Oh, Mr. Wood ! why did you not consult me before refusing it ? I have devoted a great deal of time to the study of the hygiene of business men, and I am so sure that the work would have prolonged your life, as you have for so many years led such an active one, that I would almost have advised you to take the work without any salary." Dr. Barker's opinion, so forcibly expressed, made me think that I had acted like a fool, and so I went home and wrote to Foster & Thomson, giving them the gist of Dr. Barker's opinion, as I knew that they had been much disappointed at my refusal, as it, of course, cut them out of the solicitorship, and stating to the effect that I would be willing to reconsider the offer, if Messrs. Elles and Skinner had not found some other suitable person. Next morning I received a letter from Foster & Thomson, saying that the gentlemen were quite at their wits' end as to finding the sort of person they wanted, and would be delighted to see me, if I would appoint a time to meet them. I wrote to Foster & Thomson, asking them to state to the two gentlemen that I would be happy to see them next day at 11 A. M. in my library. Well, the next day they came, and I said to them, if I had been speaking about another person, I would have advised them to have nothing to do with a man who could entirely change his mind on such an important matter within twenty-four hours. I then told them of the conversation I had had with Dr. Barker and the reason of my change. They expressed themselves as much pleased. I told them further that I would not take four thousand pounds per annum, but only three thousand pounds, but with this decrease of salary I should expect only to work from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M.; that I should have no directors, and that they must entrust me with the sole management of the bank or not at all ; that in addition to a Mr. John Gallop, whom they wanted to have as assistant manager, I was to have my nephew John Walter Cross as second assistant manager, all of which they agreed to.

I further told them that I thought they had made a great mistake in the organization of the bank in having a body of Liverpool direc-

tors in addition to the London directors, that I had lived twelve years in Liverpool and knew that the Liverpool men looked on the Londoners as a set of old fogies ; while the Londoners regarded the former as a set of gamblers and speculators, and that the two sets of directors would be sure to quarrel. The two agents said I need not bother myself on that subject, as it had been arranged within a year to get rid of the Liverpool directors and concentrate all the power in London.

I asked Messrs. Ellis and Skinner to dine with me here the next day, and had J. W. Cross to meet them, and possibly Gallop, but I don't recollect. My wife Margaret presided at table, looking very handsome. I then proceeded to find a suitable office in Wall Street, and clerks. Harriet's nephew, John Hone, managed a fire insurance office at 63 Wall Street, and although the premises were not large, they were in a good situation and next door to Brown Brothers & Co., and I arranged with John Hone to vacate the premises and make over the lease to me, which he did. I had bills of exchange forms engraved and all the other paraphernalia of a banking business. Having completed all the preliminary arrangements on August 24, 1863, we issued our advertisement and commenced business, having opened an account with the Bank of America, which was one of the most conservative banks in New York. I thought it desirable that our new and foreign bank should be connected with it, as ours was the first established under what was called the Limited Liabilities Act of 1862, and therefore involving a new principle in banking, and the more conservative our financial relations with Wall Street were the better for the credit of the new bank.

I wrote again to my uncle John Dennistoun, telling him of my entire change of plans and my reason therefor, and received in reply a letter from him dated London, July 4, 1863, of which the following is a copy :

“ MY DEAR WILLIAM :

“ Since I wrote you last, a week ago, I have received your second dispatch announcing a total change in your plans. I can only say that this new light brought to bear upon it by your doctor, and the modified work required of you, entirely change the state of matters, and I think you acted wisely and were *quite justified* in accepting the

offer. That you may continue to have a pleasant as well as profitable employment in your new berth, is my sincere prayer. Now, my dear William, I am only going to give you one piece of advice, and I *know* coming from me you will listen to it, and I trust *act* upon it also—namely, don't attempt to do everything yourself, but see as much as you like that others do it, and above and beyond all, *take things easy*. Life is far too short to be made miserable, and yours is too important to your family to be played with, therefore, let exchange rise, or let exchange fall, *take all things easy*. What a grand opening too for Johnnie Cross ! We are grieved very much to part with him, but we would not hesitate about advising him to accept it. I wonder what poor old Cross would say if he only knew what turn things had taken ! You and *his* son at the head of a rival establishment, as it were, of the old house—sweetened as the knowledge would be that you were both in receipt of such splendid salaries !

“ I am going hence to Brighton this afternoon and shall hear what the old lady says.

“ Ever, my dear William,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ JNO. D.”

The preliminary arrangements for starting the bank took some time, and I did not put it in actual operation until August 24, 1863. On which day our business began with a rush of customers, and I had no idea until then how popular I was in the Wall Street of that day. I had retired from the house of Dennistoun, Wood & Co., on December 31, 1860, and during the intervening two years and eight months had only been occasionally down in Wall Street, but many of my old customers and many new ones came flocking about me, and I was in good health and excellent spirits. I insert here our advertisement of August 24, 1863, making it part of this autobiography :

THE  
BRITISH AND AMERICAN  
EXCHANGE BANKING CORPORATION,  
LIMITED.

Established under the Companies' Act, 1862, with limited liability.

Authorized capital, ONE MILLION STERLING.

In 20,000 shares of £50 each,

Already issued, 15,000 shares of £50 each.

DIRECTORS :

*Chairman*, Harry George Gordon, Esq., Chairman of the Oriental Bank Corporation, London.

*Deputy Chairman in London*, Robert Gillespie, Jr., Esq., of the firm of Gillespies, Moffatt & Co., London.

*Deputy Chairman in Liverpool*, Harold Littledale, Esq., of the firm of T. & H. Littledale & Co., Liverpool.

Archibald Boyd, Esq., Director of the Union Bank, London.

William James Fernie, Esq., of the firm of Fernie Brothers & Co., Liverpool.

John Gilchrist, Esq., of the firm of Gilchrist, Watt & Co., of Sydney, director of the Union Bank of London, London.

Wm. M. Neill, Esq., of the firm of Neill Brothers & Co., Manchester.

John Pender, Esq., M. P., Manchester.

Thos. Rees, Esq., of the firm of Woodward, Rees & Co., Liverpool.

William Rennie, Esq., of the firm of Cavan, Lubbock & Co., London.

Samuel Stitt, Esq., of the late firm of Stitt Brothers & Co., Liverpool.

*London* : Manager, John Skinner, Esq., succeeded by Samuel Gray, Esq.

*Liverpool* : Manager, Wm. Williamson, Esq.

IN NEW YORK :

WILLIAM WOOD, Esq., Manager ; JOHN GALLOP, Esq., Assistant Manager ; J. W. CROSS, Esq., Second Assistant Manager.

Commercial Agents, Messrs. HOWLAND & ASPINWALL.

BANKERS :

*London* : The Union Bank of London.

*Liverpool* : The Bank of England.

*Manchester* : The Bank of England.

*India and China* : The Oriental Bank Corporation.

*New York* : THE BANK OF AMERICA.

SOLICITORS :

*London* : Messrs. Cotterill & Sons.

*Liverpool* : Messrs. Fletcher & Hull.

*New York* : Messrs. FOSTER & THOMSON.

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANKING  
CORPORATION,  
LIMITED,

Having opened offices at 63 Wall Street, New York, is prepared to sell and buy sterling bills of exchange, and to issue commercial and travelers' credits, available in all parts of the world. Commercial credits issued for use in the East Indies, China, and Australia, will be upon the Oriental Bank Corporation of London.

Further particulars may be ascertained on application at the office, 63 Wall Street.

WILLIAM WOOD, Manager.

NEW YORK, August 24, 1863.

We entered at once upon a large and flourishing business, to manage which I came down from Yonkers every day, but continued to live there with my wife and children till September. I began the following sonnet to the Hudson at Yonkers, and finished it there August 18, 1863 :

“ Majestic Hudson ! noble stream !  
Slow wending to the boundless main,  
What glorious scenes thy rocky cliffs  
Thy quiet coves and wooded heights contain !  
From Yonkers' hills the Tappaan Zee  
Behold, with mountains circled round,  
Specked on these sweet autumnal days  
With white sails on its azure bays,  
Sped by the west wind on their way,  
Southward where Staten's lovely isle the beauteous prospect bounds,  
And the red convent towers are seen  
Contrasting with the foliage green,  
And with the Palisades so grand and gray,  
Which since 'light was' have overhung thy many twinkling way.”

To return to “our mutton,” the business of the bank went on swimmingly all the rest of 1863, and of course I was in excellent health and spirits. Whatever part of my salary I did not require for living expenses I invested in United States six per cent. gold bonds at the price of the day. This continued in the same agreeable way during the spring of 1864, and for the summer of the year I hired Foote's house at Yonkers, coming in every day to attend to business.

George Burghall Watts, a young widower, whose father and grandfather were respectively British vice-consul and consul at Carthage, South America, after courting my youngest daughter Helen for some

time, was married to her April 25, 1864, and after John W. Cross went home, he was with me in the British and American Bank for upward of a year, when he left and went into partnership with William Redmond, Jr.

Matters continued much the same in 1865, and that summer I spent at Rich's house near the station at Yonkers. The British and American Banking and Exchange Corporation, Limited, continued to do an excellent business, but about this time there was a change made from that designation to that of "The English and American Bank, Limited." Having sent all the papers relating to the bank over to London when it was closed in 1868, I have no documentary evidence as to the time and reason for the change of name, and I have not the faintest recollection, but I do recollect that for some four months during the time that the new organization was being effected we did no business, and during that time I had new bills, forms, and documents engraved, and when we resumed business we seem to have had the same directors in London and Liverpool. On March 9, 1867, the *Money Market Review* gives a report of what it calls the second ordinary meeting of "The English and American Bank, Limited," Mr. William Schofield, M. P. for Birmingham, in the chair, at the London Tavern, London, in place of Harry George Gordon, the regular chairman, who was sick and confined to bed. Mr. Schofield, in speaking at the close of the meeting, paid me the following compliment: He "moved the thanks of the meeting to the managers and secretary at London, New York, and Liverpool, and that these thanks applied still more emphatically to Mr. Wood, their excellent manager at New York. Everyone connected with mercantile matters in New York knew the high reputation which Mr. Wood enjoyed, not only in that country, but also in this, and when he, the chairman, said that Mr. Wood's services to the bank justified the reputation he enjoyed among Americans and Englishmen, he probably had spoken the highest praise he could on behalf of that gentleman. (Cheers)."

In the early part of 1867 there was a strong effort made by a certain Rev. Dr. Ganse, who had the editorship of the *Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of America, to strike out the word "Dutch" from our denomination, leaving only the very indefinite and silly designation of "Reformed



Church," which applies to many other Protestant Christian churches in the United States. This man, Ganse, not only traitorously turned our own newspaper organ against us, but actually signed the name of Dr. De Witt to a petition to Classis to have the word "Dutch" stricken out from our designation, and that without any authority from Dr. De Witt. This attempt roused my just indignation, for my sympathies were with the Dutch, remembering how kind they were to us Scottish Presbyterians in the persecuting and killing times of Charles II. and James II. Between that era and myself there is only *one* life, for my grandaunt, Miss Ann Wood, whom I knew well, was born in 1730, when many people born in the time of Charles II. must have been alive. I had forgotten many of the circumstances of the meeting of the New York Classis of the Dutch Church in 1867, but in my scrap-book, by accident came across a report of it for the New York *Times* of October 15, 1867, which I think it worth while to copy :

THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH.—MEETING OF THE NEW YORK  
CLASSIS.—PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.

"The regular meeting of the New York Classis of the Reformed Dutch Church was held in the consistory of the North Dutch Church in Fulton Street yesterday, Rev. Dr. De Witt in the chair. The subject of the change of name was taken up and disposed of after a very animated debate.

"Mr. Wood, a member of the consistory of the Collegiate Church, made the opening speech, taking ground in favor of retaining the old name of 'Dutch.' He assailed the report of the committee of the General Synod on the subject of the change of name, and by criticism upon the manner of the signing of the report by the members of the committee, rendered an explanation on the part of the Rev. Dr. De Witt, and Rev. Dr. Ganse, chairman of the committee, necessary.

"Rev. Dr. Ganse defended himself from the attack upon himself as chairman of the committee, by stating that he received from Dr. De Witt what he remembered as very definite and explicit permission to append his name to the report, although Dr. De Witt might have in some way misapprehended the question at the time his name was obtained.

“Dr. De Witt said there was some difference of opinion between him and Rev. Dr. Ganse on that point which he had endeavored to explain in the note which he had sent to the Synod. It certainly approved of the spirit of the report, and of its proposition, too, provided it was deemed necessary, and the change could be made without involving a violation of the constitution of the Church.

“The Rev. Dr. Vermilye made a long speech against the change, taking the ground that the General Synod had no right to propose the change of the name, as it existed before the church was organized, and no provision was made in the constitution authorizing it to take action on such a subject. The doctor was exceedingly severe in his strictures on the *Christian Intelligencer*, and charged that its columns had been used exclusively in the interest of those who proposed the change of name. He also accused it of dealing with the names of certain gentlemen in a scurrilous manner, and repudiated it as an organ of the Reformed Dutch Church.

“Rev. Dr. Duryea made a long and eloquent speech, in the course of which he took the ground that if there was vitality in the church retaining the name would not kill it; if, however, the change of name would give an impetus to the church,—and he thought the impetus was needed,—then he was heartily in favor of the change. He did not regard that as one of the essentials of church machinery, but what was essential and necessary was a revival of the zeal of the Dutch Church or baptism of the spirit, a more spontaneous liberality in response to the claims of the various departments of church work. If these things did not take place, he did not see what could save them from absorption in other bodies.

“Dr. Stryker spoke against the change.

“Rev. Dr. Ganse spoke in favor of it. He said that the Scotch-Irish had become the plain Presbyterian Church. The Church of England had become the Episcopal Church, and the German Lutheran and other bodies had simplified their names, and had benefited by doing so. He said that the name “Dutch” was a great impediment to the work of the church.

“Rev. Dr. De Witt, after long and prayerful consideration, had decided it his duty to stand by the old name.

“Rev. Dr. Rogers said he cared nothing for the name, neither did his church, but they were in favor of what they believed would tend

to spread the Gospel most successfully, hence they were in favor of the change because they thought progress lay in that direction.

"Chancellor Ferris made a long and interesting historical address, giving his adhesion to the proposition in favor of the change of name.

"The Rev Dr. Forsyth saw no reason for changing the name, because, after all, he could not see what way it was to be abandoned. It could not be done without cutting the church loose from its history, and who wanted to do that?

"The vote on the motion that the Classis assent to the proposition, submitted by the General Synod, to the change of name from Reformed *Dutch Church* to *Reformed Church*, was then taken with the following result: Yeas, 18; nays, 26. The motion was declared lost.

"Mr. Wood (elder) then moved the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Classis repudiate the action of the General Synod, in so far as it tends to abolish that "worthy name," by which we have been denominated for so many generations, as being uncalled for, unnecessary, and not tending to promote the welfare of the church, and that we will endeavor by every Christian and legal means to maintain our existing name as the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, the designation which was first legally bestowed upon us by William III. of England, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, who was Prince of Orange and Stadtholder of the Netherlands before he was King of Great Britain and Ireland, and has ever been esteemed one of the greatest statesmen of his own or of any other age, and who was at every period of his eventful life a true-hearted Dutchman.'

"This resolution was lost by a vote of 23 nays, against 8 yeas.

"The Rev. Dr. Vermilye moved the following:

"*Whereas*, The constitution of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church was made by a body already existing for its government; and

"*Whereas*, Neither the body nor the name was the creation of the General Synod, but the reverse is the fact; and

"*Whereas*, The constitution gives authority to the General Synod to carry on the specific provisions of the constitution for the government of the church; but not to alter its title or to change its

form of government ; and we do respectfully and solemnly object to the assumption or exercise of any such power.'

"Dr. Vermilye's preamble and resolutions were adopted by a vote of *thirteen yeas to eleven nays*.

"Rev. Dr. De Witt and other members of the Classis declined to vote on the last motion, because they considered that the matter was pressed upon them before they had time to consider properly. The Classis then adjourned."

[Twenty-six years afterward (1893), I consider that my motion was the better of the two, and that with regard to Dr. Vermilye's, that dear old Dr. De Witt and his co-mates had had ample time to think.—W. W.]

## CHAPTER XXV.

I WIND UP THE AFFAIRS OF THE BANK AND END MY COMMERCIAL LIFE—I BEGIN A NEW CAREER OF WORK IN THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, GIVING MY LIFE'S SERVICES TO MY ADOPTED CITY.

I FEEL very much inclined to embody in this "auto" an article on the Scottish jury system which I wrote for the *Scottish-American*, July 20, 1867, and many free trade articles for the *Evening Post* and *New York Times*. I may briefly recur to these afterward, but meanwhile will go on and finish the account of my connection with The English and American Bank, Limited.

About the middle of 1867 I found that our business was increasing so fast that to do it justice the cash capital of the bank ought to be increased by a call on the reserve, and wrote to that effect to the head office, London. The year 1867 had been a disastrous one in English business, and the Liverpool merchants had been hit pretty hard, so that many of the Liverpool stockholders of the bank were unwilling to pay up any further calls, and this led to an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders. It was held at the London office of the company, No. 40 Threadneedle Street, on October 31, 1867, for the confirmation of the following resolutions, passed at the meeting held on October 16, to wit: "That The English and American Bank, Limited, is required to be wound up voluntarily; that the directors of the company, together with the manager, be appointed liquidators of the company; that the remuneration of the liquidators be the sum of three thousand pounds sterling (afterward raised to four thousand pounds); that the liquidators be authorized to pay to any servant of the company, by way of bonus, in addition to salary, any sum not exceeding one year's salary, as the liquidators may think fit."

Before these resolutions were put to the vote, Mr. Sam. Gray, the London manager, made a very eloquent and logical speech in favor of carrying on the banks, the present condition and prospects of which were so good. He stated that, in his opinion, the important

interests of a third party in the bank, in addition to the directors and stockholders, had been entirely overlooked, and that was the party of the *customers* of the bank, who had been drawn to the bank by a belief in its continuity ; and in leaving their previous connections, and coming to it, had severed ties which it might be very difficult for them to reunite. However, all his eloquence and appeals to justice were in vain. The resolutions were carried that the bank should be wound up, and the meeting ended with a vote of thanks to Mr. Gray and Mr. Wood for "their interest in and able management of the affairs of the bank."

As my salary for five years did not cease until September, 1868, I had a pretty easy time of it in simply winding up the outstanding affairs and doing no new business. During the five years my three thousand pounds sterling per annum *averaged* twenty-six thousand dollars per annum, and one year, I think 1864, it reached *fifty thousand dollars*, at that time double the salary of the President of the United States ! I invested everything I could spare in United States six per cent. gold bonds, and all my losses by the Rebellion were more than covered.

In September, 1868, there were still some outstanding matters, which I offered to attend to for nothing, and did attend to till April 30, 1869, when the only remaining matters were some, subject to litigation, which I handed over to Messrs. Foster & Thomson, the solicitors of the bank. The liquidators of the bank made me a present of six thousand dollars for my extra services, and that brought my financial business life to a conclusion.

As, during the winding up of the bank's business in 1868-1869, I had a good deal of leisure time, I took an interest in the cause of free trade, and was one of a committee to provide a system of by-laws for the American Free Trade League. The chairman was Charles Astor Bristed, a grandson of John Jacob Astor, who had been educated at Oxford ; and our other colleague was Mr. Simon Stern, then a young man of very advanced political opinions, and now (1893) a leading railway lawyer. He told me that I had no idea of the strong anarchical feeling which existed among the poorer classes, under the smooth surface of New York society. This led me to consider what could best be done to cure this state of matters, and I arrived at the conclusion that the best and safest cure was the



thorough education of the people. So I made up my mind that, although I detested schools,—my reminiscences of my own school-boy days being by no means agreeable,—yet it was my duty to do what I could to promote the education of the people of the city if I got any opening.

Another matter in which I interested myself actively at the time was the raising of money here for the erection of the Wallace monument near Stirling, in Scotland. I had the satisfaction of remitting to the chairman of the fund, Lord Jerviswood, £642 13s. 2d. (Charles Baillie of Jerviswood, who was then a judge of the Scottish court, was about three years older than myself. We had been fellow-students at St. Andrew's in the second and third classes of mathematics, under Professor Duncan, and both of us took prizes.)

I was elected president of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York in 1865, and re-elected in 1866. But I declined a further re-election, though I have always attended the annual dinner, and made speeches there until 1888.

My last official act as chairman of the St. Andrew's Society was to send the following letter to the Duke of Argyll as chairman of the Scottish Hospital, London :

“ NO. 4 WEST EIGHTEENTH ST., NEW YORK,  
“ December 4, 1866.

“ MY LORD DUKE :

“ Your cable dispatch of November 30 to the following effect, ‘ To the President of the St. Andrew's Society, New York : Friendship, prosperity, and union forever,’ unfortunately did not come to hand until the evening of December 1. Had it reached me, as it was intended to do, at our dinner on St. Andrew's Day, its kindly tone, and the fact that it emanated from the oldest Scottish charitable society in existence, would have added to the very great hilarity of the joyous evening which the Scotsmen here spent on St. Andrew's Day. Under the circumstances, I have not sent a reply by cable, thinking, like a ‘ canny Scot,’ that the money would be better bestowed upon the Scottish poor in New York.

“ I am, my Lord Duke,

“ Your Grace's obedient servant,

“ WILLIAM WOOD,

“ President of the St. Andrew's Society in the State of New York.”

On January 12, 1860, I was elected an elder of the Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. I had been admitted to membership June 16, 1858. I served as an elder for twelve years continuously, and was present officially at the laying of the corner stone of the beautiful church, corner of Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. The architect was William Wheeler Smith, son of one of our elders. I fought his design through the Consistory.

I retired from the Consistory after my twelve years' service, in 1872, but was induced to return two years afterward, and served for two more years. Owing to a political intrigue, more fitting for the Sixth Ward than the Church, I was dropped in the election of 1876. This took place just as I was made president of the Board of Education. I had therefore decided to retire from the eldership, unless I had a *very large* majority. Instead of this, I was left in a minority!

There are many other things I would like to enter from my commonplace book if I had time and space. Among them an account of the Milne School at Fochabers, in Scotland, and of the monument to Milne at New Orleans, described by me in an article in *The Scottish American*, dated January 12, 1867. However, I leave these and many other matters unrecorded, and come to my unexpected appointment as Commissioner of Common Schools, on May 4, 1869, to hold office until December 31, 1871. My appointment was made by Oakey Hall, then Mayor of New York, and on coming into my house May 5, 1869, I found an official envelope on the hall table enclosing my commission. I made up my mind to accept the nomination, although by no means fond of schools or school-work, and determined that I would thoroughly study out the whole system, so that, when I had finished my researches, nobody should be able to tell me anything connected with the common schools that I did not know. The Board of Education, under a new law, passed in 1869, consisted of twelve members, instead of twenty-one, as before. Those twelve were to be nominated by the Mayor, from any part of the city, instead of being elected, as heretofore, from certain school districts by ballot. The twelve new commissioners were as follows: Richard L. Larremore, Timothy Brennan, Samuel A. Lewis, William E. Duryea, William Wood, John H. Sherwood, Nathaniel Sands Magnus Gross, Bernard Smyth, Lorin Ingersoll, Thomas Murphy Isaac Bell.

The first four had served on the previous board ; the other eight were all new men, and the only one I had ever seen before or knew was Isaac Bell, whose Mobile house, I. Bell & Co., had been the agents of Dennistoun, Wood & Co. in Mobile.

The first meeting of the new board for organization took place May 12, 1869, when I was elected president *pro tem.*, and held the chair while the voting for the presiding president and other officers was going on.

Richard L. Larremore, afterwards Judge Larremore, was elected president by ten votes. I received one.

William Hatchman, previously Speaker of the Assembly, was elected clerk by eleven votes.

Then a lot of routine business was transacted, and President Larremore named some of the committees of the board. I was put on the finance committee, and that was the only committee I was appointed on, strange to say, that day. At the following meeting, on January 19, I was appointed in addition on the auditing committee.

On the appointment of this new Board of Education the papers gave notices of all the different members. Those of myself were all very laudatory. But the neatest and most concise was that of *The Scottish American*, which was as follows :

“ APPOINTMENT OF WILLIAM WOOD, ESQ.

“ The new Board of Education in this city, the creation of which has been discussed with no little vehemence for the last month or two, held its first meeting on the 12th inst. [May 12, 1869]. The old board consisted of twenty-one members, who are now replaced by twelve, of whom seven are Democrats and five are Republicans.

“ In the selection of Mr. William Wood as a commissioner a just appreciation has been shown of that gentleman's unsurpassed fitness in every respect for a position alike honorable and useful. Few of our readers, at least in this city, require to be told that Mr. Wood is a native of Scotland, and that he has resided among us for nearly forty years, closely identified with all our highest social and commercial interests.

“ As the American head of the great banking house of Dennistoun, Wood & Co., his name was long the synonym for business in-

tegrity, while the geniality of his manner sweetened and softened his relations with all who met him amid the ceaseless toils and anxieties of financial and commercial intercourse. We know of no man who more thoroughly exemplifies the adage of 'a sound mind in a sound body.' Mr. Wood has retired from business life, and will be able to devote all the energies of his clear, active, and liberal mind to the duties of the post which he has been called to fill. So keen a lover of literature, and so competent a judge of human character, must prove an invaluable member of the new Board of Education, while his stainless name is a guarantee to the community that the affairs of that board will be administered with justice and purity."

I omitted to mention at the proper place that my brother James, after a visit to us of ten years, returned home to see his relations on the other side of the Atlantic. *The Scottish American* of June 13, 1868, made the following comment :

"*Personal*.—Mr. James Dennistoun Wood, of this city, sailed during the past week for Liverpool, with the intention of spending a few weeks in Europe, principally in Scotland, the country of his birth. All who have the pleasure of knowing him will cordially unite with us in wishing that the voyage may be attended with a large measure of health and happiness. As an active manager of the St. Andrew's Society Mr. Wood is most favorably regarded by all the members of that association, while his personal character greatly endears him to his brother officers."

Whereupon I wrote the following sonnet in the railway car from Hastings to New York, June 1, 1868 :

" And so he's gone—our ten years' guest—  
The young old man, our friend and brother,  
Who went about intending good,  
Nor ever stopped for wind or weather ;  
But somehow mostly failed to bring  
His purposes and acts together.  
With untold gold he might be trusted,  
If it belonged to any other ;  
Yet ne'er his own accounts adjusted,  
This upright, careless, kindly brother.

Well, God go with him ! May he find  
In health his sisters o'er the water,  
And not forget his eldest niece,  
But see her husband, son, and daughter."

I have already given account of the first meeting of the Board of Public Instruction, but the twelve members of that board were also *ex-officio* members of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York. The first meeting of that board under the new *régime* took place Wednesday, May 19, 1869, at the hall of the Board of Education. On motion of Trustee Smyth, Trustee Gross was appointed chairman *pro tem*. The first business was to elect a permanent chairman, and Richard L. Larremore received nine votes, and John H. Sherwood one vote. Trustees Wood and Bell were appointed a committee to conduct the chairman-elect to the chair.

Then William Hitchman, previously Speaker of the Assembly, was elected secretary by ten votes. Finally the executive committee was appointed by the chair, and consisted of Trustees Gross, Sands, Lewis, Duryea, Smyth, Sherwood, and Brennan. Although the only university-bred man in the board, I was not put on the executive committee, because, at the time, I was opposed to "the higher education system" at the city's expense.

The Board of Trustees then adjourned and did not meet again until June 15, 1869, in special meeting, the object being to consider a proper future course of study for the college, and in order that the trustees might have ample time to consider the matter, any definite action was postponed until a special meeting, called for the first week in September, met.

The next meeting was a stated session of the Board of Trustees held on June 21, 1869. At this meeting, on motion of Trustee Timothy Brennan, General Alexander S. Webb was elected president of the College of the City of New York by the following vote :

Trustees Larremore, Brennan, Lewis, Wood, Sands, Gross, Smyth, and Bell—eight in all.

The board then adjourned.

To return now to the Board of Education. I appear to have begun my visitation of the common schools by visiting with Timothy Brennan Grammar Schools 23 and 24, and Primaries 8 and 2, all in the Sixth Ward, on May 13, 1869. My next visit, also with Tim-

othy Brennan, was to Grammar School 29, in Greenwich Street near Rector, in First Ward, and also Primaries 15 and 38, then both in First Ward.

On May 21, 1869, I visited for the first time Girls' Grammar School No. 47, better known by the name of the Twelfth Street School, then, and for many a long year afterward, the best girls' grammar school in New York, first under Miss Wadleigh as principal, and then under Miss Sarah E. Woodward, who subsequently became Mrs. Cowles.

On the same day, May 21, I also visited the best boys' grammar school in New York, No. 35, in West Thirteenth Street, of which Thomas Hunter was principal. Both these celebrated schools were in the Fifteenth Ward. On this day Alfred Pell, my brother-in-law, died at Pellwood, near West Point.

On Tuesday, May 25, I visited Grammar School No. 35, at 9 A. M., and spoke before James W. Girard.

On May 26, at the suggestion of one of my colleagues in the Board of Education, Mr. William E. Duryea, I called on Mr. Thomas Hunter, principal of Grammar School No. 35, to get his views on the system of marking. Sitting on the platform with him was J. S. Babcock, who was principal of Grammar School No. 54, and who was also reader to the Board of Education, whose duty it then was, at each meeting of the board, to read aloud the minutes of the previous meeting. This had to be done *ore rotundo*, but he did it so quickly that it was almost impossible to follow, or take in the minutes, and among the first things that I thought of was to abolish the reading and have the minutes of every meeting printed in time to be some days in the hands of the members before the next meeting. This was of course a sensible change, but not profitable to my friend Babcock. I find that the plan was adopted on my motion, at the meeting of October 6, 1869. Probably Mr. Babcock may have heard of the prospect of such a change, and that I was at the bottom of it. Anyhow, both he and Mr. Hunter gave me anything but a cordial reception, and I felt as if I were some impudent book agent who was intruding where he was not wanted, instead of a commissioner, who was simply endeavoring to do his duty. I mention this curious beginning of my acquaintance with these two gentlemen which ripened into friendships of some quarter of a century. I have given my



surmise as to Mr. Babcock's feelings. Mr. Hunter's, I found out long afterward, was caused by his belief that I was opposed to "higher education" at public expense, which I certainly was at that time.

Up to the vacation of 1869, which in those days began the Friday before the last Friday in July, I was constantly visiting schools and going through every department and every class, and after the vacation of 1869 I resumed this work. By the end of that year I had visited every schoolhouse, and every department, and every class in the city of New York. The city was then bounded by the Harlem River, and consisted of twenty-two wards. Each ward had five school trustees, originally elected by the people, then nominated by the mayor, and finally, and as at present, nominated by the Board of Education. There was then, as there is now, a third class in this educational hierarchy called inspectors, of whom there were three for each of the seven districts. I have always looked upon the inspectors as a body of very little use, although there have been remarkable exceptions to this rule, as James W. Girard, Alexander McC. Agnew, and of the existing set, Benjamin Blumenthal and Dr. G. F. Jackson. Besides visiting the schools I attended their visitation by the superintendents, and their examinations, and learned to know eventually the methods of Kiddle, Harrison, etc.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ORGANIZATION OF THE GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL AND OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS.

AT the time the College of the City of New York was established in 1849 a law was passed authorizing the establishment of a similar institution for girls, but nothing really effectual was done until the board of twelve members, taking office in May, 1869, came into power. The previous board, which went out of power at that time, had appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the building of a daily Normal School for girls, and had also obtained a site for the same on West Sixty-first Street, containing about six city lots. The smallness of the sum appropriated, and the smallness of the site, showed what very inadequate ideas that board had of the necessities of the city. In point of fact, the site in Sixty-first Street was never used, as far as I recollect, even for a *school* site, and, I think, was resold by the city.

On November 17, 1869, Commissioner Isaac Bell offered the following resolutions :

*"Resolved*, That the Committee on Normal, Evening, and Colored Schools recommend the establishment of a daily normal school for females."

*"Resolved*, That a daily normal school for females be, and the same is hereby authorized and established, under the immediate direction and government of the Committee on Normal, Evening, and Colored Schools.

*"Resolved*, That the Committee on Normal, Evening, and Colored Schools be, and are hereby authorized to lease the third floor of the premises No. 691 Broadway for the term of one year and five months, from the first day of December next, at the annual rent of five thousand dollars, with the option of a further rent of said premises, at the expiration of said term, for one year at an annual rent of six thousand dollars; and that said committee are hereby authorized

to execute the lease of said premises, as herein specified, with the usual covenants.

*"Resolved,* That the Committee on Normal, Evening, and Colored Schools be, and they are hereby authorized to prepare and suitably furnish the premises No. 691 Broadway for the use of said daily normal school.

*"Resolved,* That the said committee be, and they hereby are, instructed to prepare and present to this board, at the next regular meeting, a plan for the organization and government of said daily normal school.

"ISAAC BELL,  
WM. E. DURYEA,  
MAGNUS GROSS,

"Committee on Normal, Evening, and Colored Schools."

This is the first mention in the minutes of the Board of Education of this daily normal school, but it had been for some weeks discussed in committee, and Isaac Bell and I were appointed a sub-committee to find suitable premises for carrying it on. We looked at several places, but did not consider them suitable. One afternoon he and I were walking up Broadway on the west side, and when we came opposite Fourth Street, I said: "Why, *there* is a capital new building, and well situated, if we can find room in it. Let's go and look at it." We did so, and decided to hire rooms there, if we could obtain them at a reasonable price. We succeeded in doing so, as stated in the above resolution.

Although there is nothing in the minutes of the Board of Education prior to the above resolution, yet there must be minutes in the committee records of many meetings, for it was prior to November 17, 1869, that we had Messrs. Hunter and David B. Scott before us, and determined to elect one of them president and the other vice president of the new normal or high school. Mr. Thomas Hunter generously offered to take the vice presidency, giving Mr. David B. Scott the presidency; but David B. was a "canny Scot," and having already the principalship of Grammar School No. 40, thought that he would stick by that, and not venture upon a new and untried career. So Mr. Hunter was elected president, although he was principal of Grammar School 35, which stood even higher than

Scott's Grammar School No. 40. Mr. Hunter looked far ahead, and saw the absolute necessity of providing thoroughly educated female teachers for our common schools; and with this great end in view, he courageously took all the risks, and gave up his splendid grammar school. He foresaw, too, that, above and beyond providing competent teachers for our common schools, the higher education of women would provide educated wives and mothers for the future citizens and children of New York. Children here—more, perhaps, than in any other city in the world—must be dependent on their mothers for their up-bringing, the fathers having their business to attend to all day, and mainly at the opposite end of the island from their dwelling-places.

When David B. Scott decided not to be either president (which Mr. Hunter most generously and most willingly would have conceded to him) or vice president of the new institution, we had to cast about for another vice president, and Mr. Arthur H. Dundon, the teacher of a school in Jersey City, who also taught political economy in the Evening High School under Mr. Hunter, and had the political influence of Peter B. Sweeny to back him, was selected to be vice president. I knew nothing about him, excepting that he was a free trader. After we had elected the president and vice president of the new institute we sent them out to visit the normal schools at Boston, Salem, Bridgewater, Westfield, Albany, Oswego, Trenton, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

On November 15, 1869, there is printed in the minutes of the Board of Education a report of the committee on by-laws and organizing the new Female Normal School, which occupies from page 317 to page 324, consisting of 20 sections, and is signed by Bernard Smyth and W. E. Duryea, as committee on by-laws, etc.

On December 29, 1869, Commissioner Bell presented a report from the Committee on Normal, Evening, and Colored Schools, appropriating \$5200 for the purpose of furnishing the Normal School. This is the last allusion to the Normal School for Females in 1869.

After the re-election of Richard Larremore as president of the Board of Education in January, 1870, he appointed the standing committees, and in addition to those I had served on before he appointed me a member of the committee on "Normal, Evening, and

Colored Schools." This brought me into direct touch with the Female Normal School. The members of this committee were: Isaac Bell, William E. Duryea, Magnus Gross, Bernard Smyth, William Wood.

The organizing of the Normal School went on by the committee assisted by Mr. Thomas Hunter, and its meetings were held in the trustees' room of Female Grammar School No. 47, East Twelfth Street, that being better adapted for the purpose than any room in Mr. Hunter's own school, No. 35, yet conveniently near to it for him.

The first meeting of the Female Normal School took place in the rooms leased for it from Henry Mason, Esq., Fourth Street and Broadway, on February 14 (of all days in the year, St. Valentine's day), 1870. No notice of this important event was given in the minutes of the Board of Education, but notices must have been sent out in some way, for there was quite a large assembly of notables in addition to President Hunter and his staff of professors and tutors. The then president of the Board of Education, R. L. Larremore, was there and spoke, and I shall endeavor to get the other names from the Visitors' Book up at the Normal College.\*

The school opened with an attendance of *three hundred* pupils from the supplementary classes of the common schools.†

As early as 1870 the German citizens began to show their belief in themselves, although it was not until the following year that their victory over the French rendered them so cock-a-hoop as to make them unbearable, and on February 16, 1870, the trustees of the Seventh Ward presented a petition to the Board of Education requesting that the Celtic language might be taught in the schools if German were to be, and the German element had even then proposed that the children of the common schools should wear a uniform. In reference to these matters, I see that I made the following speech, as reported in one of the daily papers:

\* This I have done to-day, July 13, 1893. The signatures of those present in order are as follows: Richard L. Larremore, Isaac Bell, Bernard Smyth, William Wood, William E. Duryea, James S. Barron, W. W. Adams, James Kelly, Andrew Mills, H. Jameson, Fred Holster, C. S. Ward.

† On November 23, 1892, I was up at the Normal College and opened it by reading 55th Isaiah, and on that day there were on register 1915 students besides the 1200 on register in Training Department.

"I sincerely hope that the letter will go to the committee, and receive their approval. I am strongly opposed to the special teaching of German in the common schools, for I don't think that we come here to make foreign citizens, but American. But I can't see, if German is to be taught, why Irish should not be taught as well. I fancy that the Irish are still in a majority in this city, and, therefore, it would not be unfair if they were to ask that the Irish language be taught, as well as the German. And then, if we are to have teachers of Irish, we shall have to modify our music, and instead of using pianos we must have the 'Harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed.' I would even go a little further and suggest that in those schools where the Scoto-American element prevails we should also have the bagpipes. Then there is another thing that the Germans suggested. One of their petitions was to the effect that a uniform should be adopted for our common school pupils. If that should ever come to pass, I hope that the garb of old Gaul will be adopted, for it will give excellent ventilation to our boys' limbs, and save the mother's mending the seats of their breeches, which get frequently worn out nowadays. But if the Irish language is not to be admitted, then I think that a very good reason why German should be abolished as a part of the common school curriculum."

It was sometime during the existence of the "British and American Banking Corporation, Limited," probably in 1864, that John Cross and I were walking home together about 4.30 P. M. We had crossed from Wall Street into Pine Street, and noticed a crowd in a room used as a temporary Merchants' Exchange, north side of Pine Street. We stopped and looked in, and then entered, and found Nathaniel Sands in the chair, presiding over a meeting held for the purpose of getting a Dock Department organized. When Sands saw me he called me to the platform, and as he knew that I had lived for twelve years in Liverpool, and had paid considerable attention to the docks there, and the administration of the Dock Department of that city, he asked me to state to the meeting my views as to improving the dock system of New York. This I did, and found myself appointed there and then a member of a committee to bring about legislation in favor



of creating a Dock Department. We held many meetings, and I called, I think, more than once on the then mayor (Hoffman), but he did not take any effective interest in the matter. When Oakey Hall became mayor, urged by the continued pressure of the Citizens' Association with its president, Peter Cooper, and its active secretary, Nathaniel Sands, actual legislative steps were taken to create a Dock Department. As soon as the law was passed at Albany for the creation of a Dock Department Mayor Hall proceeded to appoint the commissioners, which he did on April 16, 1870, along with the various other commissioners of the different departments of the city government. The Commissioners of Docks were appointed as follows, and I believe in the following order : Wilson G. Hunt, William Wood, John T. Agnew, Hugh Smith, Richard M. Henry.

I shall only quote what the *Herald* and *Evening Post* said of myself on April 11, 1870.

The *Herald* says : "William Wood, lately of the firm of Dennistoun & Wood, has large business experience, is conversant with the wants of the city in the way of dock accommodations and improvements, is a well-known business man, possesses great capacity for the understanding and transaction of public affairs, and peculiarly fitted for the discharge of the important trust committed to him. He will prove a most desirable acquisition to the board of which he is to form a member."

The *Evening Post* of April 11, 1870, says : "In the Department of Docks, the commissioners (who hold office for five years) are : Wilson G. Hunt, a well-known merchant, one of the most honorable and public spirited citizens of New York, a man of long experience in municipal affairs ; John T. Agnew, a man of like character with Mr. Hunt ; William Wood, formerly of the firm of Dennistoun, Wood & Co., an enlightened and upright citizen, like Mr. Hunt, long personally interested in city affairs, and now a member of the Board of Education ; Richard M. Henry, Secretary of the Citizens' Association, and Hugh Smith, Deputy Chamberlain, and a friend of Peter B. Sweeny."

So the first Department of Docks was organized, and met, until we got rooms of our own, in the rooms of the City Chamberlain, then I think Peter B. Sweeny. We elected John T. Agnew presi-

dent of the board. Our first business was to find a competent engineer, and we all agreed to ask General George B. McClellan to act as such, and leave his then engagement with the Stevens of Hoboken, who gave him twenty thousand dollars per annum to look after a large steamer which they had built for war purposes. All the dock commissioners went over to Hoboken to see General McClellan and to invite him to take the engineership of the Department of Docks, we agreeing to give him the same salary as he had from the Stevenses—viz., twenty thousand dollars per annum.

After getting a head engineer for the Dock Department, the next thing was to find a good secretary. For this office a Mr. George W. Blunt, a prominent Republican, was a candidate. The dock commissioners, being all Democrats, did not wish to have a Republican secretary, and none of us, as far as I know, were personally acquainted with Mr. Blunt. All of us were on the outlook for a good secretary; and one morning, as I was walking downtown, a little north of Grace Church, I saw John Grenville Kane, my nephew by marriage, walking before me, and I said to myself: "Why, there is the very man for us, if he will take the place; a gentleman by birth and education, a graduate of Columbia College and of the Columbia College Law School." So I walked quickly after him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, explained the situation. "Now," said I, "if you would like the place, you must go and see John T. Agnew, our chairman, and Wilson G. Hunt. I cannot propose you, as you are my nephew, and it would savor too much of nepotism for me to propose you; but if either of these gentlemen will propose you, I shall have pleasure in voting for you." He was proposed by Mr. Agnew and unanimously elected secretary.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNFINISHED CHAPTER, TELLING OF WORK IN THE DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS AND BOARD OF EDUCATION—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY ENDING ABRUPTLY WITH A FEW LINES WRITTEN MAY 23, 1894.

(MARCH 15, 1894. It is many weeks since I wrote any part of this autobiography, having had many worries and having been ill. Now I have got my daughter Harriet to act as my secretary, while I intend to dictate to her.)

My connection with the Dock Department lasted from 1870 to 1873, and I was very much interested in the anticipated development of a proper dock system for the city of New York. Our able engineer, General McClellan, drew up excellent plans which, after due consideration at their meetings by the commissioners, were adopted, and the work of making preliminary surveys was pushed forward with assiduity. But I will not attempt to go into details because there are printed reports of our operations, and I will merely mention a few circumstances connected with the working of the department.

The first break in our commission was the resignation of Commissioner Hugh Smith, who was succeeded by his brother, Henry Smith. The former had been City Treasurer, and his brother was elected to the same office. After some months Henry Smith also retired, and Mayor Oakey Hall came up to our office one day when I was alone in it, and asked me if I thought our secretary, John Grenville Kane, would make a good commissioner to fill the vacancy caused by Henry Smith's resignation. I said that I thought he would be the right man in the right place, but that as he was my nephew I wished he would take the opinions of the other commissioners before appointing him. He said, however, that he had decided to make the appointment, and so John G. Kane became a commissioner with a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. The commissioners then elected me treasurer, but as such it would

be necessary for me to furnish a bond for thirty thousand dollars. This I declined to do, stating that before I was twenty I was a partner with my uncles, Alexander and John Dennistoun, and dealing with sums as large as I was likely to have to deal with as treasurer of the Department of Docks; that I had never been asked to give any security, and never would. Upon this they unanimously elected me acting treasurer where no security was required. I repeatedly pressed my resignation of this office because I was chairman of the auditing committee, and was therefore put in the anomolous position of auditing my own accounts; but I could never get the board to accept my resignation, and so held the office until the Republicans turned us all out in May, 1873.

Dock laborers were an extremely rough set, and our cashkeeper, William Wallace Burnham, on pay days always sat at his desk inside a railing, with banknotes on one side of him and a loaded pistol on the other. It was part of our duty to clear away the encumbrances on and alongside the bulkheads, and in doing so we sometimes had to employ an hundred of our own men and fifty police.

In clearing away the encumbrances on the bulkheads a certain firm sent up to the office for some of the commissioners to come down and look at the only encumbrance it had, which was a small desk under a shed, for a clerk to take note of goods coming out or going in to their vessel. Our president, John T. Agnew, Wilson G. Hunt, John G. Kane, and myself were all standing about sixty feet from the bulkhead when the clerk came from his desk, and asked Mr. Wilson G. Hunt to step to his desk, because he wanted to speak to him. In a few moments Mr. Hunt returned to us, with his face almost scarlet, and in great wrath and indignation, and said: "Gentlemen, that scoundrel has just offered me twenty dollars to allow him to let his encumbrance remain on the bulkhead, and I insist upon his being ordered before the board to be reprimanded." Which he was. But we all laughed heartily at a bribe of twenty dollars being offered to a man whose fortune was estimated at six or seven million dollars. Mr. Hunt and I, while commissioners together of the Dock Department, made an elaborate calculation, by which we proved to our own satisfaction that we could carry out the plans regarding the building of docks adopted by the board, provided we could get the money from the city as we wanted it, and

within thirty years would put the whole system of docks in the hands of the city, with the whole cost recouped.

I am happy to say that Mr. Hunt, whose good opinion is worth having, said he would die happy if he saw me comptroller of this city ; but he never had the chance. One of the commissioners told me that the people of West Washington Market and the neighboring bulkhead had said that if they caught me down there they would throw me into the North River, on account of the active part I personally took in removing encumbrances on and alongside the bulkheads.

One day Mr. Hunt, John G. Kane, and I were driving along the bulkhead in a carriage on business, and I said to Mr. Hunt, "Let us go through West Washington Market," and he said, "No, I won't go ; they might pelt us with eggs." But John Kane volunteered to accompany me, and we went and walked up and down various alleys and were well looked at, but not spoken to. Not satisfied with this visitation of that notorious market, I determined to go alone the next day, and walked through every alleyway of the market, and was not thrown into the North River. On the contrary, the same commissioner who had informed me of the intention of the market men to drown me, told me that one of them said to him after my visit that I was a very benevolent-looking old gentleman. We commissioners gave to each of ourselves and to General McClellan a gold badge, to be worn on the chest, which we might show if necessary in visiting the different docks. These badges were of gold, made by Tiffany & Co., with the following inscription on one side : "Commissioner of the Department of Docks, City of New York," with the arms of the city in relief ; the other side, the name of the commissioner—on mine, "William Wood," and on General McClellan's his name, which we commissioners presented to him, and cost us each, if I recollect rightly, \$120, which we paid out of our own pockets.

We commissioners also gave many treats to our friends in the way of steaming round the shores of the island in one of our dock barges. These treats were superintended by a very jolly fellow, Captain Johnston, in the employment of the Dock Department, who had commanded vessels all over the world. We gave very sumptuous champagne lunches, which used to cost each of us commissioners not less than fifty dollars.

I look back upon my connection with the Dock Department, Commissioners Agnew, Hunt, Hugh Smith, Richard M. Henry, John G. Kane, Engineer G. McClellan, with great pleasure. They are all gone except John T. Agnew and myself (March, 1894).

In ascertaining proper foundations for bulkheads and docks on the line of Pier 41, North River, Engineer McClellan's men struck a copious spring of fresh water eighty-two feet below the bottom of the North River. We had a bottle of it as a curiosity in the rooms of the Dock Department, Broadway. I wanted to utilize it for the steam engines of our two dock barges, etc., but found to my surprise that the supply of fresh water was monopolized by certain parties who got the water from the Croton Water Commissioners.

Our legal time as Commissioners of Docks expired sometime in the beginning of April, 1873, but we were asked to continue in office until our successors were appointed, which was about a month afterward. The night before our successors were to take charge, we had the bookkeeper and clerks, etc., assembled in the dock office, for the commissioners to bid them farewell, and William Wallace Burnham, the bookkeeper, who didn't originally like me, for my practice as auditor of looking particularly into every item, when I left the office finally, actually lifted up his voice and wept.

When the new commissioners came in, everything began to go to the dogs, General McClellan having also resigned, and for years the Dock Department was simply a refuge for impecunious politicians of both parties.

In 1881 Mayor Grace wished to nominate me as Commissioner of Docks, but by the then law I could not hold that office along with that of Commissioner of Common Schools, and so declined it, but I advised him to nominate General McClellan as commissioner. He thereupon asked me to go and see General McClellan, and ask him if he would accept the position if nominated. The general replied that he would like a night to consider, and he would give me his decision next morning. During the evening he went and consulted John T. Agnew and Wilson T. Hunt, and they both advised him to decline the nomination as he was not acquainted with the then existing commissioners. I do not recollect whom Mayor Grace nominated in place of myself or General McClellan.

The first and last time I was in the office of the Department of



Docks, after going out in 1873, was in the summer of 1888. I went there to inspect the dock map of the lower part of the island, notably of the first ward, to find a site for a new school of that ward which should not be on made land. I did not succeed in doing this, and advised the purchase of the lot with lights on three sides on Albany, etc., streets, the school building on which is now, I believe, being built. The map which I wished to consult was made by *our* commission, but the credit of making it was assumed without any warrant in fact by our successors.

I have now finished all that I shall say about my connection with the Department of Docks, and return to my work in the Department of Education, in that part of it connected with the College of the City of New York.

At the first meeting of the trustees of the college, after the vacation of 1869, Mr. Sands proposed that the teaching of Latin and Greek should be done away with, and the college reduced to a mere technological institute. Chairman Larremore and I were opposed to any such proceeding, and both spoke against it. My speech was as follows :

“ I *do* hope that this question of filling up the chair of Latin and Greek will be settled to-night, especially if we intend to continue the Latin and Greek studies ; if we do not intend, why, then I would rather have the whole question indefinitely postponed [Laughter]. However, I wish to say a few words in regard to the subject which I consider of very great importance ; and there is one passage in the communication of the gentleman who has just spoken to which I would like to refer. He says in his letter to the chairman of the Executive Committee : ‘ I pass over the question (on which considerable difference of opinion exists) as to the propriety of sustaining at all, at the enforced expense of the public, an educational institution, to supply the needs which the College of the City of New York is intended to meet. The college exists by law ; we are guardians, and the only question we have to consider is how most efficiently and most economically to secure the attainment of the ends desired by the legislature.’ Now, my position in regard to that point is just this : I am accessory after the fact. I understand our duty is now to carry on the college in the way most beneficial to the

students who will go through the course. There can be but little doubt that, until within the last twelve years or so, the time of students in the English universities was very much wasted in an almost exclusive application to classical studies. There was little attention paid to mathematics or science. But it was not so in my own native country. In Scotland the study of the mathematics and the sciences was attended to in a much more common-sense manner. Therefore I may say that I am quite at home with regard to these arguments. And, further, having had a scientific, classical, and physiological training in two Scottish colleges, and, moreover, having had long experience as a merchant and banker in this city, I presume I can give a faithful opinion upon the relative advantages of classical, as opposed to mathematical or scientific, studies. And my opinion is this : that I would, upon the whole, when a young man has to choose a practical profession, and make his way in the world as a banker or merchant,—I would rather he should have a classical, than a mathematical or scientific, education. And for this reason : A man who has been educated in scientific principles looks away to certainties, and is entirely unfit to deal with probabilities. Now, we know that the great exercise of the merchant and the banker is to deal with probabilities and not with certainties, and consequently you will find that, when persons who have had an exclusively scientific or mathematical training come to deal with probabilities they act as if they were children. They assume certain things which they think will lead to given conclusions ; they trust to their mathematical demonstrations, and in the end they get into a frightful muddle. But the fortunate position in which we find ourselves placed is that, in our college, we are not bound to choose one or the other. We are not on either horn of the dilemma. You can have the mathematical and the scientific, or you can have the classical and the scientific, just as you please. In looking over the different lessons of the whole course there of five years, but one-sixth of the time is devoted to classical studies. Milton, in his 'Tractate on Education,' deprecates too much time being devoted to classical studies, but he does not propose to dispense with them altogether, and, indeed, he praises them highly, and was himself the greatest classical scholar of his day. But the disposition now is to swing away too far ; the swing of the pendulum is away from classical studies altogether. We want to have facts—

facts—nothing but facts. The Mr. Gradgrinds of the day recognize nothing better to be put into the hands of children than hard facts. Now, even in the days of Milton, there was a tendency toward this sort of knowledge. The tendency of the Puritans was to go in for knowledge of facts; and Butler says his education had been wholly of a scientific cast, and the result of it he gives in ‘Hudibras’:

“ ‘For he, by geometric scale,  
Could take the size of pots of ale,  
Resolve by sines and tangents straight  
If bread or butter wanted weight.  
And wisely tell what hour o’ the day  
The clock will strike by algebra.’

“ I am of opinion that it would be wise to retain the professorship of Latin and Greek; a proper combination of classical and mathematical studies is the sort of education our young men require, and with one chair for the two languages we can give them all the classical knowledge they require. I hold that every boy in our public schools—and I wish I could say every girl, too—has a sort of vested interest in this College of the City of New York. His parents know that if he gets on with his studies properly in the schools, and his life is spared, he will ultimately be able to claim a classical and scientific education. The parents would think their boy unjustly dealt with, if we were to deprive him of that vested interest. When a boy is taken into our schools, by implication we promise him a collegiate education. There is another point which is made in this communication. The writer says, ‘I now come to the last and most serious aspect, that classical studies have a most pernicious effect upon the morals and character of their votaries. It should not be forgotten that Greeks and Romans alike lived by slavery (which is robbery), by rapine, and by plunder. Yet we, born into a Christian community which lives by honest labor, propose to impregnate the impressionable minds of youth with the morals and literature of nations of robbers!’ We must not forget that the Egyptians and Hindoos were a highly mathematical people; but their morals were greatly inferior to the morals of the Greeks and Romans.”

I concluded by quoting the following lines from Montgomery :

“ ‘ To plow the classic soil,  
Intent to find the hidden spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield,  
Till all is thine that sages taught,  
That poets sang and heroes wrought. ’ ”

The opinions expressed by Chairman Larremore and myself not only preserved the cultivation of the two classical languages, but obtained a professor for each of them instead of having only one for both. The Rev. Dr. Spencer was appointed professor of Greek and Dr. Charles G. Herberman professor of Latin. The former was a very poor appointment, for although Dr. Spencer was a good Greek scholar, he had not the faculty of maintaining order, without which scholarship is of very little avail. I protested against his appointment from the very beginning, because I knew he had not been able to maintain order in John MacMullin's school, where two of my sons were pupils, and in which, being a select school, order was more easily maintainable than in the promiscuous gathering in the Greek class of the City College. My foresight was amply confirmed by the result, but it took me eleven years to get rid of him and to get the Greek class of the college properly taught. After having been relieved of his duties at the college he went for change of air to North Pennsylvania, where he met with General T. L. Kane. One day he was left alone with my daughter, Mrs. Kane, and began to give her a sketch of his life. He said : “ I was for eleven years professor of Greek in the College of the City of New York, and might have been there till this day, but one of the trustees, an obstinate old Scotsman of the name of Wood, had a prejudice against me, and never rested until he got me dismissed.” My daughter heard all this, but never let him know that “ the obstinate old Scotsman ” was her father ! The other appointment, Professor Herberman to the chair of Latin, was a most satisfactory and an excellent one.

In after years I got Principal David B. Scott appointed professor of pedagogy and principal of the introductory department of the college, but subsequently it was found out by my friend Stephen A. Walker that there was no law authorizing the creation of an introductory department in the college, and its name was changed to the

sub-freshman class. Subsequently, on the death of Professor Barton, David B. Scott succeeded to the professorship of English literature.

(He has never called on me since I resigned from the trusteeship of the College of the City of New York, November 1, 1888, and, I hear, is now [May 23, 1894] very ill, and supposed to be dying. My own time cannot be very long, and if I ever finish this long autobiography it can only be by curtailing the report of the rest of my life in some way. And yet what remains is more interesting, to myself at least, than what has gone before, containing, as it does, the building and opening of the Normal College for the higher education of women, but more especially for the training of teachers for our common schools.)

*The remainder of this volume has been prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth D. Kane, daughter of William Wood, Esq., and wife of General Thomas L. Kane, as a loving tribute to the blessed memory of her father.—*  
*H. M. W.*

FORTY years ago my husband, Thomas L. Kane, who deeply loved and honored my father, urged him to write his autobiography. He began doing so in a series of letters to me, but abandoned the work after he had written over two hundred foolscap pages. When he resumed it long afterward, as the amusement of his old age, it became my privilege during my annual visits to him to read and criticise what he had written, and to divide it into chapters. I promised that I would edit his work if he lived to finish it, or complete it after his death. I never could persuade him to rewrite a paragraph or alter a sentence. All that he left to me, he said. As for him, if he wrote at all, he must write *currente calamo*. We have his work, therefore, written in a fresh and easy style, wonderfully vivacious when one remembers that the writer was over eighty years old when he commenced the autobiography ; but as he never paused to read over what he had written, the interest he had in following one part of his subject to its close led him sometimes to omit the mention of important events in the history of his life. These I shall briefly mention.

The last paragraph that he wrote shows me how ill-fitted I am to complete his work. Of those years spent in the Board of Education, of which he says that he thinks them the most interesting in the whole of his life, I know hardly anything. But I *do* know very well that his labors in the Board of Education were rewarded in full measure by the occupation of his time and thoughts in a way that enabled him to serve God and man, and to divert his mind from dwelling on the sorrows of his later life.

The great sorrow of his life, my mother's death, worked a marked change in his character. From being the person most tenderly considered in the family, every anxiety softened by sympathy, every want and wish that love could foresee and gratify anticipated, he



became the solitary head of the family. Thenceforward he ministered to his children's needs and sought to sympathize with their feelings and to forget himself in them and in his business. He lived a life that might be called external to his own individuality, except in so far as he dwelt in the memory of the past. He tested our actions and his own by the scale of my mother's remembered counsel, and for her sake controlled his naturally quick temper and became gentle and patient with us. Up to the time of her death he had been surrounded by an atmosphere of loving care that kept from him all the minor annoyances of family life, or let the knowledge of them serve as the basis of an amusing story when he came home to his fireside at evening. We children were not suffered to annoy him, for he was not naturally fond of children's society. We made our appearance at dessert, nicely dressed and on our best behavior, and were gratified to eat a tiny piece of a fig or a morsel of orange from the tip of our father's fork. Then we retreated to our chairs at the end of the room, and did not speak unless spoken to. We held our father in the greatest awe, and while our mother always believed that we loved him as we loved her, I think that in those early days we really only feared him. Our parents had been brought up by theirs on the old system of *whipping* for the least offense, and as they sincerely believed in its efficacy, we looked upon our father as a being between a god and a chief executioner. We seldom saw him in the daytime, as we had our meals in a small breakfast parlor, while our father's were served in the large dining room at a different hour. I am speaking of our Everton house, the only English home that I remember. My mother lunched with us at our dinner time, and chatted over all our childish affairs. But for us our sweet, merry mother would have been very lonely during the long hours of my father's daily absence at his office.

With my mother's death our happy childhood ended. My father, fortunately for his mental and bodily health, was obliged to take that voyage to England which had been so often discussed in my parents' letters. Charlotte was only fourteen, but she courageously undertook the charge of her young brothers and sisters in his absence. My aunt, Mrs. De Peyster, often came to see us in the boarding-house, where we were placed for the summer, and my father had provided an experienced nurse for the little baby, as well

as leaving our good Powell as our nursery maid. Material wants were thus supplied, but Charlotte had the responsibility of supervising our summer studies and trying to manage us. She was painfully anxious to carry out our father's instructions to the letter, poor young sister, and how we all suffered in the hot summer days, when she exacted from us and from herself the full number of hours of study that had been prescribed !

We were used to the cool atmosphere of England and to our large, roomy English home. Now we were quartered in the front rooms of a Staten Island boarding-house, heated like a furnace by the reflection from the waters of the Kill Von Kull, blazing in the morning sunshine. Lessons over, we were to sew, and might read aloud the "wholesome" books my father had provided. I have no doubt that they were excellent—for grown-up readers—but for a boy of fifteen and two girls of fourteen and ten, with a merry little occasional listener in my seven-year-old sister Harriet, they were excessively uninteresting. We plodded through them for two hours a day, reading aloud alternately. Their contents have long since faded from my memory, but I remember the titles of two or three: "Life of Lorenzo de Medicis," "Life of Leo the Tenth," Hazlitt's "Essays," and there was a very long work, a "History of Literature in Europe," out of which we picked some interesting extracts. We lightened the tedium of the hour by refreshing ourselves with lemon crackers and teasing poor, dear Charlotte.

All through that long, hot summer, Walter and Charlotte headed our little flock every Sunday to a church at Port Richmond. Part of the way we went by steamboat, but part of the way we had to walk in the intense glare of noonday, panting in our black dresses. Some kind soul among the boarders lent us for Sunday afternoon reading several volumes of "The Lady of the Manor." My later knowledge leads me to think that the tales related by the Lady of the Manor, in illustration of the troubles consequent upon violations of the Ten Commandments, however well intended, were quite unfit for our perusal. But we innocently and eagerly devoured them, and skipped the moral teaching sought to be inculcated at the end of each.

Baby Alick sickened three days after our father left us, and after ten days of suffering died, lying on Charlotte's lap. We had never

watched by a sick bed before, and there were kindly women in the house who sought to help us in our trouble. But I think that Charlotte felt as if she would be somehow to blame if she relinquished the little fellow to anyone.

Another calamity distressed us all. One of our fellow-boarders, on reaching his office in the city, received a letter announcing that his nephew and adopted son had embezzled property and was a fugitive from justice. The shock killed him: he was found sitting in his chair, dead, with the open letter before him. Someone hastened to New Brighton and blurted out the story to the poor wife. At the moment our little Helen was on her knee, and we were near her. The new-made widow gave utterance to a fearful scream, and went out of her mind. She was soon taken away to an asylum, but the shock of seeing and hearing her distress had a bad effect upon us—nervous little things as we were.

My father returned to us in the end of October, bringing with him his sweet sister Eliza, and happy home life began again.

I do not think we ever enjoyed evenings so much as those when we gathered round the fire in the autumn, and she read to us in her fresh voice with its lovely accent, English just tinged with Scottish, the "Essays of Elia," which my father had brought me from England. She was too charming a woman to bless us long, and I suppose that, like most fond wives, she did not fully appreciate my father's insistence, as her trustee, in securing her property from any claims of her husband's creditors. She was always loving and good to us, but we saw less of her after her marriage than our affection demanded. Charlotte was too young to manage our father's household, and in his second wife he found not only a very beautiful woman, but a most admirable and careful housekeeper. My sister\* continued to supervise us to some extent, as long as she remained in America, but she had never liked New York, the climate and the

\* Charlotte returned to England, first on visits to her aunts, and then took up her abode there permanently, becoming the wife of a clergyman. She led a life of intense activity in parish-work, fulfilling also all the duties of wife, mother, and sick-nurse when her husband's health gave way. She published two books for children, "Effie's Year" and "The Cruise of Ulysses," which were reprinted in America. I think they ran through two editions. Then my mother's foresight was painfully proven, by a complete break-down in Charlotte's health, and she became a chronic invalid.

people did not suit her, and her early responsibilities and intense sympathy for my father told upon her health and spirits.

My father, from the time of his return to America in 1846, took up the duty of training our hearts and minds in the manner pointed out in our mother's will. His naturally quick and impatient disposition, and absence of instinctive liking for young children, made the task a hard one. His business absorbed his time, too, to a great extent. But in the next few years, as we grew to know him, our childish awe developed, first into unquestioning trust, and finally into the mixture of intense affection, loyal friendship, and reverent sympathy which bound us to him for half a century.

It seems as if I could fix the time when he won my heart by a frank apology for an undeserved punishment. The punishment was a trifling one, but he was sensible that he would not have inflicted it if he had not been worried and fretted beyond measure. I knew it, too, and therefore would not have minded the punishment, but the generous expression of his regret made a deep impression on me.

It was characteristic of him to be entirely honest and unaffected, no consideration of superiority of age or position ever interfering with his treatment of other persons.

He speaks in his *Life* about this time as "a sort of prosperous jog-trot." It was rather uneventful, as for some years he did not enter on the active duties of an American citizen. His elder children were at school, and I do not remember his wife going much into society.

Our cousin and stepmother, Margaret Lawrence,\* as I recollect

\* Margaret Lawrence Wood was descended on the paternal side from Thomas Lawrence, one of three brothers, who emigrated from Great St. Albans, Hertfordshire, England, and obtained a patent for a tract of land in Newtown, L. I., in 1655. Thomas Lawrence subsequently owned all of Hell Gate Neck. He died at Newtown in 1703. His son John, who was a cornet of dragoons, and subsequently High Sheriff of Queen's County, married Deborah Woodhull, and died in 1729. Their son John married Patience Sackett and died 1765. Their son William married Anna Brinckerhoff and died 1794. Their son William married Margaret Van Horne, and their son James Van Horne Lawrence married Emily Augusta Kane by whom he had one daughter, Margaret. Mr. Lawrence afterward married a Miss Smith, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. I think that Margaret, after her mother's early death, was chiefly brought up by her grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Lawrence. J. V. H. Lawrence died after his daughter married William Wood. She derived much of her beauty from him.

her before her marriage, was slender and very graceful. Her face was oval, her complexion of a clear paleness, rather dark than fair, with beautifully fine and glossy raven-black hair, and violet-blue eyes. She was exquisitely neat in her dress and person, refined in speech, and pure-minded, always discountenancing the witty *double-entendres* in which some of her matron relatives delighted. In time she gained flesh and color, but the portrait painted of her by Fagnani does not do her justice.

She was naturally of a quiet disposition, and I think the loss of her first two children intensified her anxious devotion to the others, and it seems to me as if her nursery and home duties had filled her life. I believed that her health was much less robust than it appeared to be, and that some affection of the heart aided to give the rosy color to her formerly pale cheek. She was ill for months before her death, which occurred March 21, 1871, when her youngest surviving son, Van Horne Lawrence, was nearly eleven years old. My sister Harriet relieved her of household cares during her illness, and took charge of her young brother after his mother's death. Van Horne's cheerful disposition and merry ways helped to relieve the household gloom at that time. He resembled in this, my own youngest brother, William, who had died January 20, 1867. Willie, as we always called him, never had good health after early boyhood, and had to live in the country. He felt the separation from the family life very much, and clung with fond affection to my father, who used to go on long rambles with him. Willie was the only one of us who died in youth, but his mother's prayers for him were granted, as he became a Christian and united with the church when about sixteen.

I have said that my stepmother did not, as far as I recollect, go much into society. I remember no balls or parties given at the house, and I think that she only occasionally chaperoned my young sisters to entertainments, or gave small Christmas parties for her boys. My father never had any liking for so-called hospitality of that sort. But of the hospitality which made his house a shelter to those of his kin who needed a home, his life was full. In my mother's time, her sister Charlotte, and his sister Eliza lived with us for months and years. His brother James lived with him in New York for over fifteen years. Uncle James originally came to our



house after financial reverses which left him almost beggared. My father found employment for him, and he in time became a wealthy man again. But it was characteristic of both brothers, that the home shelter was given and accepted for all those years without a question of paying a cent toward the household expenses. It was equally characteristic of the silent Scottish nature, that when Uncle James died in Algeria, in 1881, he was found to have willed for life to my father a large sum of money in remembrance of his kindness, as he explained in a private letter, which expressed his heart-felt gratitude.

My father had no intimate friends of his own age. Probably the lesson of self-reliance which his mother had taught him after his father's early death, made it more easy for him to be the friend and counselor of those younger than himself. Besides his brother James, there were several young men who, entering the office of his firm as boys, were trained by him for business life. He realized his responsibility for their moral welfare, and prayed for them and tried to instil into them his own simple Christian faith. This was a hard task for him, as both by nature and training the expression of Christian sentiment was repugnant to him. The teaching of the Sermon on the Mount had so enforced the close personal relation of Man to the Father who seeth in secret, that he heartily disliked to take part even in the publicity of a church prayer-meeting. His mother's Sandemanian tendencies had made him so intolerant of priestly assumption, and so convinced of the equality of all Christians before God, that we never had any pastoral visits in the house. Each father of a family, he felt, should be the priest of his own household. From his mother, too, he derived so strong a distaste to set forms of expression, that we were never taught the catechism, nor even the Apostle's Creed. Even the Lord's Prayer was never used as a part of family worship until the latter part of his life. His reticence was so difficult for him to break, except to my mother, that his religious intercourse with us—apart from Bible teaching—was confined to the exchange of a few earnest sentences at times when father and child were deeply moved. It required, then, a great effort on his part to write such a letter as the following to a young friend who had sought his counsel. It was found among the gentleman's papers after his early death, and I am permitted by his family to copy it as



an illustration of the fearless honesty with which he would wound to heal. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

"NEW YORK, March 11, 1859.

"MY DEAR ——:

"Yours of 4th inst. was received last week and *very sad* it made me, and had you been here when I got it, there were many things which I would have liked to say, which I cannot so well, 'with ink and pen write unto thee.' I have just dispatched my letters for to-day's steamer, and snatch a minute to say that I have got your letter, and that I sympathize with, and can understand, your feelings, but God alone can minister to a mind not diseased, but constituted as yours is. 'If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.' You have great pride of intellect, somewhat of a love of singularity, too much accustomed to command, without, I suspect, ever having learned to obey, crusted all over with a certain suspicion of, and contempt for, your fellow-men, with perhaps a general skepticism, acquired from circumstances, there is yet underlying this mental granite a deep vein of natural religion, which ever and anon crops out on the surface. God in his own time and way will remove the superincumbent mass, and let in the light of his Holy Spirit upon what is beneath. There was one 'who persecuted that way unto the death,' whose mental pride was not less than yours, his learning of the highest order; in a moment the whole current of his thoughts was turned, and he preached the faith which once he destroyed. The same God that said to Paul on his way to Damascus, 'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks,' speaks to you, not in one way, but in many. He has taught you to feel deeply the utter worthlessness and vanity of all merely earthly pursuits; worldly ambition, if I am not deceived, is dead within you; and you long to be under the 'shadow of that great Rock in a weary land,' although your mind revolts at the cant or stupidity of some of those who are travelers in the same direction. I know the feeling, yet if one candidly scrutinizes his own inner life, one may well bear with his fellow-men and all their weaknesses and littleness. I feel that in the journey of life I have had one great advantage over you—for fifteen years the constant companionship of one who really adorned her Christian profession.

“ ‘ ’Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.’

“ You talk of going West ; that is, your

“ ‘ soul would live alone unto herself  
In her high palace there.’

But don’t you think it is a duty you owe to your father and mother to remain steadily in Boston, even although you may be impatient with, and disgusted at, the course of events in relation to some of your cherished views, noble in themselves, but not to be further pushed forward at this time ? ‘ A rolling stone gathers no moss.’ Then, there are your younger brothers, to whom you have an opportunity of setting an example of steadiness and *sobriety of mind*. Your influence on them *is vast*, for good or for evil. It seems to me, that in

“ ‘ The trivial round, the common task,’

you have superior calls to those which would lead you to go West. Forgive me, my dear, if I have intruded unwelcome or uncalled-for counsel. Anything that I can *say* indicates but very feebly the deep interest that I have long taken in your spiritual welfare. In your last letter you have very frankly exposed the state of your mind to me, why should I feel ashamed to say that, the night after I got it, I lay awake thinking much of and praying for you, with tears and supplications that He who in his infinite mercy had plucked a wretched sinner like myself as a brand out of the burning, would also have mercy upon you ? And *He will* for the sake of Him who died for us, and *ever liveth to make intercession for us*.

“ Your account of dear — distressed us all, and I am specially commissioned to give my wife’s particular love to her.

“ I think you will be pleased to hear how J. Walter’s recent holidays were spent. Information first reached me from a gentleman I know slightly, and it was also told me in an omnibus. J. Walter’s old schoolmaster, and Willie’s present one, took a violent fit of acute rheumatism and was in danger of losing his school, on which he is entirely dependent for support. He got a nephew to carry on the school for one week, but he would stay no longer, and J. Walter went and taught the twenty boys Greek, Latin, etc., for upward of

two weeks, and until Mr. Jenks, the teacher, became convalescent. J. Walter never told me until I asked him, and I confess I have been more gratified than by anything that has happened to me for a long time.

"Give my kindest regards to your father and mother and Julia, and believe me,

" Ever yours faithfully,

" WILLIAM WOOD.

" My partner is still absent and I am almost overwhelmed with work.

" WM. W."

There was one clerk whom he noticed to be falling into drinking ways, and upon whom he urged total abstinence. On one occasion the young man pleaded the difficulty of breaking the habit of years of moderate indulgence. Father promptly remarked that he was double the other's age, and had been accustomed to his wine at dinner from boyhood, and that he would join B. in forswearing it for a year. B. consented and kept his pledge for some months, but my father did not resume his glass of wine for much more than a year, not, indeed, until ordered to do so by Dr. Barker, when showing tokens of anæmia from overwork and brain exhaustion, fainting twice in one day.

During the anti-slavery excitement that preceded the War of the Rebellion my father was deeply interested in the efforts of those who were trying to free the slaves, while at the same time his business relations with many sugar- and cotton-planters made him see the difficulties on both sides of the question. His future son-in-law, Thos. L. Kane, resigned a lucrative position as U. S. Commissioner rather than enforce the Fugitive Slave Law. His letter of resignation was construed by his father, Judge Kane of the Eastern District Court of Pennsylvania, as "contempt of court," and the judge committed him for it, and was immediately overruled by Justice Grier of the Supreme Court. The following letter written on the occasion shows my father's views on the Slavery Question :

"NEW YORK, October 22, 1850.

"MY DEAR TOM :

"I have to thank you for two letters, one of September 12 and the other of September 20-21, the latter sent under cover to Walter,

who was at Fresh Pond, L. I., from whence he brought himself and your letters two days ago.

“Before I go further, let me ask if the resignation of your United States commissionership involves that of the clerkship in your father’s court, because, if so, then is The Fugitive Slave Law worthy of most extra-particular damnation. I hope, however, that the commissionership is only a subsidiary office, and that its resignation will not involve too heavy a pecuniary sacrifice to principle. I wish that a copy of your letter of resignation could be put into the newspapers. It would aid the good cause in various ways.

“In spite of my love of law and order, it makes my blood boil to read some of the clauses of the act in question, and to read of the first operation of the act in this good city. However, James Hamlet, or Hallet, will be back here from Baltimore in a week, as I believe the sum necessary for securing his freedom is made up, and, I believe, it is the intention of the law and order anti-slavery men to buy off every slave who is captured here by force of law, under the Algerine act. However, I expect good out of this evil. The Southern people will feel secure, and from a feverish irritability against all schemes for ameliorating the condition of their bondmen there will be a reaction in favor of doing something to remove the feeling against them in the North, and a desire to prove that when let alone they will, *es mero motu*, do something to better the condition of the slaves. And if they would set-to to practical reformation, they might, without hurting their own pecuniary interests in the least,—but, on the contrary, improving them,—do a vast deal toward improving the condition of the negro and toward preparing the race for ultimate freedom. Non-separation of families in sales, facilities for allowing slaves to purchase their freedom, taking their evidence against whites, etc., might be all originated and carried out by the slaveholders themselves. Although the new law is rather a ‘heavy blow and great discouragement’ to your party, yet you must expect, even in a winning cause, WHICH YOURS IS, occasional reverses; and looking backward for six years, that is, since my return to the country, I can see a vast progress made in an onward direction by the anti-slavery section. It will be an interesting case, when the first escaped slave shoots his captor. I asked, yesterday, an editor here what he would do if, in Algeria, he had escaped with a loaded pistol

in his hand and an Algerian attempted to recapture him. He said it was a difficult case. I confess I did not see the difficulty. He told me, in reply to some of my remarks, that this act was merely carrying on an agreement between the North and South made by the Constitution of the United States, and to that bargain he, for one, thought it right and just to adhere. That was all very well, as between the whites of the North and South, but the negroes were no party to the original agreement, or any bargain or arrangement that flows out of it, and, therefore, I hold that they have an inalienable right to free themselves, and keep free, whenever they have a chance, although I doubt if the Northern whites, so long as the Union exists, have a right to assist them.

“By a law of the State of South Carolina no free black can come into that State, whether he be a citizen or a foreigner, or if he do he is put in jail and kept there. Now, if South Carolina can pass such a law in relation to free citizens of the free States, why cannot one or all of the free States pass laws for themselves by which, whenever a slave touches their soil, ‘he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the spirit of universal emancipation’? This question may only show my crass ‘Europyeen’ ignorance ‘of our domestic instiitootions,’ but I can’t see why, if a slave State can pass laws *against* freedom within its borders, a free State cannot pass laws in favor of freedom within its boundaries. Now, if Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan would pass such laws you would bother the Southerners. They could not bring their servants, as they love to call them (not slaves, being creditably ashamed of the name, at least, if not of the thing), to the North with them except by sea, and all the fugitives would be safe in those States, and yet there would be no federal movement of the North against the South.

“You have got a stop put to slave trading in the District of Columbia. When I came here in 1844 I think you could not even present a petition against slavery in the House of Representatives. That itself indicated a considerable jump in the right direction. The Liberian colonization is, I think, going to produce much greater results than have been anticipated. That, combined with a system under proper checks, for carrying labor *from* Africa *to* your Southern States and our West India Islands; there to undergo a certain degree of civilization, before said labor is reconveyed to Africa, will

in time work an end of the slave trade and slavery, and I don't see anything else that will.

"I rejoice, for your sake, that you are getting your appointments for the Government of the Western Territories carried out as you wish. You may live to see your efforts for the freedom of the negro also crowned with success in these latter days. Events which hitherto have taken the slow process of ages to mature seem to crystallize into form almost on the instant.

"I hear to-day, from 'one who knows,' that after the next election there will not be so much as a Whig cat to mew about any public office in this country for the next twenty years, and, further, that Cass is to be your man. Now, from your old friendship with Cass, can't you use him to promote your own schemes, and instead of standing aloof from your old political associates, join them and get them to run in your groove. Use your party to aid you, instead of throwing it out of the saddle because it did not walk precisely in the narrow road. If you mounted behind old Cass you could manage to guide his horse, perhaps, where you wanted to go, which you may not be able to do if you knock him out of the saddle.

"Charlotte is at Dosoris and benefiting by the change of air. Mrs. Wood and Bessie have had bad colds.

"Kind love to your father, mother, and Bessie.

"God love and keep you.

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

Father's family used often to wonder why a man who was entirely outside of politics, and chiefly known in New York for his honesty and independence, should have been put in office by the "Tweed Ring." We concluded that they had thought he would make a conspicuous figurehead, and that, while the Ring could claim credit for placing him, his single vote and influence could be easily overridden. I wrote to him in 1870, asking him if he had been personally acquainted with the members of the Ring before his appointment to the Department of Docks, and in reply he gave me the following account of his first interview with them. It is dated May 2, 1870 :



"I believe I told you I was on the Executive Committee of the Department of Docks, and as such, in order to arrange with the heads of the Democratic party as to our subordinate officers, I was asked to meet with the other two members of the Executive Committee (Wilson G. Hunt and Hugh Smith), and our chairman, Mr. Agnew (who is *ex-officio* member of all committees), the heads of the Democratic party at Peter B. Sweeny's, 140 West Thirty-fourth Street. Well, behold your worthy father closeted with P. B. S., Wm. M. Tweed, Mayor Hall, and Comptroller R. B. Connolly—in fact, the heads of the 'Tammany Ring'! I did not even tell Margaret where I was going, and poor Chalmers, with his ardent Republican ideas, would as lief have had me go to the devil direct. Now, I want, as a student of human nature, to tell you just what I felt and saw. Peter B. Sweeny is a man of education and of great ability, head and shoulders above them all, and I saw he did just exactly what I have often done in managing meetings, to get what I myself wanted *done*. He took his pen, ink, and paper and went to work, and held them to the work in hand and *did it*, and did it in a gentlemanly and yet decided way. Wm. M. Tweed is a large, fat man, of almost Falstaffian proportions, and with that trouble in his eye which might indicate visits to the Boar's Head at East Cheap, and his prototype's apostrophe :

" ' If sack and sugar be a sin, then — help the wicked. '

"Mayor Hall is also an educated, gentlemanly man ; Richard Connolly, an Irishman of about fifty or fifty-five, with a very Irish face and merry twinkle in his eye. I liked all of them excepting Tweed, and I could hardly judge of him. Peter B. Sweeny is, in fact, the Democratic leader of the United States, and makes mayors and governors, and probably will nominate the next Democratic President. He is a bachelor, has a nice house, and his brother, a stouter and older-looking man, who goes by the name of the 'Colonel,' lives with him. P. B. S. is about forty-five, very, very sharp, said to be a conscientious Catholic, and perfectly pure in his character, quite wealthy and *sui profusus*, but not *alieni appetens*, and has a love of power and organization. I thought they dealt very liberally about the appointments, which were all *fixed* there, although they will only be passed by the Board of Docks to-day.

Most of them smoked cigars ; no wine or whisky, simply smoke and business. By the way, Connolly, in a sort of joking way, opened the business by reading a resolution of the Sinking Fund Committee to the effect that each of the Commissioners of Docks was to have a salary of \$10,000, beginning from May 1, 1870, which is very handsome, and as high as the salary of any city functionary, and \$6000 more than Governor Hoffman gets (which is scandalous). Even the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections, a most important and onerous commission, only get \$7500 each, and so the Democratic party have certainly treated us very handsomely.

"Yesterday we borrowed the steamer from the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, and made the tour of the docks from Harlem Bridge, East River, to Sixtieth Street, North River. We had, besides four dock commissioners, Isaac Bell, J. B. Nicholson, and Lincoln Trea, of the Charities Commission ; Peter Cooper and a *Herald* and *Sun* reporter, and we had a good lunch, with champagne, etc., etc.; a fine trip and good day ; all reported in the *Herald*, etc. Bell and I landed at Canal Street, and made for the hall of the Board of Education, where we voted for the expulsion of a ward trustee, who is also a member of the Assembly, for taking a bribe of one hundred dollars from a school-teacher to procure a situation, etc., and so home. On Tuesday night I went to bed at 11.30 and got up at 5.30 next morning, never having closed an eye all night. However, I am all right now. With kind love to Tom, H. A. K. (what a clever imitation of Eliza that was !), Elisha, Evan, and Willie. God bless you all.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

When my father was appointed a member of the Board of Education in 1869, he was one of the three men who were understood to be recommended by the Citizens' Reform Association. The others were Nathaniel Sands and John H. Sherwood. A reorganization of the board had taken place by act of the legislature, by which it was enacted that twelve commissioners should be appointed by the mayor.

They appear to have gone to work speedily to adapt the work to

be done to the reduced number of commissioners who were to perform it, twelve instead of twenty-one, and as new brooms to sweep clean wherever their predecessors had left a necessity for such action.

Richard Larremore was re-elected president, Commissioner Wood receiving Mr. Larremore's vote. In the minutes of the first meeting, I find a resolution passed abolishing the Department of Buildings and Repairs, removing the superintendent, and repealing the resolution making his salary five thousand dollars, while the assistant superintendent was directed to perform the duties heretofore devolving upon his superior.

Another resolution reads :

"*Resolved*, That the tearoom in the hall of the Board of Education, and the practice of furnishing suppers and refreshments to the members of the board at the expense of the School Fund, be and the same are hereby abolished."

Again :

"*Resolved*, That a special committee of four be appointed to inquire into the system by which supplies have heretofore been furnished, and the amount of such now on hand, including what is known as 'the shop.'"

And again :

"*Whereas*, Large sums of money have been appropriated and expended by the late board as incidental expenses : therefore

"*Resolved*, That the clerk of this board, as soon as practicable, furnish a complete list of all the items included in and charged to the account of 'incidental expenses.'"

With a board in this mood, the work of the finance committee was likely to be of great importance.

Before adjourning, the appointment of the committees was announced, and the members of the finance committee were Commissioners Bell, Murphy, *Wood*, Brennan, and Lewis. Their reports at each meeting of the board show hard work done. In the general work of the board reported, I find resolutions of Commissioner Wood occasionally, in which he appears to have been in the minority—such for instance as this :

"*Resolved*, That the nine committees of the board be reconstructed, and that in appointing their chairman the rights of the minority be respected."

The chairman put the question whether the board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the negative.

Commissioner Sands then moved that the vote just taken be reconsidered, by count.

The president put the question whether the board would agree with said motion to reconsider, and, five members voting in favor thereof and six against, it was decided in the negative.

The bald record gives no more than a hint of what was probably a lively fight. It may have been on this occasion that a friend reports Mr. Wood as jumping to his feet and saying that he and his two fellow-commissioners of the Reform Association were like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace, and that Mayor Hall was the Nebuchadnezzar who had cast them in. The three were in a hopeless minority.

One resolution of his offering, after being referred to the Committee on By-Laws, and approved by them, was adopted. Its adoption implies that previous to that time no regular system of visiting the schools had been enforced upon the commissioners:

*"Resolved*, That the Grammar, Primary, and Colored Schools of the City and County of New York be divided, as nearly as may be, into twelve equal groups, the schools in each group being indicated by their numbers on twelve separate pieces of paper, and that each commissioner draw one of said pieces of paper, and it shall be his duty to visit the schools named therein, between the 1st of January and the 30th of June, 1870; that after next December, on the last stated meeting of the board in June and December, beginning in June, 1870, the president allot one of the groups of the schools to each commissioner, but in such a way that no one commissioner shall visit the same group of schools twice within the same year. Nothing in this resolution shall be construed as preventing any commissioner from visiting as many schools as he chooses over and above his own allotted group."

Whatever the other commissioners may have done, Commissioner Wood availed himself of the privilege conferred in the last clause: "Nothing in this resolution shall be construed as preventing any commissioner from visiting as many schools as he chooses over and above his own allotted group." From that time he devoted a large part of the school term of each year to visiting the schools. Presi-

dent Hunter of the Normal College says: "While Commissioner and President of the Board of Education, he not only visited his own group of schools but also every school in the city, and not only every school, but every classroom in every school. He was by far the most efficient commissioner that New York ever had. In fact, he never spared himself when he had a duty to perform."

This faithful visiting of the schools made Commissioner Wood familiar with the most remote districts of the city. In the early days of his service the schools in the upper end of the island were hard to reach, and he sometimes lost his way among the truck patches, marshy flats, and newly begun streets of Harlem. He had made himself thoroughly familiar with the history of the island, and enjoyed taking one of us with him and pointing out among the market gardens the sites of the country places of old friends of my mother's youth, such as Colonel Thorn's and Colonel Monroe's, and showing the group of thirteen trees for the first thirteen States on the old Hamilton place, and how near neighbors Hamilton and Burr had been; the road they probably followed down the hill—somewhere near where Grant's tomb is now it must have been—to take boat for the fatal duel at Weehawken. Another especially interesting part of the city to him was the squalid, thickly populated district of which Grand Street forms the showiest part.

When their freedom first made the colored population of New York eager to advance themselves to equality with white citizens, Commissioner Wood was delighted with the intelligence and ease in acquiring knowledge of the negro children who thronged the schools. He was proportionately disappointed as years went on to find their parents withdrawing them on trivial pretexts in order to use their labor at home or wherever they could get employment for them. On the other hand, the Scottish prejudice against the Jewish race gradually gave way to what was at first a half-unwilling admiration of the bright intelligence and persevering industry of the Jewish pupils in the schools.

He used laughingly to point out, in proof of the wisdom of the expenditure made in founding and carrying on the Normal College, the yearly increasing proportion of Hebrew names on the college roll. Jews knew what they were about, he would say, and how to avail themselves of the magnificent training which they had the

right to obtain for their daughters. The honor lists showed how their daughters appreciated their opportunities.

From the *Public School Journal* of Saturday, February 4, 1871, I take a description of father's personal appearance and characteristics at this time, which is good :

"Since Mr. Wood's name has become a household word among the parents of the children who attend the public schools, it may not be out of place to describe, even though faintly, his mental, moral, and physical characteristics. His whole organization is highly nervous, imparting a vitality and a force which keeps him ever active and energetic. What he does, therefore, he does with all his might. To him in every question there is a right and a wrong, a true and a false ; and when he has taken his side for what he considers the truth, you might as well endeavor to change the stars in their courses as to drive him from his position. By temperament and education he is very courageous—sometimes impulsive, and always courteous. His intellectual abilities are of a very high order. His mind is at the same time acute and comprehensive, capable of taking in the smallest details and of grasping the greatest principles. His perception is keen and thorough, and yet separate items of fact are welded with great skill into a unit of purpose precisely as many little tributaries form the mighty river. His apprehension is so quick that he very often not only seizes the salient points, but actually anticipates the underlying truths of a proposition. His memory, as we mentioned before, is prodigious, and his acquirements many and varied. He has ranged through the fields of classic lore, natural science, history, political economy, and literature ; and still, with all his knowledge, he is humble as a child and chivalrous as a knight of old. The very soul of honor, he never seeks the accomplishment of an end by artifice or indirection. He goes straight for the object, and, to use a favorite expression of his own, 'takes the bull by the horns.' It is needless to say that Mr. Wood is a man of great integrity and purity of character, and governed in all his actions by a strict sense of duty.

"A likeness can give but a faint idea of a man's personal appearance. Even a pen and ink sketch can hardly suffice to paint anything like a good picture. Mr. Wood is tall, erect, and compactly



knit, with broad, strong shoulders, surmounted by a head cast in the antique mold. The hair and flowing beard are snow white, imparting a patriarchal aspect to the face, which is ruddy and clear, and indicative of good health. His brow is broad, rather than high, and the brain, largely developed at the base, shows executive faculties of a high order. The eye is a sort of hazel, quick, sharp, and penetrating in its glance; but when lighted up by inherent humor the expression changes to one of great kindness and good nature. The nose is large and well-formed, evincing strength of character; while the mouth, or what can be seen of it, denotes firmness and resolution. The chin, however, is a *terra incognita*, and so we are unable to tell whether it is square or rounded, dimpled or projecting; we only know that it cannot be retreating."

I find that my father's name is on the Committee on Normal, Colored, and Evening Schools in 1871. Prior to 1870 there was no regular normal instruction provided for those desirous to become teachers, and but very little for teachers. Education in the higher branches of knowledge was limited to the so-called supplementary classes of the public schools and to the Saturday "Normal" School, which simply furnished high school instruction.

The humble beginning of the Normal College was in the building on the southeast corner of Broadway and Fourth<sup>th</sup> Street. Sixteen recitation rooms, about the size of the ordinary public school classrooms, needed little alteration, and were rapidly supplied with the necessary furniture. A large assembly hall was divided into eight rooms by means of curtains, which was worked somewhat after the manner of a ship's sails, and by sliding doors.

"On the 14th day of February, 1870, the supplementary classes of the public schools sought admission to the College."\*

Father's time was largely occupied in his committee and school work, but he occasionally found time to make an address on some

\* These words from President Hunter's report, dated December 29, 1891, I am writing on February 15, 1895. Last night in the city of New York, the Associate Alumnae of the Normal College gave him a reception in commemoration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as president, and of the founding of the college. What pleasure it would have given my father to be present on this occasion within the stately walls of the college on Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue! The twenty-

topic of public interest. The *Scottish American* of August 17, 1871, says :

“THE SCOTT CENTENARY.—LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION  
STONE OF THE STATUE IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

“On Tuesday last, a day—the centennial birthday of our most illustrious countryman, Sir Walter Scott—was celebrated, which will ever stand out clear in the remembrance of all Scotsmen. While accounts had been reaching us of the innumerable tributes which were being paid in Scotland and elsewhere to the memory of the greatest of Scotsmen, measures on this side of the Atlantic were being matured to render the celebration here worthy of the great occasion. To say that the matter was taken up with enthusiasm is to speak simply of a feeling as fervent as widespread.

“It is now some time since a special committee was organized to erect a monument to Sir Walter Scott, but although the result of their labors—the laying of the foundation stone—was the grand feature of Tuesday's proceedings, the different Scotch societies throughout the country had entered into the celebration with such spirit that, in treating of the ceremonial in Central Park, we allude to only one part of a jubilee universal among our countrymen. The different Scottish societies in the vicinity each contributed to the movement, and notably the St. Andrew's Society and the Caledonian Club, which had extended an invitation to all sister societies to be present. Under the direction of the committee presiding over the general movement, the plan was formed to have a grand pageant to the park, and there cause the different societies to gather together round the site chosen for the monument and unite in the ceremonial of laying the stone. With regard to the monument it may be said that it is a testimony, and that exclusively, of the devotion of our countrymen to the memory of the ‘Great Unknown.’ We have already intimated that the statue is to be executed by John Steell of Edinburgh, after the one in the monument in his ‘own romantic

five years of hard work and honorable service of President Hunter were also twenty-five years of increasing friendship and mutual esteem between him and my father. If Dr. Hunter has been the Moses of the long struggle for the higher education of women, my father sustained him with the untiring zeal of both Aaron and Hur !

town,' and those who have seen and studied the original will know that the monument here, when the day comes for it to be unveiled, will not be the least beautiful ornament of the Central Park. It will be a source of gratification and pardonable pride in Scotsmen to point to the statue as a proof that here, in a strange land, they have yet a warm love for their country and their country's gods, as a monument executed by a Scotsman, raised by Scotsmen, to the greatest of all Scotsmen."

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM WOOD.

"*Mr. Mayor, Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen* : The too partial choice of my native countrymen has devolved upon me the high honor of addressing you regarding him who has made this day honorable for all succeeding time, not only in the country of his birth, but among all the countries of the English-speaking races—and on their wide expanse the sun never sets. Conscious of my own inability to do justice to my theme, and feeling that this sacred trust has been confided to me solely owing to the accident of my birth, I hope that you will bear with me, should I fail to rise to the height of the great argument, which it is to-day my duty to illustrate and set forth to the best of my humble ability.

"This day one hundred years ago a child was born to our Scottish Israel, in a narrow wynd of 'Auld Reekie,' who was to prove beyond compare the greatest of our race—a race which, though small in numbers, has been rendered illustrious by theologians, by philosophers, by poets, by many a hero, and by many a statesman—but he, the centenary of whose birth we this day celebrate, was of them all without a peer among the greatest of his countrymen, and was and ever will be to our beloved Scotland what Shakspeare, and Shakspeare alone, is to England. Let us look at the condition of the world and society when Scott made his appearance on this sphere of ours. Do not be alarmed that I am going to 'survey mankind from China to Peru'; I merely mean to take a brief view of the condition of affairs in a few of the leading countries of the world that we may better comprehend the circumstances under which Scott's infant and boyish mind was molded, and which tended to influence his conduct through life.

"George III. had reigned over the United Kingdom and the American Colonies for about eleven years. He had just taken Lord North as Prime Minister, who was to preside over the destinies of the United Kingdom for the next twelve years, perhaps the most important of its important history. Charles James Fox was in Parliament, and, although only twenty-two, was beginning to take a leading part in its debates. The Earl of Chatham, after having retired from public life on account of bad health, returned in 1771 with renewed health and to active opposition to the ministry of the day; and his celebrated son, the second William Pitt, was, when Scott was born, a precocious boy of twelve years old. John Wilkes was M. P. for Middlesex, and wielding great political power, and in that very year he and his associates gained a great triumph for the liberty of the press by virtually winning, after great opposition, the power to report debates in Parliament. Spain had just ceded the Falkland Islands to Great Britain, after threatening war to re-obtain possession of them, but Mme. du Barry, the infamous mistress of Louis XV., persuaded her royal lover not to assist Spain, and without the aid of France Spain felt that she was unequal to the combat with Great Britain, and therefore sullenly submitted to the loss of her possessions. Our countryman, Lord Mansfield, was Lord Chief Justice of England, and another countryman, Alex. Wedderburn (subsequently Lord Chancellor Loughborough) had just been made Solicitor General, with Thurlow as Attorney General, and David Hume as Under-Secretary of State. James Watt had two years before completed his first steam engine. And two of the heads of the rebels of 1745, those of Fletcher and Townley, were still on Temple Bar (one of the two fell off in April, 1772). Junius was in the height of his celebrity. Our countryman, James Boswell, the foolishlest of men and best of biographers, was toadying Dr. Johnson and laying up materials for his immortal biography. Dr. Johnson was chaffing Boswell about buying the remotest of the Hebrides, St. Kilda, and promising, if he did, that he would go and spend a winter with him there, which promise two years afterward resulted in the voyage to the Hebrides. This purchase of St. Kilda had been a favorite scheme of Boswell's, and several years before he had spoken on the subject to Voltaire at Ferney, who asked Boswell if he intended *him* to go there, if he did

*not*, he might buy St. Kilda, but for his own part he would as soon go to the North Pole.

“No anticipation of the upheavals of society which were to take place during the next twenty years seems to have disturbed the general mind. ‘A storm was coming, but the wind was still.’ In the midst of this uneventful time, this transition period between the *old* and the *new*, Walter Scott was born, a healthy boy, the son of Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and Anne Rutherford, his wife ; with nothing particular about him, only having a sound mind in a sound body ; but before he was two years old, a teething fever, in some way or other, produced a lameness of his right leg, from which he never recovered, and his venerable maternal grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, prescribed country air for the boy, and he was sent off to Sandy Knowe, the farm of his paternal grandfather, Robert Scott, who, beginning life as a sailor, got so thoroughly disgusted with the sea from shipwreck on his first voyage that he gave up the profession, much to his father, old Beardie’s, wrath and indignation, and took the farm of Sandy Knowe, Peeblesshire, on his own responsibility, borrowing thirty pounds from an old shepherd to stock it. His shepherd and he went to buy the sheep for Sandy Knowe, but while the shepherd looked after the sheep, the farmer, influenced by his Border blood, had spent the thirty pounds in buying a fine hunter, much to the shepherd’s dismay. However, a few days after, he rode the horse so well to the hounds that he sold him on the field for sixty pounds, and the farm was thus in the end well stocked with sheep. Farmer Robert Scott marked the lowest point of depression of the fortunes of the family of our great poet, for before his day they had belonged to the Scottish aristocracy, and with the poet’s father, Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, the son of Farmer Robert, they began again to ascend the social scale. The Scotts were poor, but of ‘gentle blood,’ and there is a marked difference in this respect between Scotland and England. Scotland never had a yeomanry class ; the people were either ‘gentle’ or ‘simple,’ that is, either belonging, though poor, to the gentry ; or ‘simple,’ that is, belonging to peasantry ; and however poor the former class might be, they had altogether a different social position from the ‘peasantry,’ or from what their poverty would have con-

demned them to in England. Young Walter improved in health at Sandy Knowe but slowly, and began early to imbibe a taste for old tales and ballads of the Border, and to have aristocratic and anti-popular feelings.

"In 1779, at the age of eight, he was sent to the Edinburgh High School and began Latin, and he had also a tutor at home who taught him writing, arithmetic, and French, nothing but Latin being taught at the High School. The tutor was a Whig and a Roundhead, little Scott a Tory and Cavalier, because, as he said himself, he thought it the more gentlemanly of the two. He was not much of a Latin scholar, and knew so little of Greek that in latter life he had forgotten even the letters ; but was even at the High School a devourer of books, especially of voyages, travels, Eastern tales, and novels. In 1783, at the early age of twelve, he entered the University of Edinburgh, studying Greek under Dalzell, and moral philosophy under Dugald Stewart, but he does not appear to have gone through the regular curriculum of the University, or to have graduated. On July 11, 1792, he was, at the age of scarcely twenty-one, called to the Scottish bar. Before this, his father had offered to take him into partnership as a Writer to the Signet, but Walter thought, as was natural to one of his disposition, that being an advocate was the more gentlemanly profession of the two, and chose it accordingly, and for some time enjoyed the 'quips and cranks' of the jolly young advocates of the Parliament House and cultivated literature, rather than law, much to the disappointment of the worthy old Writer, his father ; in short he was

" ' A youth condemned his father's soul to cross,  
Who penned a stanza when he should engross.'

"About this time (1792), or shortly after, he fell in love for the first time with Miss Steuart of Fettercairn, afterward Lady Forbes, but his wooing was unsuccessful, and he was so deeply smitten and so sadly disappointed that his ladylove preferred his friend to himself, that his intimates were afraid he might die of a broken heart ; but a trip to the Highlands in some measure restored him to his equanimity, and apparently, but only apparently, he had felt, like his own Lochinvar,

" ' Love flows like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide.'



"In reality he never got over this 'prime passion,' and it is the key to some of his deepest utterances of feeling, in the distresses of his later years, and although, as he says himself in his diary of 1825, 'his heart was handsomely pieced, the crack would remain to his dying day.' In 1797 he met and wooed and won Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a young lady of French parentage, whom he met at the watering-place of Gillsland, in Cumberland, and married at Carlisle, December 24, 1797.

"Scott's poetical translations from the German, and his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' which appeared in 1802, and 'Sir Tristrem' published in 1804, had probably rather involved him in expense than brought him any material benefit, while his hospitable mode of life, even in his early married days, had involved him in debt, his only income at the time being his wife's four hundred pounds per annum, and three hundred pounds which he enjoyed after December, 1799, as sheriff of Selkirkshire.

"His professional gains as an advocate seem to have been next to nothing. He must therefore have looked forward with great anxiety to the result of the publication of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which took place in January, 1805, and no doubt the introduction to that first of his three great poems portrayed with accuracy, *mutatis mutandis*, his own feelings before that noble poem was given to the public. He felt like the old harper of this immortal work :

" 'The way was long, the wind was cold,  
 The minstrel was infirm and old—  
 His withered locks and tresses gray  
 Seemed to have known a better day ;  
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
 Was carried by an orphan boy ;  
 The last of all the bards was he  
 That sang of Border chivalry ;  
 For well-a-day, their date was fled—  
 His tuneful brethren all were dead,  
 And he, neglected and oppressed,  
 Wished to be with them and at rest.  
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
 He carolled gay as lark at morn ;  
 No longer courted and caressed,  
 High placed in hall, a welcomed guest,

He sang to lords and ladies gay  
 The unpremeditated lay.  
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,  
 A stranger filled the Stewart's throne ;  
 The bigots of the iron time  
 Had called his harmless art a crime ;  
 A wandering harper scorned and poor,  
 He begged his bread from door to door,  
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
 The harp a king had loved to hear.'

"The 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' at once placed Scott among the foremost poets of the age, and although he fancied that his verse :

" ' Was not made for village churls,  
 But for high dames and mighty earls.'

the pecuniary result was much more satisfactory than if it had been restricted to that category, in fact, was so good that it 'at once' (in the words of Lockhart) 'decided that literature should form the main business of Scott's life.'

"His next great literary venture was 'Marmion,' published in February, 1808, a noble poem, recalling to the Scottish mind the saddest epoch of our history, the Battle of Flodden Field. Its descriptions of court and castles, warriors and battlefields, and of Scottish scenery, stand unrivalled. What can be finer than the word-picture of the rising sun shining on 'Auld Reekie,' or as he delighted to call it, 'Mine own romantic town,' glorifying its very smoke, as *Marmion*, escorted by

" ' Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount,  
 Lord Lyon King-at-Arms,'

comes in view of Edinburgh, as you approach it over Blackford hill by the old coach road from England ?

" ' But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochill's mountains fell the rays,  
 And as each heathy top they kissed  
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,  
 Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law ;

And broad between them rolled  
 The gallant Firth, the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float  
 Like emeralds chased in gold.  
 Fitz-Eustice heart felt closely pent,  
 As if to give his rapture vent,  
 The spur he to his charger lent,  
 And raised his bridle hand,  
 And, making demi-volt in air,  
 Cried, 'Where's the coward would not dare  
 To fight for such a land?'

"In 1810 appeared the 'Lady of the Lake,' the greatest of Scott's three great poems, by which his name will be transmitted farther down the ages than by any other of his poetical works. It was a great pecuniary success, no less than twenty thousand copies being sold within a year after its publication, and this success was the main cause of Scott's purchase of Abbotsford, which again was the key to the terrible ruin which overtook him in 1826, so that, if misfortunes are often 'blessings in disguise,' great successes may, on the other hand, be the first step to our greatest misfortunes.

"The 'Lady of the Lake' is not only a magnificent poem, but it was the beginning of a series of Scott's works which have done more for the material prosperity of Scotland than even its coal, its iron, and its hot blast furnaces, by attracting the attention of southern capitalists to its superb natural scenery, and ultimately drawing Queen Victoria and her court every summer to Balmoral, in the extreme north of the Highlands.

"I have not the least doubt that Scott's writings have enhanced the value of Highland property many millions of pounds sterling. I cannot refrain from quoting one of the most beautiful passages of that most beautiful poem, the one in which *James Fitz-James*, after the death of his 'gallant gray,' wanders to the banks of Loch Katrine, and, sounding his bugle from the cliff above the lake, *Ellen Douglas* pushes out her shallop in expectation of seeing her father or her lover, and neither being in sight, and expecting a repetition of the bugle blast,

" 'With locks thrown back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art,

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,  
The guardian naiad of the strand ;  
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A nymph, a naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form or lovelier face ;  
What tho' the sun with ardent frown  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown.  
The sportive toil which, short and light,  
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
Served too, in hastier swell, to show  
Short glimpses of a breast of snow ;  
What though no rule of courtly grace,  
To measured mood had trained her pace ;  
A foot more light, a step more true  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.  
E'en the slight harebell raised its head  
Elastic from her airy tread.  
What though upon her speech there hung  
The accents of the mountain tongue,  
That silver voice, so soft, so dear,  
The listener held his voice to hear.'

"After the 'Lady of the Lake' Scott published 'Don Roderick' in 1811, 'Rokeby' in 1812, the 'Lord of the Isles' in 1814, and 'Harold the Dauntless' in 1817, which is the last of his poetical works, and none of these efforts ever reached the popularity of the 'Lay,' 'Marmion,' or the 'Lady of the Lake.' And although to those who, like myself, have more than once visited the Hebrides, from Islay to Skye, the 'Lord of the Isles' is full of descriptive passages of the greatest beauty, yet the objective in poetry, as civilization and the knowledge of mental science advanced, was bound to give way to the subjective, and I have myself a dim recollection of the more subjective poetry of Byron, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge becoming more attractive and admired than that of Scott, and it was a perception of this fact, I believe, that induced Scott to try his hand as a writer of novels. I have a distinct recollection of hearing 'Waverley' read aloud when it first came out, in the fall of 1814. I was then a little fellow, between five and six years old, and was spending the summer in an old-fashioned house, built in the reign of Charles II., on the seashore of the East Neuk of Fife. A party of ladies and gentlemen were sitting in a room looking out on

a splendid view of the Firth of Forth, with the Bass Rock in the distance, and beyond it, on the opposite coast :

“ ‘ Tantallon Castle’s dizzy steep,  
Hung o’er the margin of the deep.’ ”

“ My father was reading aloud a new novel called ‘ Waverley,’ just received from Edinburgh, and as even children in those days had the deepest interest in ‘ Prince Charlie,’ I suppose my attention and interest were awakened by some reference to him. One of the ladies in the house at the time, an aged relative of my own, recollected hearing the guns firing at the battle of Prestonpans, in September, 1745, so that I have seen and conversed with those who remembered that memorable period, which, as you may recollect, forms one of the many incidents in the novel of ‘ Waverley.’ My recollection of ‘ Guy Mannering,’ which came out about a year later, is that of being-kept awake, and half frightened out of my wits, by the account of *Dick Hatteraick* and the smugglers, as it was read aloud by my father to my mother in the room in which I had been put to bed.

“ After this, as ‘ The Antiquary,’ ‘ Old Mortality,’ ‘ Rob Roy,’ etc., successively made their appearance, I became old enough to read and enjoy them by myself, and to look forward with intense interest, as everyone then did, for the next novel by the ‘ Author of Waverley.’ In those days, for weeks before the new novel made its appearance, large placards appeared in the Trongate of Glasgow with this quaint announcement : ‘ In the press, and speedily will be published, a new novel by the “ Author of Waverley,” ’ etc.

“ The entire conversation of the day seemed to be about the last novel, and anticipations of what the next one was to be. In the social circle to which I belonged, I never recollect of hearing the slightest doubt expressed as to the author of the ‘ Waverley ’ novels. We all believed he was Walter Scott and no other.

“ ‘ Rob Roy ’ was of course an especial favorite with the Glasgow people, on account of the scene of so many interesting incidents being laid in the Cathedral, the College Green, and the ‘ Saut Market ’ ; and *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* and his father the deacon were felt to be of our ‘ ain kith and kin ’ ; and with regard to *Rob Roy* himself I had a more than ordinary interest, as my great grandmother,

a Mrs. Finlay of the Moss in Strathendrick (in whose house of Moss, George Buchanan, our great Scottish historian, was born), concealed her silver plate in a churn and buried it in the garden, in order to hide it from *Rob* and his reivers, as my great grandfather would not pay him blackmail, from conscientious motives.

"The time would fail me to quote even in the briefest manner from the sayings of the innumerable but admirable secondary characters in Scott's novels, such as the *Baron of Bradwardine*, *Dominie Sampson*, *Dandie Dinmont*, *Mistress McCluchars*, the owner of the Queensferry stage, *Edie Ochiltree*, *Saunders Mucklebacket*, *Owen*, the bookkeeper to *Osbaldistone* and *Tresham* in 'Rob Roy,' *Cuddie Headrigg*, *Wamba*, the son of *Witless*, *Caleb Balderstone*, and *John Girder*, the churlish cooper in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' who after feasting the *Master of Ravenswood* and his kinsman the *Marquis of Argyll*, when *Caleb Balderstone* swore that Ravenswood was burnt down, gave strict orders to his wife and household, not to mention 'marquis or master, deuk or drake, but to redd up the house, set by the broken meat, and if *there were anything utterly uneatable*, let it be *g'iven to the puir folk*.'

"Scott published, beginning with 'The Lay' and ending with 'Harold the Dauntless,' no less than eight larger poems, and several minor ones. He published in all twenty-seven novels, besides the 'Life of Bonaparte,' 'Life of Swift,' 'Life of Dryden,' numberless essays, songs, ballads, etc., almost all of which I have read, and I can recollect no word or expression in any of them which could bring a blush into the cheek of virgin purity. What a change in this respect had taken place during his time, from what existed forty to eighty years before! You may recollect his story of his venerable kinswoman, Mrs. Keith of Ravelston, who asked him to get from the Advocates' Library and read to her one of Mrs. Aphra Behn's novels, which in her youth she had read aloud in a mixed company of both sexes without any feeling of impropriety, yet Scott had scarcely begun to read it before she exclaimed: 'Na, na! tak awa' yer Aphra Behn; I canna thole her.'

"Chesterfield, writing to Mme. du Boccage respecting some French plays, says in 1750, 'We do not deserve the honor you do us, of translating our plays, and novels. *Your stage* is too *nice* and *too chaste* to endure most of our performances, which carry out not only



freedom, but even licentiousness, beyond the bounds of decency and probability.' It is *chiefly owing to Sir Walter Scott* that the verdict of 1871 would reverse the dictum of six score years before.

"In 1820 Scott was created a baronet, and became Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford. By this time he had from his sheriffship, clerkship, and his wife's income, about two thousand pounds per annum, besides his large income from his novels. He almost kept open house at Abbotsford, and fulfilled the Scriptural injunction to the letter, 'to exercise hospitality without grudging.' In August, 1822, Scott showed his power over popular opinion more fully and decidedly than ever he did either before or after. In 1820 George IV., after attempting to have himself divorced from Queen Caroline, was probably the most unpopular sovereign who ever sat on the British throne, and kept his head and his throne. The people of Scotland, from my own recollection, particularly detested him, yet I shall never forget the enthusiasm, amounting to madness, with which he was welcomed by them when he arrived in Edinburgh on August 15, 1822. Scott had turned the heads of the soberest Scotsmen. We were all Jacobites, Highlanders, and loyal to the backbone; for some two weeks—which was about the time the folly lasted—Edinburgh was filled with the followers of Argyll and Atholl, Montrose and Breadalbane, McDonalds and Camerons, and Robertsons, and all the clans in their plaids, kilts, bonnets and dirks, '*quorum pars parva fui*.' Scott obtained for 'Gentleman George' this grand national ovation and welcome which no other man could have done for him, and yet this 'sceptered thing,'

" 'Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,'

cold-shouldered Scott, if he did not absolutely quarrel with him, even before he left Scotland, because 'His Majesty' had not as he thought been sufficiently consulted about some of the minor details of the various Edinburgh pageants.

"It would be quite a mistake to suppose that Scott's novels met with the universal approval of his own countrymen. Many of these were displeased and shocked at his sneers at the Covenanters, and I very well recollect that after reading 'Old Mortality' to us, my own father gave as an antidote, the whole of Woodrow's 'Sufferings of the Kirk of Scotland,' in one or two folio volumes, besides an occa-

sional dose of the 'Scots Worthies.' Up to January, 1825, Scott had published twenty-one of his twenty-seven novels, and in the latter part of that year was engaged upon 'Woodstock,' little witting the disaster that was impending over him. The storm did not actually burst upon Scott's head until January 16, 1826, when through the involvements of the printing house of James Ballantyne & Co., of which he was a partner, with Constable & Co. of Edinburgh, and Hurst & Robinson of London, both of which concerns failed in that disastrous crisis, he was ruined, and became personally liable for upwards of £100,000 (£117,000).

"He and his partners might have gone into bankruptcy, have paid a fair dividend, and got a discharge from their creditors, but Sir Walter honorably preferred to devote all his future time and talents to the noble endeavor to pay his creditors in full, if they would consent to give him an opportunity to do so, which they willingly did. Lockhart says, in his cynical, sneering way, that in so acting Sir Walter acted with the 'feelings not of a merchant, but of a gentleman.' I thank God that there are hundreds of merchants on both sides of the Atlantic, who have acted, and would act, in precisely the same way under similar circumstances.

"He appears also to have settled Abbotsford upon his son without consulting his partners or looking into his affairs to ascertain if, after meeting all his liabilities, he had the right to make the settlement. Perhaps he really had, at any rate his creditors did not disturb that settlement. And most nobly did the great magician work for them, so that on December 17, 1830, when the original debt had been reduced to fifty-four thousand pounds, his creditors unanimously passed this resolution: 'That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their high sense of his most honorable conduct, and the grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make for them.'

"On May 15, 1826, on the top of all Scott's monetary disasters, he lost the wife with whom he had lived on affectionate terms for twenty-nine years, and although she was not his first love, and had her foibles, he appears, from his diary, to have felt the loss of her society deeply; but with regard to this, and all his other sorrows, he

acted in the most manly manner, and 'set a stout heart to a stey brae,' like a good Scotsmen. He revisited London in the fall of 1826, and was received with the greatest distinction by king, nobles, and people. On his return to Scotland he continued his intense application to work, and on February 15, 1830, he had his first paralytic attack. In November, 1830, he had another slight touch of apoplexy. On March 21, 1831, he spoke at a public meeting at Jedburgh against the Reform Bill, and was hissed and hooted at for his Tory sentiments. I well recollect the feeling of sorrow which we reformers of that day had, that Scott was not on our side, and that the noble old man had been insulted for expressing his conscientious opinions, however erroneous we deemed them. On April 18, 1831, his friend Allan Maconochie, Lord Meadowbank, who was serving as judge on the Jedburgh Circuit, came to stay, as was his custom, at Abbotsford, and Scott, desirous of welcoming him, in his old jovial style, drank three glasses of champagne, and had a third stroke of apoplectic paralysis, severer than either of the preceding two. Still after recovering somewhat he went on bravely with his work of finishing 'Count Robert of Paris' and 'Castle Dangerous,' although himself conscious of his increasing weakness, both of body and mind.

"The last time that the old splendor of Abbotsford was renewed was on September 17, 1831, when Captain James Glencarin Burns, the son of Robert Burns, along with his wife and John McDiarmid of the Dumfries *Courier*, spent a day under his roof, and having his son Major Scott to assist him, Sir Walter did the honors of the table gracefully. He lingered on until September 17, 1832, on the morning of which day he sent for his son-in-law, Lockhart; his eye was clear and calm, but he felt that the end was near at hand, and in the spirit of a little child, he said to Lockhart: 'Be a good man, my dear; God bless you all,' and then sank into a tranquil sleep. He remained almost unconscious until September 21—a day of great beauty, so warm that every window in the house was opened, and there, surrounded by his family, with the rippling sound of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible as they knelt around his bed, the soul of the Mighty Minstrel passed from 'Sunshine to the Sunless land,' and fared forth upon

" 'that inevitable road  
Which leads us to our last abode.'

“It is to the memory of the great and good man, whose career from the cradle to the grave I have thus roughly and imperfectly sketched, that we are about to erect a monument in this noble park ; and when his statue shall have been placed on that pedestal of which we to-day lay the foundation, it shall look down upon many a lovely American maiden, as light of foot as *Ellen Douglas*, upon many a sprightly *Die Vernon*, ‘witching the world with graceful horsemanship,’ and it may be also on the man of maturer years, meditating about the uncertainties of human life, and while watching the shadows of the clouds, as they chase each other over these verdant fields, feeling in his inmost heart the truth of Scott’s beautiful lines :

“ ‘ Like April morning clouds that pass  
In varying shadow o’er the grass,  
And imitate on field and furrow  
Life’s chequered scene of joy and sorrow.’ ”

The conclusion of Mr. Wood’s address was made amid loud cheering.

In February, 1873, Commissioner Wood prepared the memorial to the Joint Committee on Public Education of the Assembly and Senate, in which the Board of Public Education remonstrates against a proposed change in the school laws, by which the twelve commissioners appointed at large for the whole city by the mayor were to be turned out of office, and a substitution made of twenty-one commissioners, appointed for seven school districts, three being from each district. The memorial goes on to say :

“It may not be inappropriate to state here the circumstances under which the law now in operation was passed. Our city school system has gone through three successive changes within a few years past. Prior to 1864 the Board of Education was composed of forty-four members, two being elected from each ward. From 1864 to 1869 the board was composed of twenty-one members, elected from districts very much in the manner in which the present bill proposes to deal with the matter. In 1869, at a time when the Republican party had a majority in both branches of the Legislature, the present law was passed. It was deemed then to be an improvement upon what had existed before that time. It was thought that twelve commissioners, non-partisan in their character,

and unpaid for their services, would raise our schools to that high position they should occupy. While the representative system prevailed it was found that commissioners looked too much after the schools in their own districts, without paying much regard to any other, and it was too often the case that a commissioner sought his return to office by pointing to the many privileges which he had secured for the section of the city which he represented.

"Since the present board has been in power no charge of this kind can truthfully be made, for, appointed as the members of it are for the whole city, they have the same interest in the schools of each district, and are equally concerned in all."

The question of interested motives on the part of school commissioners, touched on in this memorial, explains why the reform board of 1869 adopted Commissioner Wood's plan of dividing the schools into twelve groups, to be visited by commissioners appointed by the president. No commissioner might visit the schools of his own group more than once, though he might visit others.

It also shows how difficult it is to secure disinterested service on the part of a citizen, since, if he is not paid in cash, he may be in political influence. Father never sought political influence; he never sought place for himself or members of his family. He had such influence as a man known to be thoroughly honest and trustworthy inevitably gains in the course of a long life; but, as it came to him unsought, so he wielded it unconsciously. He worked for the city of his adoption because it *ought* to be done, and because it was his nature to do thoroughly and perfectly all that he undertook, and to make others do the same.

One of the men whose life he strongly influenced was his wife's nephew, John Grenville Kane. Coming into possession unexpectedly of a large fortune while still comparatively young, father thought that my cousin ran great danger of becoming an idle man-about-town. He induced him to go to work with him in the Board of Education, and made a useful and disinterested public servant of him until his death. The Kane gold medal for natural science, given annually to the student of the Normal College most proficient in that study, was provided for, at my father's suggestion, by a gift of one thousand dollars, in February, 1873, from John Grenville Kane.

On March 21, 1873, the act against which the board had memorialized passed the Legislature, and, in conformity with it, the terms of office of the commissioners ended at the expiration of fifteen days from the passage of the act.

On April 2, at the last regular meeting of the board, Commissioner Wood, having obtained unanimous consent, offered for adoption the following resolution :

“*Resolved*, That the eleven female principals of grammar schools who are paid less than the maximum salary of \$2000 be hereafter paid that sum per annum.”

Which resolution was immediately adopted, no doubt to the great subsequent joy of the eleven female principals.

The retiring board then

“*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Board of Public Instruction be, and they are hereby, tendered to William Wood, Esq., for the earnest, able, and indefatigable manner in which he has discharged his duties as a member of this board and chairman of the Committee on Normal College, Evening and Colored Schools.”

At a subsequent special session, April 4, Commissioner Smyth moved an amendment to Commissioner Wood's resolution, striking out the words “the eleven” and substituting the word “all,” which was unanimously adopted, and the board adjourned *sine die*.

My father being legislated out of office, received the following unexpected and gratifying testimony, beautifully illuminated and framed. It always hung in his library among his special treasures, coming as it had done at a time when he deemed himself “shelved.”

At an informal meeting of the Normal College of the City of New York held at the College Hall, April 4, 1873, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

“WHEREAS, We, the students of the Normal College, having learned with deep regret that Mr. William Wood has retired from the Board of Public Instruction, and consequently from the committee having special charge of our Institution : and,

“WHEREAS, Mr. William Wood has always manifested a true interest in our welfare and comfort, not only in aiding to provide for us a suitable and beautiful edifice, but also to encourage us in our intellectual pursuits : and,



"WHEREAS, Mr. Wood has most earnestly worked to elevate woman by endeavoring to provide her with the means for receiving a collegiate education: and,

"WHEREAS, Mr. Wood has ardently tried to effect the advancement of the noble work of Normal Training, therefore

"*Resolved*, That our heartfelt thanks as students of the Normal College and representatives of the sex for whose elevation he has most efficiently labored are eminently due, and are hereby tendered, to Mr. Wood, for his unremitting labors in our behalf during the past three years.

"*Resolved*, That the signature of each member of the committee who drafted these resolutions and of a representative of each class in the Normal College be appended.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be suitably framed, engrossed, and presented to Mr. Wood.

*Committee.*

"CAROLINE JACKSON,	IDA DAVIDSON,
CLARICE J. BOOLE,	REBECCA DOUGHERTY,
JOSEPHINE MACKENZIE,	HENRIETTA WRIGHT,
HELEN A. STEIN,	KATE THOMPSON.
SARAH J. DUNCAN,	

*Representatives.*

"CLARA COLLORD,	MALVINA COLBY,
ISABELLA ROY,	ELIZABETH C. GRANT,
GRACE WHITLOCK,	LOUISE BALKAN,
KATIE S. HILL,	CAROLINE G. ROBERTS,
FANNIE AITCHISON,	HANNAH DE WITT,
HATTIE W. ROBERTS,	KATIE N. DAVIS,
BEL SHEPARD,	GERTRUDE G. RAFFERTY,
HELINA A. JOHNSTONE,	ALLETTA PATTERSON,
MARIA F. KIERNAN,	AUGUSTA KNAPP,
LILLIE H. REYNOLDS,	MARGARET COAKLEY,
HESTER A. ROBERTS,	ANNIE F. BRADY."

William Wood's name does not appear as having been present at the opening of the new building of the Normal College on October 29, 1873, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that it was engraved on the two great marble tablets near the main entrance, among those of his fellow commissioners of 1870 and 1872.

DAILY NORMAL SCHOOL FOR FEMALES.

Opened February 14, 1870, corner of Broadway and Fourth Street.

*Commissioners of Public Instruction.*

RICHARD L. LARREMORE, President.

Timothy Brennan,	Samuel A. Lewis,
William E. Duryea,	William Wood,
Isaac Bell,	Nathaniel Sands,
Magnus Gross,	Bernard Smyth,
Lorin Ingersoll,	Thomas Murphy.
John H. Sherwood.	

*Normal College Committee.*

ISAAC BELL, Chairman.

Bernard Smyth,	William Duryea,
William Wood,	Magnus Gross.

*President of Normal School.*

THOMAS HUNTER,

*Clerk of the Board of Education.*

WILLIAM HITCHMAN.

NORMAL COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Corner stone laid March 19, 1872.

*Commissioners of Public Instruction.*

BERNARD SMYTH, President.

Timothy Brennan,	Samuel A. Lewis,
William Wood,	Magnus Gross,
Lorin Ingersoll,	William E. Duryea,
Nathaniel Sands,	Isaac W. England,
Hooper C. Van Vorst,	Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr.,
Enoch L. Fancher.	

*Normal College Committee.*

WILLIAM WOOD, Chairman,

William E. Duryea,	Magnus Gross,
Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr.,	Enoch L. Fancher.

*President of Normal College.*

THOMAS HUNTER.

*Clerk of Board of Public Instruction.*

LAWRENCE D. KIERNAN.

Mason's work, Cummings H. Tucker & Sons.  
 Dorchester stone, Sinclair & Milne.  
 Carpenter's work, William J. O'Connor.  
 Architect, David I. Stagg.

Father's widowed sister, Eliza G. Pell, died August 16, 1873, at Salzburg in the Austrian Tyrol, of cholera. She was on a tour with two of the daughters of his sister Anna, Mrs. Cross, and arrived at Salzburg, unaware that cholera was raging there. She was stricken with it, and carried at once from the hotel to the hospital. Her nieces were not allowed to be there with her over night, and heard of her death on their arrival at the gates in the morning. As her trustee, my father found his hands full in securing to her only daughter her share of her father's estate, as well as her mother's.

In March or April of the same year the home at 4 West Eighteenth Street was gladdened by the accession of the family of my father's youngest daughter Helen. Mrs. Watts and her children were, if possible, more dear to my father than any of his descendants. She was of a more lively disposition than the rest of us, and like *Evangeline*,

“ ‘Sunshine of Saint Eulalie’ was she called ; for that was the sunshine  
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples ;  
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.”

From that time till his death this dear daughter and her sweet children lived with him, and it was his pride and delight to see one and another of her fair girls graduate with honor from the Normal College. Several of the children were born in his house, and the little things fondled him from infancy as we had never dared to do. It was a pretty sight to see that large household gathered in the library at morning prayers. I recall in particular one little granddaughter, Ethel, who had chosen from infancy to devote her special attention to her grandfather at this hour.

Living to his great age, it was inevitable that the phrases of his extemporaneous prayers should gradually formulate themselves. On one of my visits to my old home, when Ethel was hardly more than four years old, she one morning escorted me to a seat, and when we all knelt, she nestled close to me and led my devotions, in a barely audible voice, but always a word ahead of her grandfather in his prayer, and finishing in the greatest hurry with a whole half sentence to spare, “And while we pray for others, suffer not ourselves to be castaways.” The innocent little tongue could hardly form the long words. As she grew older she took her stand by his side, and painstakingly found the places for him in his Bible, her

long brown locks sweeping his shoulder, and touching the silvery abundance of his flowing beard.\*

It was in July, 1874, that my father contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* an interesting article on "Scottish Banking," and on the 16th of the same month his old uncle Alexander Dennistoun died.

On January 2, 1875, my eldest half-brother, Dennistoun, married Edith, daughter of Howard C. Phillips and granddaughter of William W. Phillips, D. D., pastor for forty years of the First Presbyterian Church, New York. The ceremony was performed at the First Church by Rev. John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

On April 28, 1875, Mayor Wickham appointed William Wood as a Commissioner of Common Schools, on the death James W. Farr, and to serve for the remainder of his term, that is, till December 31, 1876.

My father wrote to me every Thursday from the time of my marriage in 1853 until his death, and scarcely a letter was without some reference to his school work. He took so lively an interest in it that it could not be said of him, as of his predecessor, Mr. Farr, that "in the deliberations of the board he never indulged in any asperities of language, always conceiving his duty quickly and performing it promptly, and without mistrust of his fellow-members." I am under the impression that he frequently differed very emphatically with some of his fellow-members, particularly with the then

\* One of my sisters noted down the prayer I refer to from memory :

"We thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, for Thy mercies, which Thou hast shown us during the past night. We beseech Thee to be with us through all the days of our appointed time on earth. Guide and direct us with Thy Holy Spirit. Strengthen us, we beseech Thee, in mind and body, and fit us for the various duties which lie before us, and may all we do be begun, continued, and ended in Thee. May we be in Thy fear all the day long. Wash us from all our sins in the precious blood of Christ. Clothe us in the robes of His righteousness. Let Thy blessing rest upon us as a family. Unite our hearts to fear Thy holy name. Watch over those dear ones who are absent from us, and bless them as they severally require. Comfort those who mourn ; may they find in Thee a very present help in every trouble and in every trial, and, while we pray for others, suffer not ourselves to be castaways.

"Wilt Thou hear our prayers and answer them in peace, for the sake of Him who ever sitteth at Thy right hand to make intercession for us. Amen."

In later years he added : "And who has taught to pray, 'Our Father, who art in Heaven,' " etc.

president of the board, his old friend, and relative by marriage, William H. Neilson. However that may be, he found his time well filled with the work of the several committees in which he took Mr. Farr's place : committees on Supplies, Course of Study and School Books, Normal Schools, Nomination of Trustees, Salaries and Economy. In addition President Neilson appointed him to the vacancy on the special committee to confer with the trustees of the Roman Catholic parochial schools. This committee had been appointed in the previous month in answer to the following application, and I fancy that in this case the post of honor was the post of danger to any politician, who must run the risk of offending either his Protestant or Roman Catholic fellow-citizens.

*" To the Honorable the Board of Education :*

" The undersigned representatives and trustees of the Catholic parochial schools in this city, respectfully request your honorable board to appoint a committee of its members to meet a similar committee from this body, to consider on what terms the said parochial schools may be admitted to the benefits of the common school system, subject to its laws as regards the course of instruction, the methods of discipline, and the general management in such manner as may be agreed upon.

" The undersigned, moreover, represent that they have approached this subject from the desire of having extended to the thirty thousand children who now attend the parochial schools, and who are taught gratuitously, the benefits of the common or free school system.

" The undersigned would state that they represent more than fifty schools, most of which have large and commodious buildings, erected for school purposes, provided with almost everything necessary for free schools, and capable of affording sufficient space for from three hundred to one thousand children each.

" The undersigned believe that upon the right intelligence of the people depend, in a great measure, their safety and happiness, and, indeed, the prosperity of the country ; and that claiming to have these objects in view, they desire to find a common ground for action that will be mutually agreeable and beneficial.

" The undersigned refer to the fact that a union, somewhat similar to that here proposed, exists in many parts of the State, and in some

other States; and that the results have been so satisfactory that Protestants and Catholics alike approve and support it.

"As the undersigned, and those whom they represent, have paid, and still pay, their full share of the taxes that go to the support of the common schools, they hope your honorable body will favorably consider their request, and take such action in respect thereto as may ultimately lead to greater harmony in a work of such vast importance as that of popular education.

"New York, March 15, 1875.

"WILLIAM QUINN, *Vicar General*.

JEREMIAH DEVLIN, 62 West 39th Street.

J. W. MCKINLEY, 315 East 50th Street.

JAMES LYNCH, 148 West 22d Street.

F. H. CHURCHILL, 126 East 22d Street.

PETER DOLAN, 202 West 24th Street.

TIMOTHY O'DONOGHUE, 80 University Place.

HENRY L. HOGUET, 148 West 28th Street.

JAMES OLWELL, 43 West 16th Street.

LEWIS J. WHITE, 3 Howard Street.

JEREMIAH J. CAMPION, 20 East 10th Street.

JAMES R. FLOYD, 14 Van Ness Place.

E. J. O'REILLY, Pastor of St. Mary's.

JAMES MOORE, 270 East Broadway.

ARTHUR J. DONNELLY, Pastor, 383 Ninth Avenue.

JEREMIAH QUINLAN, 117 East 69th Street.

D. A. MERRICK, Pastor of St. Fr. Xavier's Church.

"In behalf of the Trustees of Catholic Free  
Schools of the City of New York."

Commissioner Wetmore moved that said communication be referred to a special committee of seven, and that the president be one of the members of said committee.

The president put the question whether the board would agree with the motion of Commissioner Wetmore, and it was decided in the affirmative.

The president announced the said committee as follows: Commissioners Wetmore, Townsend, Farr, Kelly, Vermilye, Baker, and the president.



I do not find that the Committee on Conference made any report in 1875, but the Journal of the Board of Education mentions various memorials and protests against the use of the public school moneys for sectarian schools—such as “Memorial from a Jewish Citizen,” “Resolutions of the Presbytery of New York of the Ninth Assembly District,” “Protest from Citizens,” “Methodist Preachers’ Meeting Resolutions,” “Protest of the Methodist Conference,” “Resolutions of the American and Foreign Christian Union.”

On February 2, 1876, Commissioner Goulding offered the following:

“WHEREAS, Public attention has been called to a certain text-book published by authority of the Board of Education of the City and County of New York, known as ‘Literary Selections for the Normal College,’ which contains a passage at page 459 commencing ‘Corrupt as the Church of Rome was,’ and,

“WHEREAS, The same may be deemed offensive to the religious sentiments of a large section of our community, and prejudicial to the efficiency of the common school system, by impairing public confidence in the broad and liberal principles upon which that system was established, and is now conducted; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That the text-book known as ‘Literary Selections for the Normal College of the City of New York,’ and now in use in that institution, be, and it hereby is expunged from the list of text-books, and its further use in any college or school under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education of the City and County of New York is hereby prohibited.”

This text-book was prepared by President Hunter, following suggestions of my father’s. The passage objected to was quoted from an extract from Macaulay’s History of England, and the passage runs: “The sympathies of the Protestant, it is true, will naturally be on the side of the Albigenes and the Lollards. Yet an enlightened and temperate Protestant will perhaps be disposed to doubt whether the success, either of the Albigenians or the Lollards, would, on the whole, have promoted the happiness and virtue of mankind. Corrupt as the Church of Rome was, there is reason to believe that if that Church had been overthrown in the twelfth or even the fourteenth century, the vacant space would have been occupied by some system more corrupt still.”

It strikes me that neither the accusers nor the defenders of the "Selections" had read the passage in full, else the Protestants of the nineteenth century might have been as fully justified in objecting to the censure on those who were Protestants in the twelfth or fourteenth, as Commissioner Goulding was in his defense of the maligned Church of Rome. Party feeling, however, was gratified, and the "Literary Selections," from Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other equally controversial writers, were banished from the list of supplies. Yet the book was a good one, and the reasons for its publication alleged in President Hunter's preface were excellent ones. A valid objection to it might have been made of a totally different kind. Commissioner Wood stood convicted in it of *nepotism* for the only time in his life; for among the host of great names in the index of the work, there appears at the end the humble one of Elizabeth Dennistoun Cross, a niece of my father's, who died young, leaving a slender volume of verse, from which he culled two favorite poems for the book. My dear father! He wished so much to associate her name with his work in the Normal College, and to have her "Aurora" and "Wild Roses" perpetuated in the memories of other girls of her age! He was so truthful and sincere himself that he was easily gratified by a kindly word of praise of the effusions of those he loved, and never could be brought to see why his own children should choose to remain "mute, inglorious Miltons" where their cousins could excel.

It was in this year 1875 that my father, succeeding Mr. Farr in the Committee on By-Laws, offered a resolution, part of which reads:

"AND WHEREAS, on April 1, 1874, the same committee made a long report to this board, respecting the prevalence of the same offenses against good morals in the Eighth Ward, and of the insolent demeanor of a certain police captain, Alexander S. Williams, who was sent by his superiors to furnish information to said committee on the matters referred to, etc., etc.

"WHEREAS, A Select Committee of the Assembly of this State is now sitting in this city, for the purpose of inquiring into the causes of the steady and rapid increase of crime, and the inadequacy of the proper authorities to cause its speedy suppression: therefore,

"Resolved, That the members of the Committee on By-Laws,

Elections, and Qualifications be, and are hereby appointed a special committee to wait upon the Select Committee of the Assembly now inquiring into the causes of the steady and rapid increase of crime in the city of New York, etc., etc., and to lay before said Select Committee of the Assembly the reports of the Committee on By-Laws, etc., of January 21 and April 1, 1874, and to take such further action in the matter as to the said Special Committee of this Board may seem proper and judicious."

The president put the question whether the board would adopt said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Twenty years after the time that the committee reported his insolence to the board, Captain A. S. Williams appeared before the Lexow Investigating Committee of the Senate, who were examining into the corruption existing in the Police Department of the city of New York. On December 27, 1894, Mr. Goff inquired of him :

"Why did you refuse to give the name of the owner of that house to Mr. Wood, the President of the Board of Education, who conducted the investigation of those charges, when you admitted knowing the name?"

Answer. "Because the investigation was not an honest one."

"But Mr. Wood was one of the most highly esteemed men in this city. Why did you refuse to give the name?"

Answer. "Because of the character of the committee, and because it was wanted for publication."

On January 12, 1876, William Wood was elected president of the Board of Education, receiving fourteen of the twenty votes cast.

The president addressed the board as follows :

*"Gentlemen of the Board of Education :*

"A wise man has said that we ought to 'expect the unexpected,' but I am very sure that if anyone had said to me at this time last year that I should occupy the position in which you have to-day so kindly placed me, it would have seemed utterly incredible ; yet, nevertheless, here I am. And I hope I may be pardoned for a little excusable egotism if I should state to you my experience with regard to my somewhat extended connection with the Board of Education.

"The first time that I had the honor of standing here it was as president *pro tempore* in May, 1869, when a new board was inaugu-

rated, and I suppose that the words I then spoke somewhat horrified the friends of a higher education, by my declaring that the function of the State was solely to receive children and give to them an education which should make them thoroughly acquainted with reading, writing, and arithmetic ; but they forgot that from that proposition flow a great many corollaries, which, by the thorough teaching of these preliminary studies, are brought into practical effect. There was the mistake of those who thought I was opposed to the higher education, and I think that my whole course in this board showed that, far from being adverse to higher education, I have always advocated it for teachers to aid in bringing about the very results which I say it is the duty of the State to obtain before all others.

“ When I entered this board I was one of a somewhat hopeless minority, but I was the first of that minority who became chairman of one of the standing committees. Further, on February 6, 1873, my colleagues asked me to go up to Albany, and, with the then Commissioner, but now Alderman, Lewis, to do what I could to defeat the very bill under which this board now lives and moves and has its being ; and on that day it was the most *unexpected* thing possible that I should ever again have a seat in this board, and certainly beyond all expectation that I should be elected its president. On April 4, 1873, we, who were sometimes nicknamed the ‘ Twelve Apostles,’ were summarily turned out of our places, and had we been in reality the twelve apostles, we would not have fared one whit better, as it was entirely an affair of party. Then I said, in order that my successors may not think that I intend to poach upon their manor or do anything to render their position with regard to the public schools irksome, I shall not enter a common school for a year, and I kept my vow. I was offered a commissionership in November, 1874, in this board, but for reasons outside of it I could not accept the offer ; but when, by a sad visitation of Providence, a way was opened up for me last spring to resume the position which I had vacated in 1873, as Chairman of the Committee on the Normal College, I returned to the board. But I did so with some hesitancy and with some misgivings, as of all the gentlemen composing the board I knew only four, and I felt that I had been misrepresented, and to some extent maligned, and therefore I hesitated

about even then accepting a commissionership. But I was too much attached to our system of common schools, and especially to the Normal College portion of it, to resist the temptation ; and so I returned to the board, and it gives me the very greatest pleasure to say that from the moment I entered it I have received nothing but courtesy and kindness, and now this crowning act of your confidence has placed me here. Our late president, however, very frankly and honestly stated to me that he had done what he could to prevent my obtaining a seat in the board. He said he had no personal objection to me, although he had known me for more than thirty years, but his policy was opposed to mine. And so, gentlemen, I do not look upon this position as any personal triumph, but as the triumph of the great principle of progress, the triumph of advancement, in opposition to that of stagnation, and possibly even of retrogression.

“ But, gentlemen, a truce to personal matters. With regard to the common schools of New York ; there is no one to whom I yield in my admiration of the beauty of the *theory* of the common school system ; we see the children entering, first, the primary schools, thence promoted to the grammar schools, from which the boys enter the College of the City of New York, and the girls the Normal College.

“ Nothing in theory can possibly be finer or better. But when we come to look at the practical working, then, as there are spots in the sun (and astronomers say there are pretty big ones), we find that at the entrance of our educational system, where perfection is most needed, there is a very large blot, and it is just over the primary departments and schools. The children in the primary schools constitute two-thirds of the whole number that attend the common schools—one-third being in the grammar schools, and two-thirds in the primary. The following figures are interesting : The average number of children in the primary departments and schools for the year ending December 31, 1875, was 61,779, against 36,572 in the grammar schools. The total number of children, December 31, 1875, 98,351, against, at the same date in 1874, 95,897, showing an increase during the year 1875 of 2454.

“ Now, the first fault in the primary school system is that the children are allowed to enter far too young ; the law says that they



may enter at *four*. I think children should not be allowed to enter any school until they are six years old. After visiting all the primary schools and departments, I am sure that the Legislature could never have intended that the public schools should be simply *public nurseries*, as they are ; and the sooner that the law is changed and the admission of children under six years of age prohibited, the better for the children and the better for the schools.

“Then again, while there are two-thirds of all the children under instruction in the primary schools, the salaries of the teachers are *lower* than in the grammar schools, and in proportion to the scholars, the teachers are fewer. And what is all this but *class legislation* of the very worst sort, and that, too, against the poorest class of the people in the city of New York ? Those who attend the primary schools and never go beyond them (and one-half of those who do enter never get into the grammar schools) have no opportunity of receiving instruction in after life ; while those who go to the grammar schools are generally the children of parents who can afford to give them an education outside of the common schools if their education is not completed in them ; and hence I say that the first duty devolving upon this board is to overhaul the condition of the primary schools. They have not only fewer teachers in proportion to scholars, but the primary departments are in the lower parts of the buildings ; they are not so nicely fitted up as the grammar schools, and the ventilation and light are not as good. Now, all these things ought to be remedied, and the primary schools and departments properly ventilated, properly lighted, and supplied with a competent corps of teachers ; not teachers who, after they have acquired the art of teaching in the primary schools, are immediately taken away from them and promoted to the grammar schools, where the salaries are higher, and, I think, the work easier and more interesting. I hope this important matter will engage your attention ; it is *the most important matter connected with the entire school system*.

“With regard to the grammar schools, I must say that they have my admiration ; in both the boys’ and girls’ departments there is a great deal that gives pleasure to everyone who is interested in the great cause of common school instruction. Perhaps, though, even there, it would be well if the studies were simplified, and some of them stricken out altogether. It would be well if the study of



grammar, and the analyzing of sentences in a poll-parrot fashion, which nine-tenths of the children do not understand, and which therefore does them no good whatever, were so stricken out, except for the highest grade, and the time so saved were devoted to cultivating a taste for literature ; then, I think, a very great improvement would take place in the education afforded by the grammar schools.

“ Besides, gentlemen, you will also have to deal with the question of the foreign languages in the grammar schools. There is now on the table of the board a resolution that the teaching of French and German should be restricted to the three upper grades in the grammar school ; that resolution waits for a two-third majority to carry it into effect, and to this the attention of the commissioners should be directed without delay. As a mere intellectual exercise, I have no objection to the teaching of these branches, although it be of little practical use. But if it should be found that even the limiting of these languages to the three upper grades interferes with the proper study of English, it seems to me that they should be excluded altogether from the common schools. I am of opinion that our scholars should be thoroughly acquainted with their own noble English language, and by making them thoroughly acquainted with it, we shall also make them the very best kind of American citizens.

“ The next subject for consideration is the *Normal College* ; in it I have always taken the deepest interest. I am confident that it is now doing a vast and noble service in educating an accomplished corps of teachers under the able management of President Hunter. To that college this year there has been added a chair of French, and I have no doubt that in future that fine language will be more studied than it has hitherto been. Everything is going on in the Normal College as well as heart could desire ; but I think it would be only fair to the young women there, who are being educated for teachers, to arrange that they should have the same advantage with regard to the length of the curriculum as their brothers have in the College of the City of New York, and that a full year ought to be added to that curriculum, for it is not fair to expect that young women of seventeen, going out as teachers into the schools after only three years training in the

Normal College, should be able to compete on equal terms with young men of twenty-one, who have had five years' study in the College of the City of New York. I hope this important matter will have the attention of the board at its earliest convenience.

"I should have said, in speaking of the grammar schools, that, if it be desired to simplify the course of study in them, there will be found on pages 524 to 527 of the Journal of November 22, 1871, a system of studies which was prepared and digested by practical educators of the very highest character; and the board could not do better, in my opinion, than follow out the course which is there laid down.

"As to the Normal College graduates, I am told and believe that there are seventy teachers teaching in our common schools who entered the Normal College, but never graduated. This is a most unjust thing to the graduates of the Normal College who have gone through their course, and have passed a most severe ordeal of examination, and the sooner some by-law is passed by this board which shall prevent a recurrence of such a state of matters, the better for the college, and, what is even of more consequence, the better for the schools of the city.

"And, gentlemen, there is another matter in regard to the Normal College. Up to last year there was always a difficulty in having the license to teach coincident with the diploma of the college. Thanks chiefly to the exertions of ex-Commissioner Townsend, last June, an agreement was entered into between the President of the Normal College and the City Superintendent, by which the Normal College examinations were made to suffice for both purposes, and by which agreement the college graduates received their licenses to teach at the same time that they obtained their diplomas. I ask that the agreement I have referred to be taken from the files of the Committee on Normal College, and be shaped into a by-law of this board. But further than this, it appears to me that the diploma of the College of the City of New York or the diploma of the Normal College should give to an individual holding either, without any further examination, the power of teaching in all the common schools of this city, and the sooner you come to such a conclusion, and obtain the requisite legislation to effect the desired result, the better will it be for the schools and for the colleges.

“With regard to the subject of music, the board that went out of existence on the 31st of December last has left you a legacy which you will find somewhat troublesome. No one can be appointed by you under the actually existing by-law as a special teacher of music excepting a director and eight assistant directors, and yet it is not likely that any of these can be appointed. It will be well, at an early date, therefore, to see if some other plan cannot be devised, and the existing by-law changed. Though we spend twenty-one thousand dollars per annum on the teaching of music, I fear that our musical results are very far behind those of the city of Boston, and I think steps ought to be taken to put us on a par with that city in this respect.

“With regard to the evening schools, I am happy to say that, as far as I have learned, they are this year somewhat better conducted than they have hitherto been. As to the Evening High School, I can speak from personal observation, as I have been there repeatedly during the last three months. Every genuine lover of popular education must have his heart gratified by seeing the numerous attendance of young men from fifteen and up to middle age—men of forty or fifty—attending that school in all sorts of weather, and receiving the supplementary education which the denied or neglected opportunities of their younger days may have rendered necessary. And I think it will be well for the appropriate committee to direct its attention to the Evening High School, so that there shall be no interference with regard to examining its scholars; for all these scholars are grown up and independent. They go there voluntarily; the school has all its professors and teachers selected directly by the Evening School Committee, and they may be changed every year if needful; and there is no necessity for other supervision than that which is provided for by the internal arrangements of the school. It has flourished entirely upon its own merits, and I hope that some by-law will be passed by the board to carry into effect this suggestion, and so sustain in its pristine condition this admirable institution.

“Now, gentlemen, with regard to our own high and sacred trust—for I do say from the bottom of my heart that it is a *most sacred* trust—we have a tendency, I am afraid (troubled, as we are, with the multitude of details which must necessarily crave our constant attention), to lose sight of those great principles which underlie the

whole system of common school education, and in attending to the details, we forget to look to the thorough education, intellectually and morally, of the immense number of children (nearly one hundred thousand) of this city who are almost wholly dependent upon this board to see that they receive a suitable education. In attending to the 'mint, anise, and cummin' of supplies and buildings, don't let us forget 'the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and truth,' moral and intellectual training.

"Gentlemen, I have to apologize for detaining you so long, but you can at least console yourselves with this reflection, that by putting me in this position you have effectually closed my mouth for the rest of this year."

Commissioner Hazeltine offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the address of the president be entered in full in the minutes, and that the several topics of the address be referred to the appropriate committees."

The president put the question whether the board would adopt said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

At this meeting a communication was received from Mayor Wickham announcing the appointment of "Stephen A. Walker in place of Wm. H. Neilson, resigned."

President Wood's reference to Mr. Neilson's opposition to his election shows that the resignation was in consequence of his expected success. The appointment of Stephen A. Walker gave my father a firm friend and comrade in their future work together.

On January 18, 1876, Trustee William Wood was elected chairman of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, and made the following address :

"GENTLEMEN : I beg very gratefully and from my heart to thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me to-day. I will endeavor to perform the duties of chairman of the Board of Trustees to the best of my ability ; and I hope we shall all endeavor to promote the interests of the College of the City of New York.

"Gentlemen, before saying anything with regard to the present or the future condition of the college, I shall assume the privilege of taking a retrospective glance at its history from the time of my first

connection with the Board of Trustees in 1869. You are aware that on May 12, in that year, the old board was succeeded by an appointed one of twelve members, the previous number having been twenty-one. In this new board, consisting of twelve members, there were a good many of the trustees who, from one cause or another, were by no means friendly to the College of the City of New York. Some of them wished it to be transformed into a mere technological institute, and others were even in favor of abolishing it altogether.

"You will all remember, too, that when we came to look into the affairs of the college, everyone was struck with this fact—that it seemed to be in a moribund, or, at least, in a comatose condition. The first thing to be done by us was to revivify it, if it were possible to do it, at once. When the matter of the election of a president to the college came up there were a great many persons talked of for that responsible office—one member wanted one man and another another. There seemed, however, to be no unanimity with regard either to their opinions or their choice in this respect. And at the time I was put in mind of an experiment which you have all doubtless seen in physics—that is, where there is a crystal cylinder filled with water and put under an exhausted receiver with a freezing mixture around it; the temperature can be lowered several degrees below the freezing point, and yet the water in the cylinder remains fluid, but give it the least shake and it crystallizes in an instant. Now, the condition of the Board of Trustees seemed to me very much like this water in the cylinder; their views as to the presidency had no cohesion; nobody knew who was going to be proposed for president. It was at this time that somebody suggested the name of General Alexander Stewart Webb, and in a moment every vote was crystallized upon him, and I was never present at an election where the hearts and voices were so unanimous in the choice; and I am sure, gentlemen, that the result has shown the wisdom of our election, when we contrast the living college of to-day with the moribund college of 1869.

"In the organization of the board of 1869 I naturally expected, from being, with the exception of Judge Larremore, the only university-trained man in the board, that I should be one of the Executive Committee; but, somewhat to my surprise, I was left out.

'This was on account, as I afterward heard, of my being considered a kind of educational Ishmaelite, who was opposed to all the higher branches of education, and who only advocated the teaching of the three 'R's.' Now, it is true that I consider that reading, writing, and arithmetic should be taught thoroughly, and that upon that foundation the legislature may command us to build, of 'gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, or stubble,' but the foundation must first be securely and thoroughly laid. As a trustee of this board, and as Commissioner of Education, I am bound by my oath to follow out the laws of the State, and am bound to do whatever shall seem best to promote the educational system of this city, including the College of the City of New York.

"Soon after this affair the question came up as to having a professor of Latin and a professor of Greek; and those trustees who were in favor of turning the college into a mere technological institute were doing their best to have no professor either of Latin or Greek appointed. I may say, I hope without presumption, that Judge Larremore and myself turned the tide of battle in favor of classical learning, and that, had it not been for him and myself, the probability is that neither a Latin chair nor a Greek chair would have existed at this day in the College of the City of New York.

"Well, gentlemen, when the trustees began to see that I was not so wild a man as they had fancied, *I was appointed upon the Executive Committee*; but this I was not inclined to accept, for there seemed to me to be an insuperable obstacle in the way. It was that the executive committee of the board existing previously to 1869 consisted of seven members, being one-third of the entire board, which was all very well; but when the board was reduced to twelve members the committee of seven was unparliamentary, inasmuch as the creature was greater than the creator. I could not, therefore, conscientiously serve upon an executive committee so constituted, and the result was that, after 'pegging away' at the matter for about a year or more, I did get the executive committee reduced to five. I did not, however, then take a place on the committee, because my time and attention were largely given to assisting in the organization of the Normal College. And this, gentlemen, accounts for my not having any part in the direct management of this institution hereto-



fore, though indirectly, I think you will acknowledge, I have had a good deal to do with it.

"I was delighted to see in the report of the faculty, of December, 1875, to the trustees, that besides *having* the Greek and Latin chairs, certain improvements of method in the teaching of those two noble languages had been made in the last year and a half, and their result has been most satisfactory. The report says: 'The beneficial influence of the new arrangement on the Latin and Greek departments has been strikingly apparent from the beginning. It is now the official report of the professor of English literature, and of the professors of Latin and Greek, that the senior, junior, and sophomore classes seem animated by a new spirit. The interest in the Latin and Greek studies has been doubled. On the one hand, reciting more frequently, they do not lose sight of the subject matter, as they did formerly, when several days elapsed between their recitations. On the other hand, being much more occupied with the languages, a zealous earnestness has been kindled among them, and, in consequence, they find their labor comparatively easier. They are acquiring a deeper insight into manners and customs, the history, geography, philosophy, and literature of the ancients.' Ah! that is the keynote of the whole matter; that is what has given the increased interest to the study of the classical languages.

Then, gentlemen, the next important step in the history of the institution during these years was the organization, in a separate edifice, of the introductory department of the college; and here I took a very deep and active interest, both in the erection of a new building for said department and in the appointment of my much-esteemed friend, Professor Scott, to whom was assigned the charge of that department. There was at that time a sort of sub-current of opposition running against the appointment; but I knew very well in the end that would be turned into approbation; and I don't know even being elected president of the Board of Education has given me more satisfaction than reading the report, dated December 1, 1875, which says: 'In the month of September, 1871, the introductory class was removed to the new building on Twenty-second Street. The transfer of this large number of young students from the main building has been productive of the best results. It has permitted that change of the internal arrangements of the college which secures

so much more comfort and quiet during the hours of recitation. The discipline in the four college classes is excellent, and yet they are allowed much more liberty than in former times. It was not possible to attain this result when the five classes mingled in the hallways. There is, however, such perfect accord in the tone of executive management in the two buildings, that the several freshman classes have been received from the hands of the professor in charge of the introductory classes fully prepared to conform to the different regulations in a manner most gratifying to the faculty. The result puts at rest all doubts which existed four years ago in regard to the expediency of the measure.'

"The next thing I took an interest in was the management of the library of the college; along with Dr. Holland, Mr. Brennan and I were appointed a sub-committee to inquire into the management of the library, and the report which was signed by the committee was drawn up by myself. So you may imagine that I am delighted to find in this very faculty report, to which I have already referred, that I have not, in that matter, 'cast my bread upon the waters'—and some people thought it was pretty bitter bread—without 'finding it after many days.'

"The faculty report says: 'The library is still improving, and its new catalogue will be published next year. Its arrangement and the excellent government of the librarian, in all matters of purchase and classification, meet with the cordial approval and sympathy of this faculty.'

"Now, gentlemen, I shall further refer only to the present condition of the college.

"I see, by the latest faculty report, that the students in the college, including the Introductory Department, number 1006; in the Introductory Department, 604; Freshmen, 195; Sophomore, 95; Junior, 65; and the Senior, 47. To classify them in a somewhat different way, there are 604 in the introductory class, and 402 in the four higher classes; three-fifths in the introductory class, and two-fifths in the higher classes. All this is very gratifying till you go up to the senior or graduating class, where you find only 47 students; that is to say, that the graduating class has not in it above five per cent. of those who enter the college, and not quite twelve per cent. of the whole number who enter the higher classes from the Introductory Department.

“I know very well that in regard to all the institutions of higher learning a very great difference exists between the number of those who enter the lower classes and those who come out of the higher. But I do feel that in this case so great a discrepancy ought not to exist. There ought to be a very much larger number coming up to the senior class ; and when the students from the Introductory Department enter the freshmen class, I do think that every effort should be made by us to see that they continue in the college ; and I believe that before long, instead of graduating 47, the college should graduate at least 100. I believe this can be done, and I will tell you why I believe it can be done. Some fifty years ago the University of St. Andrews, which is situated in a delightful locality, with pure air and grand scenery, near the most beautiful ruins of ecclesiastical architecture in Great Britain, and one of the best known places of learning,—for it is the oldest university in Scotland, being founded in 1450,—had for some reason dwindled down to a very small number of students. There seemed no particular reason for this ; the professors were of the same high order they had always been ; they had very good salaries, considering the rates of living in that neighborhood ; their social position was a desirable one for literary men to hold. But the number of *students* kept dwindling all the time ; and to show you how the number of students in an old university like that may be greatly increased, let me tell you what happened under my own eyes.

“In 1825, I left my own native University of Glasgow, of which I was an alumnus, to attend upon Dr. Chalmers’ lectures on moral philosophy and political economy at St. Andrews. He came there when the college was in the condition described. The moment he began his lectures the whole city was filled with students from the other Scottish universities, and also from Oxford and Cambridge. ‘Oh, well,’ you may say, ‘that remarkable man drew crowds to his own classroom ;’ but his was not the only class which was benefited, every department of the university was correspondingly affected ; and, although the old Tory professors had no idea of putting themselves out of the way to draw students to the university, yet when they saw another man becoming so popular, it excited them to greater exertion, and they were not a little jealous of his fame. I recollect very well that they would not allow Dr. Chalmers to preach

in the university chapel, and the result was that when he did preach, some ten or twelve miles away, there was a stampede of all the students to go and hear him. That is what a little change did for St. Andrews; and down to the present day that university has maintained the position it then achieved.

"So, I say the fault is not *entirely* with the students or with the parents of the students. I believe that if sufficient inducements were held out to join the higher classes of the College of the City of New York, we should not see the attendance in either the junior or the senior classes dwindling into the very miserable number which the register now shows.

"And, gentlemen, this is a thing which the taxpayers of the city of New York look at with anything but pleasant eyes. On my way down here to-day I had a conversation with a very large taxpayer upon this very subject. I think that if these classes were up to the standard of numbers which it might be reasonably expected they should attain, none of the taxpayers would think the money misspent; but they do look for some better results from the money so liberally contributed for the support of our institution.

"With regard to the college I wish to say this: I have, since my return to the board, repeatedly asked for a manual, and have not been able to obtain one; they seem to have disappeared entirely. But there is something more than a manual I should like to have, and it is what I think we are entitled to have—that is, a printed copy of all the minutes and the results of the action, not only of the Board of Trustees, but of the executive committee, as far back as they can be got. I believe the printed records do not go further back than 1870; and I think that each member should not only have a copy of these records in his possession, but also that the manuscript records should be printed, and a copy given to each trustee. It seems to me these would only make a single thick octavo volume: but if they should make one, two, or three volumes, we ought to have them. We have a right to know what has been done here, and we can only get at it at present by hunting and fishing in out-of-the-way places; and, after all, we do not have the means of arriving at the right conclusions.

"I hope the executive committee will see that we have a proper supply of such records, containing all the transactions in regard to

the College of the City of New York up to December 31, 1875. Perhaps two hundred copies of the volumes had better be printed and distributed among the friends of the college, and each year afterward we ought to have an annual report, exactly like the minutes of the Board of Education.

"Gentlemen, again thanking you for your courtesy and kindness in placing me here, I await your pleasure."

Trustee Beardslee moved that the address of the chairman be entered in full in the minutes, and that the suggestions made be referred to the executive committee.

The chairman put the question whether the board would agree with said motion, and it was decided in the affirmative.

An inspection of the minutes of the Board of Education gives but a small idea of the work done by its members. Its reports from committees, and resolutions passed, sway the lives of thousands of persons and explain the expenditure of millions of dollars, but there is nothing to show the eagerness of debate, the anxious thought, the careful examination into the truth of a complaint against a teacher and the weighing of one person's statement against another, which a committeeman has had to make. Consider what it means for a busy man to set aside from his own interests the mere time for the board meetings twice a month. My father hardly ever failed to attend, and as the distance from his house to the hall was considerable, he could not return in time for his own dinner hour, and consequently took irregular meals at a restaurant. Sometimes, when there was a heated debate, he would not get his dinner till half-past nine at night. As he was over sixty when his work in the Board of Education began, he had reached a time when such irregularity tells upon a man's health. Fatigue often kept him from sleeping.

At the beginning of his presidency, he had given notice that he would be present in the president's room between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. every day, for the purpose of receiving visitors desiring to converse with him in reference to anything connected with the cause of education, officially or otherwise. The same time on Saturdays was reserved for the visits of teachers who might wish to see him on matters connected with their profession.

These hours were changed on September 20 to those between

2 and 4 P. M., because he found the first named hours interfered materially with his morning visitations of the schools.

He made a communication to the board on November 1 relative to boys committed to Randall's Island as truants, which exemplifies another phase of his work as president :

*" To the Board of Education :*

"GENTLEMEN : On June 30 last, by virtue of authority given to me by resolution of the board passed June 21, 1876, page 492 of the Journal, I set free, as on July 1, the boys committed to Randall's Island as truants, and in durance on that date, amounting to sixty in all. I did this partly because I did not think that the Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents was a proper and suitable place for the detention of mere truants. Their association in that institution with criminal misdemeanants, and their being locked up in narrow cells for the night, frequently two in a bed, were not calculated to work any reformation in them, but the contrary ; and another reason was that during July and August no boy could commit any act of truancy, inasmuch as all the common schools were closed for these two months.

"Therefore, when the common schools reopened on Monday, September 4, this board had no boys in confinement as truants, nor have they any to-day ; but I now have before me thirty-four papers asking for the taking before a magistrate for committal to some reformatory institution thirty-four truants. These papers have all been signed by the superintendent of truancy, but have not yet been countersigned by me, and without the signature of the president of the board no application can be made to a police magistrate for the committal of any truant (see Manual of 1876, page 242, section 9). I have so far withheld my signature, because I was unwilling, except in case of extreme profligacy added to truancy, to send any child to Randall's Island, and because I entertained the hope that the Board of Apportionment would grant us the one hundred thousand dollars asked for in the budget for 1877, in order to establish a reformatory school, under *our own* jurisdiction. Pending the erection and organization of such a school, I was in hopes that, if we got the money asked for, some temporary arrangement might be made for the detention of our truants in some of the charitable institutions,



which would be free from the objections I have to that on Randall's Island.

"However, I see from this morning's papers that the Board of Apportionment has not granted us the one hundred thousand dollars asked for, and therefore that it is necessary for us to make a more than temporary arrangement with one of the charitable institutions to which I have referred. One of these is the New York Juvenile Asylum, with its main building in a most salubrious situation near High Bridge, and with a well arranged House of Reception in West Thirteenth Street, immediately opposite Grammar School No. 35.

"There truant and vagrant children are received at all hours, boarded, lodged, and instructed for the few days that they may be in the city, and are forwarded twice a week to the large parent asylum at High Bridge.

"This admirable institution declined, up till last month, to take any more of our truants, because the exercise of the authority of this board, in reference to its truants, interfered with the discipline of other inmates of the asylum; but through the intervention of Commissioner David Wetmore, the authorities of the Juvenile Asylum have reconsidered their action, and have now intimated that they will receive and care for our truants.

"I am, therefore, desirous that the Committee on By-Laws will, with as little delay as possible, take this matter into consideration, and report at next meeting (if, on consideration, they deem it advisable), that the New York Juvenile Asylum shall be, until further orders, deemed and taken to be 'such reformatory school as may be established by the Board of Education,' specially referred to in page 243, section 10, of the Manual, and that said Committee on By-Laws have power to arrange with the authorities of the New York Juvenile Asylum the conditions under which truants shall be received, cared for, and dismissed from that institution.

"I may add that I have to-day inspected, from basement to attic, the House of Reception in West Thirteenth Street, of the New York Juvenile Asylum, and also its large, well-ventilated dormitories, and feel entirely satisfied with what I saw there, and with the explanations which I there received regarding the system upon which the Juvenile Asylum is itself conducted, and will have no scruples in

doing my part to have habitual truants committed to the care of its authorities.

“WILLIAM WOOD.”

*Ordered*, That said communication be referred to the Committee on By-Laws, Elections, and Qualifications, and entered in full in the minutes.

The result of all this work came on December 13. Saturday, the 9th, was a cold windy day. President Wood spent the morning at the Normal College, remaining until he had finished the day's business, “in spite of a strange feeling of tightness in the head, and then of everything going away from him.” He walked home through the Central Park, the fresh breeze seeming to relieve him. But he did not look well, had a nervous chill on Monday evening, and on Tuesday morning a threatening of apoplexy, the second within six weeks. This ushered in an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which passed off rapidly. Dr. Barker did not think it advisable for him to resign from the board, as his anxious children wished him to do, but counseled his declining to stand for the presidency again. He accordingly dictated the following letter :

“NO. 4 WEST EIGHTEENTH STREET,  
“NEW YORK, December 21, 1876.

“*Gentlemen of the Board of Education :*

“It has become a duty which is personally most painful to me to inform you that I shall not be a candidate for the presidency of the board for the year 1877. Some weeks ago, in conversing with a friend in regard to the presidency for the ensuing year, I stated to him that the glory and honor of being president during our Centennial year were enough to gratify the highest ambition of any reasonable man. This was my opinion when I was in perfect health ; but since then, on December 13, I was suddenly stricken down with a most serious illness, and my physician, Dr. Fordyce Barker, has positively forbidden me to take the office of president of the Board of Education.

“I have therefore no longer any choice in the matter, and can only regret that I did not sooner decide upon withdrawing from the

candidacy so as to give you a longer time in which to consummate your choice.

"I can only pray that, 'He who weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing,' will preside over your deliberations and guide and direct your choice.

"I think that under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it may not be unbecoming in me to say that the duties of the board during this Centennial year have been unusually onerous. At all times certain committees, such as those on Normal College, By-Laws, Supplies, Course of Studies, Teachers, and Finance, have very heavy work to perform and to assiduously pursue. This year a new course of studies had to be devised; and the members of the Committee on Course of Studies have had many long protracted and wearisome meetings in order to enable them to accomplish this most important work. While the By-Laws Committee, besides its ordinary work, has had in hand the revision and reorganization of the whole of our By-Laws, it has, in addition, had many most intricate claims from the annexed districts and parts of Westchester adjacent thereto, to decide upon.

"The salaries question is still an open one. The Committee on Salaries and Economy laid before the board (see pages 446, 447, 448, 449, and 450 of the Journal for 1876) a scheme for the equalization of salaries in grammar and primary schools and primary departments, and also for the equal assortment of scholars to each teacher in the several departments.

"The sooner that, or some similar plan, is adopted the better for the interests of education.

"When the equalization of salaries in grammar schools, primary schools, and primary departments has taken place, it seems to me that an entire change in the mode of grading the scholars in the several departments should be adopted. Instead of having as at present six (6) grades in the primary schools and departments, ascending from the sixth to the first, and in the grammar schools eight (8) grades, ascending from the eighth to the first, I would recommend that the total grades in both departments should be fourteen (14), and that the natural sequence should be followed, beginning with the first and lowest class or grade in the primary and

ascending to the highest grade in the grammar school, which would be the fourteenth grade.

"The equalization of the salaries in the several departments being made, and the grades arranged as I have indicated, the question next in order would be the arrangement of each school building in such a manner as to meet the requirements of this new grading and classification. By this plan each school building could ultimately be placed under one principal, and a very great saving of money effected in the supervision of the schools. Such arrangements as I contemplate I would advocate only for the *future*, leaving what may be called vested interests untouched. But I would inaugurate a system by which, when resignations or deaths occur, each school building should have but one principal, and under him or her a vice-principal in each department. In the organizations of new schools, a by-law of the board should enforce this efficient and economical mode of supervision.

"A school building no more needs three principals than a ship needs three captains. If this plan were carried out, no teacher now in the schools would suffer in position or salary, and there would be eventually saved to the city about \$173,000 per annum.

"While the Board of Education had no colleges under its supervision, it was eminently proper that a special agency should be provided for the examination and licensing of teachers, and that that agency should be filled by the City Superintendent of Schools ; but now that we have the College of the City of New York for the higher education of young men, and the Normal College for the higher education of young women, it must strike every impartial observer that the use of a special agency for the examination of teachers and the granting of licenses to them is absolutely unnecessary, and that if the faculties of the respective colleges are competent to perform their duties, to them, and them alone, the examination of teachers and the granting of licenses should be confided ; and in fact that the diploma of each college should carry along with it the license to teach without any other credential ; and that when any candidate for a teacher's license has not graduated at either college, that license should be granted to the young man passing the required examination before the faculty of the College of the City of New

York, or to the young woman passing such examination before the faculty of the Normal College.

“With regard to the appointment of teachers, my experience for a period of nearly seven years leads me to the belief that the present system is a bad one. We commissioners are held responsible for the well working of the whole common school system of the city, yet we have not the direct appointment of a single teacher in that system. I am of opinion that the appointment of principal and vice principal should be vested in this board *absolutely*, and that with regard to the appointment of assistant teachers, while I would allow the nomination of such to remain with the trustees of the several wards, the *confirmation* should inhere in the Board of Education. In other words, all appointments, transfers, and promotions should be confirmed by the board on the report of the Committee on Teachers, precisely in a similar manner to that pursued in the case of the teachers of the evening schools. I would add a further guarantee to the eligibility of all teachers, and that is that each teacher nominated by a board of trustees should appear before the Committee on Teachers before he or she is confirmed by the board, so that the members of that important committee may be themselves satisfied, so far as outward appearance goes, respecting those to whom they are confiding the most important interests of the thousands of young children committed to our care.

“I have long felt that there was something wrong about the organization of the evening schools. It seems to me that the grading, classification, regularity, and punctuality, and general instruction in this class of schools have not been satisfactory, nor have the results corresponded with the amount of money expended. Evening schools were never intended for mere children, nor to afford careless parents an excuse for taking their young children out of the day schools at a very tender age and setting them to work for a small pittance. These schools were established for young men and young women, or for well-grown boys and girls, to enable them, after a day's toil, to acquire that education which was denied to them in childhood by orphanage or extreme poverty. To put a premium on the taking of children out of day schools is mischievous in the extreme. In fact, in a moral point of view, it is a great error to have boys and girls, at the age of twelve years, away from their

homes between the hours of nine and ten o'clock in the evening. They would be much better in bed asleep. I would allow no child under fourteen years old to attend any evening school. This would be my first reform. For the purpose of making the evening schools effective and economical, I would recommend the following regulations :

"First. Inform the principals that the board requires, not so much a vast assemblage of pupils as a thoroughly organized, graded, and classified school.

"Second. No pupil under twenty-one years of age shall be admitted unless accompanied by his parent or guardian, who will be responsible for his attendance and conduct. Each pupil shall be admitted with a ticket, which will be withdrawn for misbehavior.

"Third. Orphans, half orphans, and the children of sick or disabled parents, under the age of fourteen, might be admitted to the evening schools upon a certificate proving the fact. A discretionary power might be vested in the Committee on Evening Schools to admit children between the ages of twelve and fourteen.

"Fourth. The board should employ about eight 'absentee runners' to promptly inform parents and guardians whenever their children or wards are absent from school. Statistics prove that more than half the number registered use the evening schools as a medium to deceive their parents, while they (the children) are learning vice in the public streets. The employment of these runners would be an act of wise economy.

"Fifth. I would subject these evening schools to repeated examinations, and where there was a great falling off in the attendance I would hold the principals and teachers to a strict accountability. In a word, I would either make these schools efficient or I would abolish them.

"Sixth. I would raise the standard for admission to the Evening High School and promote the pupils of the ordinary evening schools to the High School by regular competitive examination, just as we do now in the Normal College and the College of the City of New York. I have been much exercised about these evening schools, for, with the exception of the Evening High School, which has achieved magnificent results, they appear to me to be the one weak spot in the system of common schools. I do hope that the board



will seriously consider how these evening schools can be made more effective.

"The Normal College graduated 233 teachers out of a total of 235 under examination. The examination was severe, exact, and incisive. I doubt if such results have ever been achieved in any similar institution in this or any other country. The young ladies were obliged to take an *average* of 75 per cent. in thirteen different studies ; and although successful in passing this ordeal, if they failed to take 75 per cent. in English grammar or arithmetic, or 80 per cent. in spelling, they failed to graduate. Already, even in its infancy, has this institution gained for itself a world-wide reputation.

"I trust that the board will extend to it in the future, as in the past, their cordial sympathy and support as the crowning glory of our system of free common schools.

"Gentlemen, I request that you will excuse my absence at this meeting, and also my probable absence at the first meeting in January, as I do not feel that I shall be able to resume the performance of even my ordinary duties as commissioner before the meeting of January 24.

"I am, gentlemen, with gratitude for all your past kindnesses,

"Your most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

On motion of Commissioner Halsted, the request of the president to be excused was granted, and the communication ordered to be entered in full in the minutes.

Commissioner Baker, by unanimous consent, offered the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, The President of this Board, Hon. William Wood, has forwarded a communication declining to be a candidate for the presidency of the board for the ensuing year, under the advice of his physician : and

"WHEREAS, The cause of his declination is impaired health, occasioned largely, if not wholly, by his zealous, faithful, and devoted attention to the duties of his office : now, therefore,

"Resolved, That we, the members of the Board of Education, do severally and collectively hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to our honored and beloved president and his family, in the earnest

hope that, through Divine mercy, he may soon be restored to perfect health and vigor, and thus be enabled to resume his official duties, and to renew the pleasant relations which have endeared him to us, his associate commissioners.

"*Resolved*, That in President Wood our system of education has a sound and efficient chief executive, a firm friend, and a consistent and indefatigable supporter, and that we hereby respectfully but earnestly request him, for the benefit of our schools, if possible, to forego the determination conveyed in his communication of this date.

"*Resolved*, That the clerk of this board be authorized and directed to present personally a copy of these preambles and resolutions to President Wood."

The president *pro tem.* put the question whether the board would adopt said resolutions, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Commissioner Beardslee, by unanimous consent, offered the following :

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this board be, and are hereby tendered to William Wood, Esq., President of the Board, for the impartial and dignified manner in which he has presided over its deliberations, for the intelligent, earnest and unwearied devotion he has bestowed upon the interests committed to its charge, and for the eminently able, zealous, and faithful attention he has given to the performance of the duties of his office; and that the members of the board associated with him do hereby express their profound sorrow and regret to learn of his present illness, and their sincere hope that he will soon be restored to the enjoyment of his usual good health, and to the great usefulness he has been accustomed to exercise in the cause of public education."

The president *pro tem.* put the question whether the board would adopt said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Commissioner Kane, by unanimous consent, offered the following :

"*Resolved*, That the clerk of this board cause to be printed a sufficient number of copies of the communication from the president to supply each of the principals and teachers of the public schools."

The president *pro tem.* put the question whether the board would adopt said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

The following editorial appeared in the New York *Herald*, December 31, 1876:

“MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM.

“President Wood, of our city Board of Education, declines re-nomination on the ground of ill-health, and he is not a man to say anything which he does not mean. But the board, by unanimous vote, begs Mr. Wood to reconsider his intention, and the people will strongly indorse the resolutions. Even should Mr. Wood become entirely unfit for duty he should be re-elected if only that he may be kept before the public as an example to other men of wealth and culture. Criticisms from such men are numberless regarding education and other matters of great local importance, and they are often just ; but when actual work is necessary these gentlemen draw on their gloves and recall a pressing engagement. Mr. Wood, on the contrary, has for years devoted his entire time to the improvement of our schools ; he has mastered the system even in its driest and minutest details ; he has done his best with the material at his service, instead of enshrouding himself in elegant longings after the unattainable, and he has been rewarded by the success which always follows intelligent endeavor. New York has a thousand or more other men who could and should follow in President Wood's footsteps, and in the various departments of local administration there is room for all of them. Let Mr. Wood be kept before the public until other men of similar abilities are shamed into true loyalty.”

William Wood, however, was re-elected president of the Board of Education, and on taking the chair January 10, 1877, addressed the board as follows :

“*Gentlemen of the Board of Education :*

“Five and twenty days ago I had very little expectation of ever being in this room again, certainly not of occupying this place. It has pleased Providence to restore me to health, and although I feel somewhat weak and nervous, yet I hope I shall be able to discharge the duties of this important office without any loss to the Board of Education. At all events you may depend upon it that I shall do my very best to fulfill the duties of the place, and I trust if I do at all fall away from the duties that I shall be forgiven on account of

the illness through which I have passed, but from which I am rapidly recovering. Feeling, as I remarked before, not very strong, I think that instead of speaking without note or comment, I should confine myself to paper about certain questions, and you will pardon my reading what I am about to say.

"Gentlemen, besides the dislike to change a determination once expressed, there was a natural desire on my part to rest satisfied with the laurels so liberally bestowed upon me by the resolutions of December 20. But I remembered the line of the great Marquis of Montrose :

" ' He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.'

And, besides, after the kind and handsome manner in which the board had dealt with me, I felt it to be my imperative duty to obey its behests, and so, after waiting ten days to ascertain if my recovery were certain, I wrote, on December 30, to my friend the clerk of the board, withdrawing by declination to stand again for the presidency, and, as a result, I once more occupy, through your kindness, the highly honorable office of president of the board.

"It is usual to give an inaugural address, but you will be happy, I am sure, to escape in part the infliction, and be indulgent enough to agree that my valedictory of December 20, 1876, shall be deemed and taken to be a part of this inaugural of January 10, 1877. In fact, that address was prepared in the anticipation that the board would confirm officially the sentiments personally expressed at the time as to their purposes. My own time being very much occupied, I spent a leisure evening, about the end of November, and taking time by the forelock, wrote out *then* what I intended to say *now*. But my severe illness changed all this, and I had to turn my intended *inaugural* into a *valedictory*, so that my address, like that remarkable piece of furniture in Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' has

" ' contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.'

"I shall only add, therefore, to my valedictory a few supplementary remarks.

"I have enumerated various principles in my communication,

none of which are particularly new, and all of them have, no doubt, separately presented themselves to the minds of my colleagues. I have grouped them together, that they might be presented with greater force. If my address be, as usual, referred to the appropriate committees, and should they present it in whole, or in part, for the adoption of the board, and it should be so adopted, then it is evident that further legislation will be necessary to carry the principles which I have advocated into practice.

"This legislation should be initiated by ourselves, and we are fortunate in having a committee on by-laws well qualified to draft such a bill as, when adopted by this board, would be certain to be passed into a law by the Legislature.

"Gentlemen, only yesterday did I become acquainted with the discourteous manner in which this board has been treated by the Board of Apportionment. After having the budget carefully prepared by us, before it, since September last, on the *thirtieth of December*, without any intimation to this board, or consultation with it, the Board of Apportionment reduced our budget for 1877 by \$335,352. I was ill, and confined to my room, but Commissioner Dowd, the chairman of the Finance Committee, himself an eminent financier and pronounced economist, was at his post ready to render the Board of Apportionment every information had he been asked for it, but *no*, that board proceeded, in its own rude and rough manner, to reduce our budget, apparently without any standard of comparison, but only a determination to cut off *something* and *anyhow*.

"We asked to pay salaries, \$2,780,752. From this the Board of Apportionment cuts off the odd \$80,782, without a reason—reducing the allowance for salaries to \$2,700,000.

"The next item for books, rent, fuel, gas, incidentals, compulsory education, nautical school, in our budget, was \$511,000. The Board of Apportionment apparently thought \$11,000 too little to slice off, so they threw in \$50,000 more, and deducted \$61,000; leaving us to cover these various expenditures the sum of \$450,000.

"The next item is a cutting off of \$2000 from the \$105,000 allowed by the Legislature for the corporate schools. This we have nothing to do with, as we merely serve as a conduit-pipe to convey the bounty of the Legislature to those several institutions, and it

seems to me that the Board of Apportionment has no right to interfere with these matters.

"The next item in our budget is \$491,600 for purchasing of sites, erecting buildings, furniture, and repairs. From this the Board of Apportionment have cut off \$191,600, in a perfectly reckless manner, without the slightest consideration for the absolute wants and necessities of the children of the city of New York.

"Thus our total budget is reduced from \$3,888,352 to \$3,553,000.

"The salaries of teachers, Normal College, janitors, superintendent, and assistant superintendents, based upon the payrolls for November and December, 1876, would amount alone to \$2,775,200, and this *actual* output justifies the estimate of \$2,780,652, submitted to the Board of Apportionment last September, and leaves no room for the growth and expansion of the system during 1877. But, as I have already stated, this carefully prepared estimate has been recklessly reduced by the last act of the Board of Apportionment, December 30, 1876, by \$80,752 !

"The entire average attendance in the primary and grammar schools in 1876 was 113,614, and the whole number taught 229,053. The increase in the average attendance of pupils in grammar and primary schools over the attendance in 1875 was about 2600 ; in the Normal College and Training Department, 460 ; while there has been a decrease of about 1100 pupils in the evening and colored schools.

"The deduction by the Board of Apportionment of \$191,000 from our estimates for sites, new buildings, etc., will prevent their providing additional accommodation for pupils so much wanted in the upper wards of our city. The compulsory law says : 'Send your children to school or we will imprison them.' The Board of Apportionment practically says : 'You shall not have the additional accommodation necessary, and you may imprison the children if you choose, or let them roam the streets, to grow up thieves and vagabonds.' And for this no reason is vouchsafed, and we are therefore thrown back on the tyrant's plea, '*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas,*' and this is not Turkey or China, but the imperial city of the greatest republic that ever existed, and in the last quarter of the nineteenth century !

"Gentlemen, what remedy have we for this state of matters ?



We who have devoted our days and nights without fee or reward to perfect our system of public education, and to reduce its cost to a minimum without impairing its efficiency? Our united labors are overthrown by the fiat of four men, who have not bestowed one hundredth part of the attention which we have upon the important subject at issue.

"Gentlemen, A by-law of the board decrees that the office of president ceases on the 31st of December of the year in which he is elected. The result is that every year from the 1st of January to the second Wednesday of January there is an interregnum, and the board has no president, yet certain matters require the action of the *president*,—among others the liberation of truants, all of whom must necessarily be kept in confinement during the interregnum to which I have referred. I think this by-law ought to be amended and brought into harmony with that of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, where the chairman of the board holds over until his successor is elected.

"Gentlemen, I beg leave to give notice that on and after Monday, 15th of January, it is my intention to be present as heretofore, in the president's room, daily, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M., for the purpose of receiving visitors who may desire to converse with me in reference to anything connected with the cause of education, officially or otherwise.

"The two hours between 2 and 4 P. M., on Saturday, will be reserved exclusively for the reception of teachers who may wish to see me regarding any matter connected with their profession."

The president was ready at once to set lance in rest, in spite of his daughters' protests. An old letter from one of them, found between the leaves of his commonplace book, says:

"I congratulate you on your unanimous re-election to the presidency; but I do not think you are going the right way to work by promptly entering into a fight with the Board of Apportionment. You *must not* work; but you must bear in mind that our consent to your becoming president again was given on the understanding that you were to act as balance-wheel only. Your fellow-commissioners urged that the board could only act harmoniously under your presidency.

"Do be quiet—if it's only for six months! Dear fellow, it isn't a

*joking* remonstrance any more that your doctor and friends make : it's sober, savage earnestness. I must say, that to me the *cause of education* is of infinitely less value than the life of my dear father ; the keeping up of the family, which will be broken when he dies. Poor little Nell and Van Horne, and even Harriet, in spite of the burden she feels housekeeping, would find the loss of your love awfully deepened by the loss of home. Think of them, and *don't try how strong you are*, rejoicing because you *can* do this or that. Thank God that he has given you so gentle a warning, and left you in full control of your mind and body ; but don't neglect the hint, lest a worse one be required.

"Another thing : no going off to open Normal College at 9 A. M. You must just sit still in your library for a couple of hours after breakfast."

The exhortation did not bear much fruit. My father was again elected chairman of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, on January 16, 1877, and thereupon delivered an address—a remarkably short one, however :

"GENTLEMEN : Accept my heartfelt thanks for the honor you have done me in re-electing me to the honorable position of chairman of your body.

"It has been the custom for the newly elected chairman of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York to deliver an inaugural address.

"I followed the example of my predecessors last year, but on the present occasion I intend to deviate from it, although I possess ample materials for an address upon the state and prospects of our college, and with regard to the best means of utilizing the funds so munificently placed at our disposal by the Legislature for carrying out the legitimate objects for which the college was instituted.

"Gentlemen, you are aware that during the past year the academical calm of the college has been somewhat ruffled by the action of the Executive Committee. When the special matter to which I refer was adjusted, the Executive Committee proceeded further in what it considered the line of its duty and for the best interests of the college, and when I was recently taken seriously ill, certain investigations were pending before it, which have in a measure been

interrupted by my illness, and also by the approaching annual reorganization of the Board of Trustees.

"Gentlemen, Thomas Carlyle has well said that, 'Speech is silveren, but silence is golden.' This apothegm, it appears to me, is peculiarly applicable to the present position of the affairs of the College of the City of New York, and I have therefore determined to act upon it, and say nothing further here regarding them."

I have no means of knowing whether the chairman attended the twelve meetings of this board, but as president of the Board of Education he was present, and took part in everyone of the twenty-eight meetings of the year.

The French citizens of New York, through Frederic R. Coudert, notified the president of the Board of Education that a gold watch would be presented to the best student in the French department of the Normal College, after the next annual examination. In laying the communication before the board, my father supplemented it with one from himself :

"NEW YORK, September 4, 1877.

"GENTLEMEN: I am desirous of being allowed, as long as I choose, to give as a prize, to the second best student of French in the Normal College, the sum of forty dollars in gold, until the French citizens of New York have raised among themselves a sufficient sum to give a yearly income of forty dollars in gold for the purpose above stated.\*

"Trusting that you will grant the permission I ask for,

"I am, gentlemen,

"Your most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM WOOD."

It was on April 18 that John Grenville Kane resigned from the board. The board passed the following resolution offered by Commissioner Walker :

"WHEREAS, The board has been to-day advised of the resignation from its membership of Commissioner John Grenville Kane, which has been necessitated by his continued ill-health,

\* The permission being given, and the French citizens of New York not having raised the sum, William Wood continued to "choose" to give the forty dollars in gold. The last presentation was in June, 1894.

*“Resolved,* That the members of the Board of Education desire to express and to place upon the minutes their testimony to the earnestness, diligence, and discretion manifested by Commissioner Kane in all his labors in connection with this board ; and further, to record an expression of sincere regret that the severance of our official relations is due to so sad a cause. It is our earnest hope that restored health may at an early day again permit him to give his leisure, ability, and culture in some worthy capacity to the public service.”

John G. Kane died on July 5, 1877. His gold medal still “keeps his memory green ” in the college, year by year.

Father's sister Anna, Mrs. William Cross, died in 1878, but I have not the actual date of her death. She was a remarkably intellectual, as well as a witty, woman, much cleverer than her sister Mary, Mrs. Ferguson. The latter was chiefly noted for her sweetness of temper and goodness.

Father was re-elected president of the Board of Education in 1878, after a somewhat hotly contested election, six ballots being cast. The other prominent candidate was William H. Wickham, the ex-mayor and John G. Kane's successor as commissioner.

Remarks of William Wood, Esq., on assuming the presidency of the Board of Education, January 9, 1878 :

“GENTLEMEN : I have to thank you for this renewed instance of the confidence you have in me, by electing me for a third time to the office of president of the Board of Education of this great city, an office which I hold second to none in honor and dignity within the municipality.

During the past year, I can say with perfect truth, and I do so with the greatest pleasure, that the Commissioners of Education have performed their arduous and unremitting duties with the utmost zeal and ability. These duties have oftentimes been of a very irksome kind, because we have had to struggle with a reduced budget in the face of a large access of scholars to the schools, and consequently of a corresponding demand for more teachers and ampler accommodations. For the year 1877, we were allowed \$335,352 less than we asked for, and \$153,000 less than for 1876.

“ The question of meeting the financial difficulty was referred to the Committee on Salaries and Economy, on January 10, 1877.

“ On February 7, said committee made a report which, when amended, advised an application to the Legislature for an alteration of the existing law, so as to authorize applications for transfers of specific appropriations by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, on the application of the Board of Education, in the same manner as allowed by law in respect to departments of the city government. The bill intended to carry out this idea was passed by the State Senate, but was not acted upon by the Assembly. However, the result aimed at by it has been attained, at least for this year, by the action of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in giving our funds *en bloc*, instead of *en détail*, and for this I presume we are indebted to Commissioner Wickham ; at least, I remember that about eighteen months ago, during his mayoralty, he stated that this was the manner in which he thought our apportionment should be granted.

“ On February 26, 1877, the Committee on Salaries and Economy submitted for the approval of the board the report of a sub-committee, appointed by them to consider and report a plan to cover the deficiency occasioned by the action of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, in reducing the appropriation for salaries of teachers and others employed under the Board of Education from \$2,780,752 to \$2,700,000. The sub-committee presented an elaborate and carefully digested plan for the readjustment of salaries of teachers and other employees of the board. This plan was accepted and referred to a Committee of the Whole for consideration, but was too trenchant for immediate application, and required modification in some important particulars. It was very fully discussed during the whole of the evening of February 26. On February 28, the Committee of the Whole again took up the matter referred to it, and after proceeding to Item 14, rose and reported progress.

“ The board at this meeting of February 28, 1877, adopted a resolution to reduce the salaries of teachers and other employees of the board (excepting city superintendent and assistants),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the month of March, 1877, said sum to be restored to teachers and employees on the pay-rolls of the month of December, 1877, if such action should then be justified by the financial condition of the board.

"On March 7 the Committee on the Whole, in reference to the report of the Committee on Salaries and Economy, reported progress and asked leave to sit again, which report was accepted, and leave granted.

"On July 5, 1877, it was resolved on motion of Commissioner Dowd that the Committee of the Whole be discharged from the further consideration of the report of the Committee on Salaries and Economy, in reference to meeting the financial difficulty occasioned by the cutting down of our budget, and that the report be re-committed to the Committee on Salaries and Economy, and there that matter has rested ever since—the only practical result being that teachers and employees of the board, other than the city superintendent and assistants, have had  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. deducted from their salaries for nine months of the year 1877, no return being made in December, 1877, for any portion of the sums so deducted.

"During the spring an application was made to the Legislature for the passage of a new law to restore the Board of Education to somewhat of its former position of independence, permitting a vote of three-fourths of its members to override any objection or rectification of the Board of Alderman. This three-fourths was in a private meeting of the board afterward raised to eighteen-twenty-firsts, and sent up to the legislature, where the latter fraction was reduced to twelve-twenty-firsts, and so passed both houses of the legislature but was vetoed by the Governor.

"The only radical change which has taken place in the arrangements for the management of the schools, is the abolition, for the future, of vice-principals in all the departments. This was adopted as a by-law of the board on November 7, 1877.

"Having given in my address of December 26 a synopsis of the condition of our schools and colleges, I do not now refer again to the subject.

"At the special meeting of the board, on December 31, we were put in possession of the final decision of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, with regard to the amount of funds put at our disposal, for carrying on the Department of Education of this city for the year 1878; to do this *efficiently* (which is really *true economy*), we asked for \$3,949,800, and were granted \$3,400,000, being a reduction of \$549,800.



"On Wednesday, December 19, I was appointed, with Messrs. Dowd, Halsted, Walker, Wickham, Beardslee, and West, to go before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and answer such questions as might be put to us respecting our budget for 1878. I was under examination for an hour and a half; among the many questions propounded was 'Whether I thought it possible to reduce our estimate for the expenses of the schools in 1878, without diminishing their efficiency?' To this I replied that before giving a direct answer, I would mention a historical incident. In 1682 Charles I. entered the Long Parliament, then sitting, and marching up to the Speaker's chair took possession of it, and desired Speaker Lenthall to point out to him the five members—Hampden, Pym, Hazelrig, Holles, and Strode—whom he wished to arrest for high treason. Whereupon Lenthall, falling on his knees, said: 'I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, in this place, but as the House, whose servant I am, is pleased to direct me.' Now, the Board of Education, whose president I am, has held two public meetings, where, after much discussion in addition to all the previous discussions in the various standing committees of the board, it arrived at the conclusion, which was duly reported to you, that it required \$3,949,800 to carry on the work of the common schools *efficiently*, and it would be a piece of impertinence in me to offer any alteration or amendment of that conclusion, which indeed I cordially assented to. We were repeatedly assured by members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that they were friends and not enemies of the common schools, and that their asking if the expenses could be reduced in any way, without impairing their efficiency, was in *love*, and not from dislike. When the *professions* of the 19th are compared with the *practice* of the 31st of December, one is forcibly reminded of the words of the old song:

" ' Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me downstairs?'

"Still it is satisfactory to learn from Mayor Ely's message that he is not in favor of reducing the salaries of existing teachers.

"It is curious to trace the bit-by-bit attacks upon the efficiency of our common school system, for I believe that just in proportion to the reduction of our various budgets is the reduction of the

efficiency of our schools, looking to the future as well as to the present.

"In 1874, the last year of the old city limits with their twenty-two wards, the sum asked for by the board was \$3,934,500, and there was granted \$3,919,086; reduction, \$15,414. Andrew H. Green being comptroller and Jacob D. Vermilye chairman of our Finance Committee, and the average attendance for 1874, 96,249 day scholars.

"For 1875, the first year of the new city with its twenty-four wards, we asked for \$3,683,000, and got \$3,583,000; reduction, \$100,000. Average attendance for 1875, 99,090 day scholars.

"For 1876 we asked for \$3,796,500, and got \$3,653,000; reduction, \$143,500. Average attendance for 1876, 103,690 day scholars.

"For 1877 we asked for \$3,888,352, and got \$3,553,000; reduction, \$335,352. Average attendance for 1877, 108,270 day scholars.

"For 1878 we asked for \$3,949,800, and got \$3,400,000; reduction, \$549,800.

" 'It is the little rift within the lute,  
Which by and by will make the music mute,  
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.'

"It is thus shown that there has been a continuous reduction of our budgets since 1874, when we were allowed \$3,934,500 for 96,249 scholars, to \$3,400,000 for 108,270 scholars, and hundreds more knocking at our gates, for whom we have no room. And thus it appears that while the attendance of scholars has been constantly increasing, the power of this board to provide additional accommodation for them has been yearly curtailed by the reductions made in the moneys granted for school purposes. The friends of common-school, unsectarian education, under these circumstances, may well feel alarmed and anxious, especially after the blast which Governor Robinson gave, in his inaugural message of January, 1877, against the Normal Schools of the State, followed up by his animadversions upon secondary or higher education, at the public expense, in his message of 1st inst.

"While everyone must allow that primary education is the most important of all the branches, and that no enduring superstructure of higher education can be erected without a thoroughly good

foundation of primary instruction, yet in a republic I think it is the part of wise statemanship to give the people that secondary or higher education, at the expense of the state or municipality, which they themselves demand.

“In a monarchy the giving of instruction in the three ‘R’s’ may be all that the state is called upon to see that its subjects shall have, and it was in relation to education in England that Sir Wm. Curtis, Alderman of London, and a boon companion of George IV., enunciated his celebrated dictum regarding ‘reading, ’riting, and ’rithmetic.’ It would be hopeless, there, to bring the different classes or castes of society into the common schools, and for the preservation of a monarchy with all its different ranks it is perhaps not desirable that the ‘middle wall of partition’ between classes should be thrown down, but in a republic it is a very different affair. Here we acknowledge no difference of rank, and there is nothing to prevent the children of the rich and the poor, the children of the *direct* and *indirect* taxpayers, meeting on terms of perfect equality in the arena of the common schools. It should, therefore, be our object to attract the children of the direct taxpayer, the children of the wealthier classes, to our common schools, and this can only be done by providing them not only with a thoroughly good primary education, but also with the higher branches of education, as is in point of fact done in our grammar schools and in our College of the City of New York for young men and in our Normal College for young women. It is a great mistake to suppose that with thoroughly good schools and efficient colleges the direct taxpayers would be unduly burdened, for they would, in the case supposed, send their children to the common schools and colleges, and thereby save the great expense of private tuition.

“Gentlemen, in order to put an end to jealousy among the citizens of foreign birth resident among us, I would suggest the propriety of considering the abolition of the teaching of German and French in the three upper grades of our grammar schools, and the substitution of Latin. The graduates of the Normal College and the College of the City of New York could teach all the Latin that would be required for this purpose without additional cost. When I voted in 1875 for retaining German and French in the three upper grades of the grammar schools I stated that I would prefer Latin to

either language, and that I looked upon the teaching of the two former languages merely as an aid to the better knowledge of the English language, and that I did not believe that all the instruction given in the grammar schools would make either good German or French scholars. Since then I have had these views confirmed by the inquiries I have made. Neither in German nor in French are the pupils proficient scholars, and with regard to the latter language I presume it may be said of the pupils in it, as it was of the *Prioress* in Chaucer's 'Pilgrimage to Canterbury' :

“ ‘ French she spoke full well and feateously,  
After the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe,  
But French of Paris was to her unknowe,’

and probably New York German would be equally 'unknowe' at Berlin or Vienna. Latin would fit both boys and girls for entrance into their respective colleges, and give them a better knowledge of the roots of their own language than either German or French.

“ Good schools, both for primary and secondary instruction, with the two colleges kept up efficiently, would, with *rapid transit*, help to bring back to the city that great middle class which, during the last ten years, has been absolutely squeezed out of it, leaving here only the very rich and the very poor, and it is upon that great middle class, more than upon any other, that the safety and salvation of the Republic depends.

“ With regard to the primary instruction in our schools, no children should leave them without, as John Bright says, being 'able to read, and to comprehend what they read, and to write in such a way that their writing can be read, and to know as much of arithmetic as will enable them to keep an account of those money transactions that they may happen to have in the course of their lives.' While, at the same time, all the merit and talent of the city should, by a thoroughly good education, have the opportunity of rising if it desires, and is worthy of rising, and so be a blessing to this city and to our country.

“ As to future examinations for teachers, I would suggest that in addition to those subjects upon which they are now examined, as set forth in section 28, sub-section 4, page 121, of the manual, candidates should all have to pass an examination in Latin and Ger-

man or French, which would give our Normal College graduates a better chance of obtaining positions as teachers than they have at present.

"I have to reiterate what I said last year, that this board should at least have a veto on the appointment and transfer of all teachers, with the absolute appointment of principals. We are held responsible for the efficient working of our whole school system, and yet have not at present the appointment of a single teacher.

"We should likewise have the power to transfer teachers from ward to ward, and from school to school, should circumstances, which are continually occurring and are familiar to all of us, render such transfer necessary.

"While we are so short of funds, and therefore can do nothing toward the adoption of any of the new systems of ventilation for the schools, it struck me that a strict adherence to the following common-sense rule would be highly beneficial, and cost nothing but careful attention on the part of the class teachers. I take it from the 'Annual Report for 1876-77 of the Board of Education of the City of Lawrence, Kan.' :

" 'VENTILATION.—Teachers are required, for the preservation of the health of themselves and pupils, to give particular attention to the ventilating and warming of their rooms, and always to ventilate, except in summer, by lowering the upper sash of the windows, and on no account to suffer the children to sit in draughts of cold air ; and, as a general rule, to cause all the windows to be opened for the free admission of air at recess, and at no time to raise the temperature of the room higher than 70° Fahrenheit.'

"Another matter worthy of the attention of the board is the custom prevailing in some of the lower wards and the two upper wards of the city, and also in some others, of appointing teachers educated in the school to which they are appointed, unless, indeed, they have in the interval graduated at the Normal College, and even that exception is of doubtful propriety.

" 'Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,'

and it is better that young teachers should be taken entirely out of the old ruts to which they have been accustomed.

"In conclusion, I would say that perhaps our schools, or at least the good ones, are *too much inspected*. A very cursory inspection of a school of long standing for *excellent* scholarship and discipline ought to satisfy the city superintendent, while on the other hand, 'good, indifferent, or bad' schools ought to be visited and revisited either until they are brought up to the mark or their teachers reported to this board as incompetent.

"On and after Monday, January 14, I shall, as heretofore, attend at the president's office daily, from 2 till 4 P. M., for the purpose of receiving visitors who may desire to converse with me in reference to anything connected with the cause of education, officially or otherwise. These two hours, between 2 and 4 P. M., on Saturdays will be reserved exclusively for the reception of teachers who may wish to see me regarding any matter connected with their profession."

Father was elected chairman of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York in 1878 for the third time, receiving thirteen of the fifteen votes cast. In his address on the occasion he explained away a misconstruction that had been put upon a quotation he had made from Thomas Carlyle in his address the preceding year, and said: "My meaning was that what was to be done in the way of reform within the college should originate in the executive committee to which it is assigned, and which committee, under the directions and by-laws of the board, has 'the special care, government, and management of the college'; and the less that was said in public regarding pending reforms, until they were completed, the better."

During 1877 the executive committee of the college took up, with zeal and ability, the question of various reforms in the management of and course of studies in the college, and held no less than twenty-two meetings during the year, many of them protracted till midnight; while the meetings of the Board of Trustees amounted to twelve in the course of 1877, instead of the statutory number of six.

The year 1878 was marked in the family history by the marriage of my brother Duncan to Ellen E. Pulsifer, daughter of William H. Pulsifer of St. Louis. They were married in that city on April 24, by Rev. J. C. Learned.



On being elected, by sixteen out of the nineteen votes cast, president of the Board of Education for the fourth time, January 8, 1879, my father made no lengthy address, merely referring to his valedictory of the preceding year as covering all the points he would wish to touch upon regarding the common schools. He added that, as heretofore, he would be in the president's room daily for two hours to see visitors, or teachers on Saturdays, on business connected with the cause of education.

President Wood's term of office as commissioner ended in 1879, and Mayor Cooper failed to reappoint him. He was succeeded, I think, by Charles J. Nehrbas. On Mr. Wood's retiring from the board Commissioner Donnelly offered the following :

*"Resolved,* That in view of the early retirement of William Wood, LL. D., from the board, and from the office of its president, which he has held for four years continuously, this board do place upon record its estimation of his services.

*"Resolved,* That his unwearied devotion to the duties of his office of president, in all their breadth and detail, has earned the confidence and commanded the respect of this board.

*"Resolved,* That in bringing into the interests of the schools his extensive knowledge of educational subjects, and his scholarly tastes, united to an active energy, so much the more admirable in view of his advanced years, and to a ripeness and justness of judgment, in part their consequence, he has contributed largely to the successful results of the schools, and to the public confidence they so justly enjoy.

*"Resolved,* That the Normal College of the City of New York is especially indebted to him for his unwavering support and the constant watchfulness he has exercised in its behalf, and that the important influence this institution is exerting and is likely to exert on the educational system of the city is largely owing to his interest and efforts.

*"Resolved,* That this board parts regretfully with its president."

The acting clerk put the question whether the board would adopt the resolutions offered by Commissioner Donnelly, and it was decided in the affirmative.

The president addressed the board as follows :

“GENTLEMEN : At this particular juncture the remarkable and appreciative kindness of the handsome, but too flattering, resolutions, in reference to my services, which have just been adopted by the board, is especially grateful to me ; and what adds to my pleasure is that they should have been offered by a friend holding different religious views from myself, thus proving that, however various the creeds of the members of this board, we can all meet and act harmoniously on the broad ground of the effective promotion of common school education.

“‘Parthians and Medes and Elamites,’ and all the dwellers in our Mesopotamian city, can through our common schools receive a thorough and unsectarian education, while at the same time we can boast, what even London itself cannot do with its State Church, its bishops and its deans and its prebendaries—that every school-day morning at nine o’clock more than one hundred thousand children are having the Bible read to them, and the small seed thus sown may, under the fostering care of the great Husbandman, bring forth everlasting fruit.

“Gentlemen, during 1879, including the present, we have held 29 public meetings, and there have been 10 public meetings of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York ; 39 public meetings in all, over all of which I have presided.

“I have also, *ex officio*, attended 184 committee meetings of this board, and 13 of the executive committee of the College of the City of New York, or 197 committee meetings in all. The total number of committee meetings of this board in 1879 has been 263, involving an amount of work, regarding which the outside public have very little idea. The minutes of our public meetings alone, up to and inclusive of that of 23d inst., fill 1080 pages, and will exceed 1100 pages when the minutes of this meeting are recorded.

“The average attendance at our common schools for the month ending November 30, 1879, was 115,548 scholars, exceeding that of the month of November, 1878, by 3539, and in addition to this increase, I regret to say, that in November, 1879, not less than 1051 pupils were refused admittance for want of room.

“In October, 1869, the year in which I first became school com-

missioner, the attendance in our common schools was 80,000 ; in November last, 115,548 ; therefore in round numbers there is an increase of 30,000 pupils in ten years, which is at the rate of 3000 per annum. Now, during 1879 the additional school accommodation provided consists of 28 rooms, capable of containing 1400 pupils, or less than one-half of the annual increment of scholars. It is no fault of the board that such a state of things exists. We are from two to three years behind in school accommodations for the prospective annual increase of scholars. We have not failed to cry mightily every year to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for more money to acquire sites and to build schools. To go no further back than the Centennial year :

" In 1876 we got for 1877 \$335,352 less than we asked for ; in 1877 we got for 1878 \$549,800 less than we asked for ; in 1878 we got for 1879 \$184,000 less than we asked for ; in 1879 we got for 1880 \$58,200 less than we asked for ; and already building sites and materials are at least from twenty to thirty per cent. higher than they were during the previous three years of depressed business and low prices.

" The Normal College session, which began September 1, 1879, gives so far the follow results :

" The largest number on register was on Friday, September 5, 1698 ; the largest number in attendance on Wednesday, September 24, 1463 ; the registered number on Tuesday, December 16, was 1437 ; and the number in attendance same day was 1382.

" In the training department of the Normal College the largest number on register in September was 1056 ; and the largest number in attendance in September was 970. On December 18 the registered number of pupils was 1000 ; and the number in attendance, 883.

" I leave the Normal College and training department in the most satisfactory and prosperous condition, and I am confident that the addition of a fourth year to the Normal College course will most materially add to the efficiency of the future teachers of our common schools, and so to the proficiency of their scholars.

" In June, 1881, a class of the first grammar grade will graduate from the training department, and will be qualified for entrance to the Normal College, which will afford practical proof of the truth of what I advocated in my valedictory address to this board Decem-

ber 20, 1876, that all the fourteen grades of the primary and grammar courses can be taught under the supervision of one superintendent or principal, and thus a large amount at present paid for supervision can be saved to the city.

"It appears to me that it would be only fair to the graduates of the Normal College, and only fair to the pupils of our common schools, that all female candidates for teachers' licenses should pass through the same ordeal of examination as the Normal College graduates.

"In 1879, there have been 33 young women who *failed to graduate at the Normal College*, and who have applied to the city superintendent for licenses to teach. Of these 33, 21 have managed to squeeze through, and have received licenses, although they failed to pass the Normal College examination. This is *most unfair* and discouraging to the hard-working and efficient graduates of that institution, and if State legislation cannot be had to rectify the existing condition of matters, then certainly our by-laws should be so modified as to make all female candidates for teachers' licenses pass through exactly the same examination as the Normal College graduates.

"Besides Normal College students, 22 female teachers have been licensed by the city superintendent. On June 26 last, 288 young ladies graduated at the Normal College, and in September the number was made up to 300. These have received, or will receive, licenses to teach, when they are eighteen years of age, as required by the by-laws. Outside of the Normal College graduates, as I have stated, 43 female candidates have received licenses to teach from the city superintendent, or about  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole number licensed were *not* Normal College *graduates*. As the licensing of the graduates is a mere form, their diplomas virtually securing their licenses, why should not the licensing of all female teachers be transferred by new legislation to the faculty of the Normal College? When we had neither of the colleges, the city superintendent was perhaps the proper official to license teachers; but I think that the power would now be far more appropriately lodged with the faculty of the Normal College for female candidates, and with the faculty of the College of the City of New York for male candidates.

"The Evening High School, which affords such admirable opportunities for young men engaged in business pursuits to perfect their

education, continues as heretofore in a state of thorough efficiency. It reopened on Monday, October 6, 1879, with a registered number of 1776 scholars and with an actual attendance of 1510.

"The average attendance during October was 1590 ; the average attendance during November was 1330 ; the average attendance from December 1 to 19, was 1164 ; the average from October 6 till December 19 was 1382 ; same period 1878, 1377.

"In the Department of Truancy, the total number of warrants issued in 1879 for the arrest of truants was 67 ; of these 17 have been issued since September 1. All arrested previous to that date I discharged, on or prior to August 29, 1879, and, yesterday I discharged the last of those arrested since September 1, so as to leave my successor a clear stage, without remanents.

"To make the truancy law effective it requires several amendments, which have suggested themselves to me during the four years in which its administration has been in my hands.

"It is a great evil to have to take truants to be committed to a place of detention before a police magistrate, thus bringing them in contact with the criminal classes. The president of this board, or in his absence, the chairman of the Committee on By-Laws, ought to be made a magistrate, with the power to commit truants, if such special power can be granted by the Legislature.

"Then the New York Juvenile Asylum ought to be obliged by law to take our truants, subject to our control as to the time of their discharge. At present the Catholic Protectory is the only institution which receives our truants, whether Catholic or Protestant, subject to the order of this board for their release.

"The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents has no room in open dormitories on Ward's Island, and I am utterly opposed to having them locked up nightly in cells, like felons.

"Of course, a reformatory institution of our own, either on Randall's or Ward's Island, or on board a ship moored in the bay, would be better than any of the existing institutions ; but if the necessary funds cannot be provided by the city, then let us at least obtain power from the Legislature to commit Protestant truants to the Juvenile Asylum upon our own conditions. It is, I think, an admirably managed institution.

"The Nautical School during 1879, up to December 19, has had

an average of 122 scholars, while the total number taught during 1879 was 175 ; and, although the board very well knows that I am opposed to having the cost of the Nautical School defrayed from the funds properly belonging to our common schools, yet I cannot refrain in this, my last, address to this board from expressing my admiration of the manner in which the affairs of the Nautical School have been administered ever since its inception by Commissioner David Wetmore, chairman of the Committee on Nautical School, and his various coadjutors on that committee ; and we have been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining the services of Commander Henry Erben, U. S. N., as superintendent, in place of his able predecessor, Commander R. L. Phytian, U. S. N.

“Gentlemen, during 1879 much more than ordinary attention has been bestowed on their respective departments by the committees on Buildings and on Warming and Ventilation, and very great good will inevitably result from the painstaking and intelligent investigations of the respective chairmen of these important committees, Messrs. Watson and Donnelly.

“Before my departure, I think I ought to express my opinion regarding the working of the present educational system in reference to the highly important office of trustee of our common schools. The creature ought not to be more powerful than the creator. The trustees’ term of service should not be five years, while ours is only three. We all know the tendency which exists in most of the wards for the trustees to form themselves into rings of three and two. The larger ring has practically the entire power, and does all the work of appointing the teachers. Why, then, should not the number of trustees in each ward be reduced to three and the term of office to two years? Two trustees going out of office one year, and one trustee the next year, and so on alternately. This would put it in the power of this board effectually to break up the rings I refer to.

“The Board of Education should also, by fresh legislation, obtain the power of confirming or rejecting all nominations or transfers of teachers in the day schools, as they now have in the evening schools, and in case the trustees do not, within ten days from the occurrence of a vacancy, nominate a suitable person to fill it, then the appointment ought to vest in this board.



"Gentlemen, on the whole, our work in 1879 has flowed on more equably and quietly than in any of the three previous years, the only causes of excitement being the extraordinary and unexpected Kiddle episode, brought first formally to the notice of the board at its meeting on May 21 by the tendered resignation of City Superintendent Kiddle, to take effect on September 1, or as soon thereafter as his successor was appointed. That successor was appointed on October 1, 1879, in the person of John Jasper, Jr., Esq., previously one of the assistant superintendents; and, judging from his former record and from the reports he has made to the board since his election, I augur a brilliant future for him in the department over which he presides. And we have also been most fortunate in securing on November 12 the services of James Godwin, Esq., as assistant superintendent, to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Jasper's promotion.

"I have attended all the meetings, except one, of the city superintendent and his assistants, held on the last Saturday of every month (excepting July and August), under the by-law of November 27, 1878, and I am of opinion that these meetings are calculated to do great good to our system of common school instruction, by affording opportunities for the city superintendent and his assistants, together with the president of the board, to discuss all the subjects constantly arising in reference to the efficient administration of the by-laws of this board throughout our city schools.

"The other exciting episode of the year occurred on November 19, when his Honor the Mayor appointed five *new* commissioners of public schools, in place of five old ones whose terms of office expire to-morrow. Such a sweeping change has been hitherto quite unprecedented.

"For myself, I am by no means disposed to whine over my severance from the duties I have loved so well, knowing as I do, that had my reappointment rested with my colleagues in this board, who best know my services to the cause of common school education, and to the higher education of women, I should have been reappointed by a large majority, and probably re-elected president in 1880, in spite of any protests I have made to the contrary.

"Gentlemen, I retire from the Board of Education with a proud

consciousness of having done my duty to the taxpayers of the city of New York, and to their children in the common schools, during the long period in which I have held office as school commissioner.

"My first commission bears the date of May 4, 1869. My second, as 'Commissioner of the Department of Public Instruction,' is dated April 22, 1871. These two commissions were both issued to me by Mayor A. Oakey Hall. My third commission is dated April 28, 1875, when I was appointed to succeed my successor of 1873, the late James W. Farr, Esq.; and my fourth and last appointment was made on November 15, 1876. These two last commissions were issued by our present associate commissioner, Mayor Wickham. During these various terms I have been absent only once in March, 1871, and twice in December, 1876, the latter from severe illness.

"I feel thankful to God that I have been permitted to devote the eighth part of a long life to the educational interests of our great city; but although I regard the office of president of the Board of Education of the City of New York as the most important office in the municipality, I descend from it into the calm sequestered vale of private life with perfect equanimity, believing with Robert Burns that

" 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

"Although to-morrow the cause of common school education will be deprived of the services of my experienced colleagues, as well as of my own, I have no fear that our absence will do any permanent injury to the system of common school education; *that* is a perennial fountain, fertilizing and beautifying the waste places of our city, and causing our moral deserts to 'rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Like Tennyson's 'Brook,'

" 'Men may come and men may go,  
But it flows on forever.'

"Of course, in parting from you all I shall deeply feel the want of the pleasant excitement of our fortnightly public meetings, and even more the less formal, but most interesting, discussions in our numerous committees, but I shall cheer myself with the hope that when I am absent

" 'Some kind voice may murmur,  
I wish he were here.'

"And, gentlemen, I am not without some slight hope, that in two years hence I may be a commissioner designate of common schools, and if I feel then as well and fit to work as I do now, I shall certainly accept my nomination.

"I well know how presumptuous it is for a man who has entered upon his seventy-second year to look forward so far, but I can say with old *Adam*, in 'As You Like It,'

" 'Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty ;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility ;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.'

"But if the idea of a return to this board be but a vain and fond delusion ; if the place which has known me so long shall henceforth know me no more forever ; if this be indeed the final severance from the work which I esteem as the most important of my life, then gentlemen, even then,

" 'Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy—  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd.  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

"Gentlemen, farewell ! and may God bless the board of 1880 in all its wise efforts to promote popular education."

"The Kiddle episode," to which father refers, only appears in the minutes of the board in the shape of a formal tender of and acceptance of resignation, and a set of complimentary resolutions, from which it appears that Mr. Kiddle had been engaged either as teacher or superintendent for more than forty years in the service of the city. Some mention of this long and meritorious service would seem to have been his due from the retiring president, but from the time of my father's first address as president of the board,

in 1876, I think there had been friction between them. My father, for one thing, held that the pupils of the Evening High School should not be examined by the city superintendent, and supported Mr. Babcock, the principal of the Evening High School, in his controversy with Mr. Kiddle on the subject. As Mr. Kiddle was defeated in his attempt to examine the Evening High School scholars he did not love Mr. Wood. It is evident from the president's address last quoted that Mr. Kiddle had also been trenching on the rights and privileges of that Normal College, so dear to my father's heart. However, in these last days of December, 1879, they were both gone out of office.

“ ‘ As, in a theater, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next.’ ”

So I turned over the pages of the minutes of the board for 1880 to see who succeeded my father as president, and what he said And if father's children have felt less interest than I have in the detailed addresses in which he recounted the board's work in successive years, I hope they will be as pleased as I was to read what Stephen A. Walker says in his short address, January 14, 1880 :

*“ Gentlemen of the Board of Education :*

“ I sincerely thank you for the honor conferred upon me. I undertake the responsibilities of this office with considerable misgiving. It will be quite impossible for me to bring to its duties the ability and industry illustrated in its administration by my distinguished predecessor, or to make, as he did, what may be called the lesser duties of the place the subject of daily attention. To be the counselor of the superintendents, the trustees, and the principals ; to be the confidential adviser of several thousand teachers ; to be the champion of the aggrieved and the comforter of every wounded spirit throughout the entire educational circle of this city—these, gentlemen, are duties which, you are aware, I cannot discharge.”

“ NEW YORK, December 24, 1879.

“ The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the students of the Normal College :

“ WHEREAS, We have learned with deep regret that the Hon.

William Wood is about to retire from the Board of Education, whose president he has been for four consecutive years, and

"WHEREAS, As president of the Board and chairman of the Normal College Committee, he has always manifested a profound and abiding interest not only in the common schools generally, but especially in the Normal College, whose students have always appreciated his fostering and fatherly care for their welfare and happiness ; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the students of the Normal College are eminently due and are hereby tendered to the Hon. William Wood, LL. D., for the encouragement which he has always given them and for the scholarly ability which he has always brought to bear upon the discharge of his duties in relation to the college ;

"*Resolved*, That the students of the Normal College are deeply grieved at the severe loss which they will sustain ; that they wish him health and happiness in his retirement, and that they hope the day is not far distant when he shall be restored to the educational councils of the city, which his superior education, his purity of character, and his intellectual ability have so highly adorned ; and,

"*Resolved*, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be inserted in the college minute book ; that they be properly engrossed, framed, and presented to the Hon. William Wood, LL. D."

Nothing of special importance marked the year 1880 to father, except the birth of a son to his son Dennistoun and the birth and death of a daughter to Helen, the latter event grieving him deeply on the mother's account.

In the New York *Herald* of February 2, 1881, I find an article headed, "William Wood Reappointed." After stating that Mayor Grace had just appointed him to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education caused by the resignation of Charles J. Nehrbas, and some kindly remarks, the article concludes : "It was said yesterday that Mr. Wood's non-reappointment in December, 1879, was due to ex-Commissioner Andrew H. Green, and that if it had not been for Mayor Grace's counter-influence Commissioner Nehrbas would have been asked to resign before January 1 last, so that Mayor Cooper would have appointed his successor."

Father was extremely glad to return to his work in the board, and was appointed to visit the group of schools assigned to Mr. Nehrbas, and was placed on the committees of Buildings, Auditing, Course of Study and Schoolbooks, By-Laws, and Normal College.

On June 9, 1881, my brother Chalmers was married at the Church of the Ascension, New York, to Ellen Appleton Smith, by her father the Rev. John Cotton Smith, D. D. Nellie's paternal grandfather was the Rev. Thomas Mather Smith, D. D., president of Kenyon College, Ohio. Her maternal grandfather was General James Appleton of Portland, Me., Gloucester and Ipswich, Mass. This gentleman was at one time candidate for Governor of Maine on the Prohibition ticket, and was reported to be the author of the first prohibitory law proposed. It was introduced by him in the Legislature of Massachusetts in the early part of this century, when he was a member of that body. His title of General he got as a commander of part of the Massachusetts militia during the war of 1812.

We had had so many intermarriages in our family that Chalmers was held to be rather proud of having gone outside the hereditary circle, so to speak. Our father was much amused to find out, some years after the marriage, that William Smith, son of the Governor of Connecticut, Nellie's great granduncle, had married Helen Livingston, daughter of Chalmers' great grandaunt Martha Kane Livingston. So there was a real connection of their pedigrees !

Father's school and committee work has been so often referred to that I need hardly dwell more upon it. His term of office expired on the 1st of January 1883, and Mayor Grace reappointed him for the following term of three years. There are certain years in one's life which seem to be crowded with events, making them stand apart from all the others. Such a one was 1883 to father. In the early winter his youngest son, Van Horne Lawrence, sailed for Australia with the intention of settling there. His departure was a great grief to his father, who was much attached to him, and never ceased to hope for his return. The severe illness of one of my sisters and the increasing ill-health of another, together with the death of his old friend and son-in-law, Thos. L. Kane, depressed his spirits. He had been a solitary man for years, although he entered into the joys and sorrows of his children. But we were all engrossed in our cares and struggles with the world, and he was *first* in no one's heart, dearly as



all loved him. It was therefore perhaps not so surprising as we felt it to be, when we learned that he contemplated marrying again. Miss Helen Mason\* at first refused the offer of his hand, fearing that the marriage might distress his children. The difference of more than thirty years of age between them was sufficient to alarm their friends for their future happiness. Father's habits were the simplest, his life the most monotonous round of duty conceivable, and he was too old to change them. Miss Mason sailed for Europe in May, 1883, and during her absence made up her mind. Their engagement was announced upon her return in October, and they were married in her mother's house, No. 113 East Nineteenth Street, New York, by Bishop Henry C. Potter, on the 6th of December.

Never did a marriage more completely verify the good judgment of the contracting parties. Usually the happiness of wedded life is found in mutual concessions, but in this case it was dependent on the generous abnegation of self, sweetness of temper, and devoted fulfillment of duty of an excellent wife. One after another she gained the affection and respect of her stepchildren, and in spite of the power which a less forgiving woman might have wielded to separate her husband from them, her influence was always exerted in favor of peace and harmony. His "children rise up and call her blessed," for he found in her all that was needed of loving friendship and fond tenderness and care to make his last years happy. She relinquished for him the gratification of her love of music, since he could not appreciate it, and all the freedom of the life of wealthy ease to which she was accustomed. But she gained a wise counselor in the cares that soon came upon her, when the death of her father laid upon her the management of her own and her invalid mother's estates, and the comforter she needed when, in the course of a very few years, death robbed her of almost every one of her nearest relatives. Father had none of the selfish ways of age. His old-world courtesy made him a perfect gentleman in act and speech, while his good health and active habits made him seem at least ten years younger than his actual age.†

\* See Appendix.

† I have taken the opportunity of Mrs. Wood's absence in Europe to pay a deserved tribute to her virtues, which she would not permit me to do if she were aware of my intention.—E. D. K.

The constitution of his household remained unchanged, his youngest daughter continuing to manage it, while his wife simply devoted her time to being his and her mother's companion. She would not even take her place at the head of the table, but sat at his right hand, so that he could talk quietly to her without interfering with the merry voices of his grandchildren as they gathered around the board. Father was scarcely deaf at this time, but we charged him with coquetting with the infirmity and proving himself to hear perfectly well when an aside not meant for his ear was spoken. As the years went on, however, there was considerable deafness in his right ear, so that many voices speaking animatedly confused him. He, therefore, formed a habit of dining out once a week with his wife, usually at Delmonico's, so that his young people might have guests of their own age at home, while he could enjoy having Mrs. Wood's society or the company of one chosen guest whose voice he could easily hear. Usually, President Hunter of the Normal College would dine with him after the board meetings, and thus he kept *au courant* with the interests of the college to his latest day.

Father has told how he was brought up as a member of the Free Church of Scotland by a mother strongly tinctured with Sandemanianism. Then he became a member of the Independent—equivalent to the Congregational—Church while living in Liverpool, and after attending Dr. Hutton's Dutch Reformed Church in New York and then the Presbyterian services at Dr. Potts' church, settled down as a member, and for many years an elder, of the Dutch Reformed Church. Mrs. Wood was an Episcopalian, a member of Dr. Huntington's congregation, and while she was liberal-minded enough to go with her husband morning and evening, the old narrowness of his early training had long disappeared, so that he regularly went with her to the vesper service in Grace Church. He enjoyed Dr. Huntington's preaching, and the beauty of the service greatly impressed him. He used often to say (partly to tease the last Presbyterian left among his children) that if he had his life to live over again he thought he would turn Episcopalian.

In July, 1884, a bronze copy of Houdon's statue of Washington was unveiled in Riverside Park. The statue had been subscribed for by the pupils of the public schools. William M. Tweed and others had originally made application in 1870 that the money should

be raised by a penny subscription. The finance committee of the Board of Education decided that the subscriptions might range from one to ten cents, and the statue was paid for on July 28, 1874. Then the statue rested ten years in the basement cellar of the Arsenal of the Central Park. Finally, through the exertions of General Viele, a number of public-spirited citizens subscribed for a pedestal, on the base of which was inscribed "A Tribute from the Pupils of the Public Schools of New York." It was presented to the city on their behalf by Commissioner Wood in a speech which was much praised in the papers, but which I omit because the most interesting anecdotes in it have been recounted in the journal of his trip through Arkansas.

The children of the schools had a grand festival on the occasion, five hundred boys and girls being selected to march in procession and sing patriotic odes, while two lads delivered declamations on the character of Washington.

Father's life now flowed quietly on, working faithfully as commissioner during all the school year, and finding plenty to do in the vacations in looking up sites for new schools, inspecting the sanitary conditions of old ones, or the repairs in progress. I also remember him at times when he was on that committee as absorbed in the examination of proposed text-books. But he always saved up a number of the reviews and books of the year to read in the holiday months. He was not a novel reader, though at long intervals he keenly enjoyed a masterpiece of fiction, nor was he a profound student. But he had a wide range of reading in history and *belles-lettres*, and a well-stored memory of what he had read. He could not bring himself to admire the poets of the present day, that is, if there are any worthy to succeed those who were in their prime thirty years ago. But few men of his age are as familiar as he was with the writings of the great masters of poetic expression.

Mayor Grace was indisposed to reappoint father as commissioner for the term beginning January 1, 1883. I think that he had stipulated that father should endorse some political action, which he refused to do. Whatever the mayor's reason may have been, however, his fellow-commissioners gratified father in the highest degree by their action. Frederic R. Coudert offered to resign in his favor, and Joseph W. Drexel actually did so. When he had served this term

Mayor Grace reappointed him to serve from January 1, 1886 for three years more ; but while father felt himself to be fully equal to the work, served on all the committees, and attended every meeting of the board, his family insisted upon his fulfilling an old promise that he would resign when he attained the age of eighty. In the summer of 1888 he was invited to deliver the oration at the unveiling of the Burns monument at Albany, and although he declined to do so, he addressed a letter to the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, which contains some reminiscences which the limited space at my command obliges me to omit.

Father was eighty years old on October 21, 1888, and, in accordance with his promise, wrote to Mayor Hewitt, tendering his resignation as commissioner, receiving the following reply :

“MAYOR’S OFFICE,

“NEW YORK, November 2, 1888.

“WILLIAM WOOD, ESQ., No. 4 West Eighteenth Street.

“MY DEAR SIR : It gives me real pain to receive your letter of the 1st instant, in which you resign your position as a Commissioner of Public Instruction. You only do me justice by the assumption that I would have reappointed you on the expiration of your term on the 21st instant. I recognize your right, however, to be relieved from further public service. For nearly twenty years you have devoted yourself to the cause of public education. You have been president of the board and, all things considered, have been its most conspicuous member during your long period of service. No one can estimate the value of such disinterested labor as you have given to the cause of education. You have seen it grow with the growth of the city, and you have literally been the father of the extension of higher education among women in this city. I am glad to know that your strength is not abated, and I hope that you will continue for many years to take a deep interest in that department of the public service with which you have been so long identified. You will be welcomed to the schools and colleges of the city, and I am sure you will derive profound satisfaction from the gratitude of those who owe their success in life to your devotion to their advancement. On behalf of the City of New York I tender to you its grateful acknowledgment for all you have done, and I trust that your

remaining years will be as full of honor and happiness as I know your past to have been.

“ABRAM HEWITT (Mayor).”

Extract from the minutes of the Board of Education, November 7, 1888 :

“The president read a communication from Commissioner William Wood, LL. D., as follows :

“ ‘ 4 WEST EIGHTEENTH STREET,

“ ‘ NEW YORK, November 1, 1888.

“ ‘ MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT :

“ ‘ Benedick says that when he “swore that he would die a bachelor he never thought that he would live to be married,” so when three years ago I promised my family, in response to their urgent request, that I would not accept another nomination to the Board of Education after I entered my eighty-first year, I had little expectation of reaching that advanced age, but I have, and in conformity with my promise, I have this day sent in my resignation as commissioner of common schools to Mayor Hewitt. My family hope and expect that I will keep the flame of life from wasting by repose, and as my health never was better I am not without hopes that I may still have some time to “crown” (in Goldsmith’s words) “a youth of labor with an age of ease.” I part from you and my colleagues of the Board of Education with deep regret. My work on the board for nearly twenty years has been a labor of love ; it is a noble work, and I pray God that he will abundantly bless your efforts and those of my other colleagues in the important cause of popular education. I am, my dear Mr. President,

“ ‘ Yours, with much esteem,

“ ‘ WILLIAM WOOD.

“ ‘ To President J. EDWARD SIMMONS,

“ ‘ Board of Education, 146 Grand Street, New York.’

“The president addressed the board as follows :

“ ‘ COMMISSIONERS : The letter I have just read brings us the unwelcome intelligence that our oldest colleague, the Hon. William Wood, has severed his connection with this board. Surely, we ought

not to permit this occasion to pass without offering an expression of the sincere feeling of regret with which we are compelled to bid farewell to one who has bound himself to our sympathies and our lasting regard by his pure and lofty character, his gentleness of heart, his brilliancy of intellect, and by his long and devoted service in behalf of the common schools of the city of New York. Mr. Wood received his appointment as school commissioner in May, 1869, and for nearly twenty years, intermitted only by the year 1880, he has consecrated his time, his critical knowledge, his sympathetic interest, and his watchful vigilance to the development and progress of free education. As an accomplished scholar he would thoroughly appreciate the inestimable blessings that a cultured mind brings to its possessor. His views on educational questions were always broad and liberal, and his labors were to the end that the common people might drink deep at the fountain of knowledge, believing that the security of the state depends on an intelligent exercise of the privileges of citizenship.

“At an early period his guiding power made itself known and acknowledged in this board, and, whether as chairman or as a member of the various standing committees his judgment and promptitude have been as characteristic as his taste has been true to the sphere in which he has loved to labor. During four years, from his election in January, 1876, to the close of 1879, Commissioner Wood occupied the chair as presiding officer. The records show that his knowledge of parliamentary law, his uniform courtesy, the unswerving faithfulness of his decisions, and the celerity with which he dispatched the business of the board called from those over whom he had been chosen to preside the strongest expressions of appreciation. The gavel in his hand was a symbol of authority guided by a wise discretion, cheerfully submitted to because of the confidence reposed in his judgment and the affectionate esteem entertained for him by all. On the floor, as a member of the board, his influence was as marked as in committee or in the chair. His scholarly attainments, his literary acquisitions, his fluency of speech, his great resources of incident and illustration, made him a ready and formidable debater. Like a valiant knight, he rode into the arena with his lance well poised, ready to drive it into any crevice that might be exposed in his adversary's armor. He was a bold and an aggressive advocate of any



cause he espoused, but he never forgot the amenities of debate and never intentionally wounded any man's feelings.

“ “ His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade.”

“ “ He carefully studied every new question as it arose, with a wish to determine its value in its bearing upon educational progress ; and endowed with wisdom, gained by experience and by patient study his counsel and voice have ever been at the command of his associates.

“ “ By personal visitation, again and again, he has familiarized himself with every school building in the city, and he can truthfully say that he has entered every classroom under the jurisdiction of the board. His counsel to principals and teachers, and his eloquent addresses to the thousands of pupils who have heard the words of wisdom and encouragement that have fallen from his lips, have made him the best known, and, deservedly, the most popular member of the board.

“ “ Commissioner Wood was an earnest believer in the higher education at the expense of the State, and conspicuous among his labors none will stand more honorable than the enduring services he has rendered in the organization, founding, and supervision of the Normal College. It was his appropriate task to make the historical address at the laying of the corner stone of the edifice in 1871, and it has been his privilege to see it matured into a splendid type of the system of popular education. A year or more ago he stated in this board :

“ “ “ It has been an ambition with me for many years that I might live to see the day when the city of New York would accord to girls the same educational facilities enjoyed by boys.” This ambition has been gratified, for he has lived to see the Normal College, a college in fact as well as in name, invested with the statutory dignity of all the other colleges of the State. Well may he say, in view of its achievements, “ *Esto perpetua.*” Kind in heart, courtly in manner, earnest in purpose, honest and sincere in speech and action, unselfishly devoted to the cause of education, with a tender and paternal interest in the welfare of everyone connected with the common

school system of this city, loved by the children, honored by the teachers, respected by all, William Wood retires forever from this board. His daily life among us has been a beautiful exemplification of the proverb, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,' and leaves us with a remembrance of a career of usefulness rarely if ever equaled and never excelled.

“ “ He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.”

“ “ I respectfully submit the following resolutions and move their adoption :

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That in retiring from the activities of his official position as a member of this board, the Hon. William Wood, LL. D., bears with him our profound appreciation of his eminent and successful labor in the cause of public education, and for ourselves and on behalf of the constituency we represent, we tender to him the homage of our gratitude and regard.

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That a copy of this minute, signed by the president, by each commissioner, and by the clerk of this board, be transmitted to the Hon. William Wood.’

“ The president *pro tem.* put the question whether the board would adopt the minute and the resolutions offered by the president, and it was decided unanimously in the affirmative.

“ Commissioner Schmitt moved that the communication from Commissioner Wood, together with the address and resolutions offered by the president, be entered in full in the minutes.

“ Which was unanimously adopted.

“ Commissioner Holt offered the following :

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That the minutes of the board be regularly sent to Ex-Commissioner Wood, together with the directory, manual, annual report, and other documents when published.’

“ Adopted.

“ Commissioner Schmitt offered the following :

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That as a mark of esteem for Commissioner Wood, he

be and is hereby invited at all times to occupy a seat with the members of this board.'

"Which was unanimously adopted.

"The president resumed the chair.

"J. EDWARD SIMMONS, President.

"J. D. VERMILYE.

FERDINAND TRAUD.

WM. A. COLE.

WILLIAM LUMMIS.

MARY NASH AGNEW.

GRACE H. DODGE.

H. WALTER WEBB.

RANDOLPH GUGGENHEIMER.

ROBERT M. GALLAWAY.

HENRY SCHMITT.

HENRY L. SPRAGUE.

MILES M. O'BRIEN.

SAMUEL M. PURDY.

DE WITT J. SELIGMAN.

CHARLES L. HOLT.

F. W. DEVOE.

EDWARD J. H. TAMSEN.

"ARTHUR McMULLIN, Clerk."

The kindly thoughtfulness of his fellow-commissioners in providing that he should still continue to have a seat with them at all times, and receive the publications of the Board of Education, probably prolonged father's life. He continued to take a deep interest in educational affairs, and particularly in the growth and prosperity of the Normal College. He made more than fourteen hundred visits to it in all, and it could literally be said of him in reference to it, as the old Scottish psalm-book says of the Jews' love for Zion :

"Thy saints take pleasure in her stones ;  
Her very dust to them is dear."

The passing years saw his active step slacken, his stately form grow stooping, and the fire of his eye grow dim. The young girls who remembered his active work among them went out into the world, but their successors, term after term, gave him their respectful welcome as he came among them.

He found pleasure in writing his autobiography, and in many ways his life was happy. But he cared too much for his children, and his children's children, who were still fighting the battle of life, to be able to enter fully into the tranquil joy of the land of Beulah, in whose sunset glow the aged pilgrims, "because they were weary, betook themselves to rest. There they did not sleep, and yet they

received so much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep ever so soundly. . . . In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, tasted nothing that was offensive to the stomach or mind ; only when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go they thought that it tasted a little bitterish to the palate ; but it proved sweeter when it was down.

“Then it came to pass a while after that there was a post in the town that inquired after Mr. Honest, . . . and for a token that his message was true delivered into his hand these lines : ‘All the daughters of music shall be brought low.’ . . . When the day that he was to be gone was come he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed its banks in some places ; but Mr. Honest, in his lifetime, had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which also he did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, ‘Grace reigns !’ So he left the world.”

---

“Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When *I put out to sea.*

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

“Twilight and evening bells,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewells  
When I embark.

“For though from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.”

These lines touched father's heart, and he repeated them many times during the last months of his life, with a voice so full of earn-

est feeling, that we knew how thoroughly the poet's aspiration was his. To him, as to Tennyson, the prayer was granted. No death could have been more peaceful than father's. He had looked forward with dread to the possibility of a long and painful illness that would distress those who loved him; or, worse, that he might live to sink into "utter childishness and mere oblivion." His letters to me frequently referred to his fear of being burdensome through infirmity. Though few men keep to such an age as his such vigor as he possessed, and are so little dependent on others, he was very conscious of his gradual loss of strength, increasing dimness of vision, and dullness of hearing. In his last years he ever seemed to keep in remembrance that he must soon go from us, and to heap kindness on kindness, to give gentle and loving words and fond praise to each one whom he loved. As widows and orphans crowded to show the garments that Dorcas had made, so the members of father's household, and his children's children, tell the story of his peculiar sympathy and tenderness to each. I am tempted to dwell on his goodness to my sons when they came to show him their brides last year; but that the knowledge presses upon me how good he was, too, to *all* his descendants. Each of us treasures some thoughtful kindness that seems now as if it had been a farewell before he left us. It helped him to keep all his descendants in remembrance, that to the day of his death he prayed for everyone of them by name. Like Job, he "rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, 'It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts.' Thus did Job continually." I had an old friend, who served in my family for upward of forty years, and speaking of her death to my father he mentioned that he had prayed for *Jane* daily for many years, and on my expressing surprise he told me that he asked God's blessing on us all individually, though only making special intercession when he knew us to be in special strait. He was too old to kneel so long now, but after he had risen early and bathed he lay on his couch, read his morning portion of the Bible, and then, folding his hands, commended us all to God's care before he descended to hold family worship.

Passages from his letters to me during 1894 show that he still did a good deal of work, and was able to take a considerable amount of

exercise, and they form a more or less connected narrative of his life during the time.

January 4 he wrote: "I have been so busy this week that I hardly know whether I am standing on my head or on my heels. I have had a bad headache to-day from overwork yesterday, but have taken bromide, and feel better this afternoon. To-morrow and Saturday are also busy days, that is, for my present age, when the grasshopper is a burden. All my present work used to be a mere adjunct to my regular routine, and never felt in former days.

"J. Walter has been ill, as you know. I am just going to walk down to his house to see how the dear old gentleman is.

"February 9. I was up at the Normal College on Wednesday morning and walked home,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

"February 15. Yesterday, St. Valentine's day, was the twenty-fourth anniversary of the opening of the Normal College, and of course I went up there.

"I never received such a greeting as I did then, and my head aches now from the excitement. I read the 103d Psalm, having had the gas lit, and fancied that was to be the end of my individual action, but they would have me speak. After I got on my legs I found that I spoke as fluently and easily as ever, much to my own surprise.

"March 6. Went up to the Normal College at 9 A. M. Dr. Hunter asked me to give him an hour or two, as he wished my views on some important educational matters that are to be legislated about. Gave him them, but said: 'Now, I have a cracking headache, but I dare say when I get into the fresh air it will relieve me'; but it didn't.

"March 7. Went to see the head of the moose shot by J. Walter the younger, and preserved and stuffed at Guenther's. Ascended by elevator to a dingy room. 'There,' said the man in attendance, 'is Mr. Wood's great moose head, and his friend Mr. Appleton's smaller one.' I could see neither, and, going nearer, fell over something full on my knees and head, shaking the brains in the latter.

"The man made some moral remarks about people's sight failing as they got old. 'How old do you think I am?' I asked. 'About seventy-two,' he answered, so the compliment to my apparent age was some 'balm in Gilead.' But I was so shaken up that my dear



womenkind, unknown to me, sent for Dr. Swasey last night, and he has put me back upon strychnine, etc.

"March 15. Dr. Swasey prescribes for me 'absence from worry about anything'—which it is easy to *prescribe*. It reduces one to a sort of living death, but it is better for 'the friends I hold so dear' than the actual thing at Greenwood.

"Harriet became my amanuensis this morning in proceeding with my 'auto,' and a capital one she makes, writing almost as fast as I can dictate. The 'auto' has been interrupted for nearly three months."

During the next few weeks my father wrote to me of his anxiety and grief over the illness and death, first, of my daughter-in-law Mrs. Evan Kane, and next of little Cyril Hoskier, his great-grandson, the child of his dearly loved granddaughter Harriet Amelia (Wood) Hoskier, and then of Mrs. Hoskier's own extreme illness.

April 27, he must have been feeling stronger, for he wrote :

"Walter Watts having gone back to his work, is no longer available for my service at the Safe Deposit, and so dear L., who has been longing for the chance of helping me, was down there with me on Wednesday for three hours, and yesterday about an hour and a-half, and did the work (cutting coupons) \* as if she had been used to it all her life.

"I am writing this before breakfast, and immediately after it I am going up to the Normal College.

"May 10. I heard that 'my pastor,' Rev. Dr. Burrell, was ill, and I was moved to call upon him yesterday at his house, 248 West

\* Father acted as trustee under his mother's will for his sisters, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Ferguson, and Mrs. Pell, and subsequently for the beneficiaries under the will of his aunt, Miss Helen Wood. For more than sixty years he transacted the business thus devolving upon him, without a word of complaint about the time and trouble it gave him. He never took a commission nor accepted payment in any form. He seemed to feel that this sort of work was the natural right and duty of a man toward his kinswomen, to be performed without question, as one would eat or drink.

The cutting of coupons to which he refers, and in which he never accepted help till the last few months of his life, was a lengthy and puzzling performance to those who then began to share the work. His investments had long been made, but as the coupons represented so many interests besides his own, he had to cut and assort them, and on a subsequent day collect the moneys and remit to all his wards.

Seventy-fifth Street, but he was out with his wife, so, as I was in the neighborhood, I thought I would walk to Carrie Perry's in Seventieth Street (in spite of the hot sunshine), which I attempted, but could not find the house. I had forgotten the number, but knew it was a combination of three figures, making five, and so had to return disappointed. Anyway, I should not have found her in, for she was with her dear mother\* at the Home for the Friendless. She was yesterday elected a colleague of her mother's there, and told by a minister that if she could only do half as much good as H. had done, they would all be thankful.

"May 17. On Tuesday I went up to the Normal College, and after the opening exercises were over Dr. Hunter and I went up to No. 6, the beautiful new school, corner Eighty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue. While I was in the board I advocated the division of the schools into primary six grades, and grammar eight grades, and finally got our Training Department school at the Normal College divided into fourteen grades, and it has worked well for fifteen or sixteen years. In this splendid new school they have adopted my plan and have a female department of fourteen grades. It is presided over by the beautiful, modest, and clever Katie Blake, one of our graduates, and a daughter of Mrs. Devereux Blake, the great woman's rights woman. The president of the male department, also of fourteen grades, has not yet been chosen. The school building is a model of light, ventilation, and sanitation, a real credit to our system. How the poor boys of my schooldays ever lived through the total want of these I don't know.

"Coming home I took a surface car, and sat with a delightful breeze blowing through it, and 'all the windows of my heart' I opened to it, and so yesterday I woke with such an influenza that I could hardly speak.

"May 31. Your interesting letter of 27th reached me on 29th inst. It speaks mainly about Dr. Freeman. Well, the breaking up of a strong, useful man is interesting to 'yours truly.'

" 'For that inevitable road  
Which leads us to our last abode  
None may too well prepare.'

\* Mrs. G. B. Watts, vice president of the American Female Guardian Society, of which the Home for the Friendless is one of the buildings.

"Since my last I have had ups and downs of spirits. Grasshoppers become more and more a burden, but I have a capital appetite, and feel ashamed of the grasshoppers getting the better of such an apparently stout, healthy man as I am. Speaking of *your* Dr. Freeman reminds me that some years ago, when I was president of the Board of Education, Dr. Freeman, the English historian, was here, and I called to pay my respects. I saluted him as *Dr.* Freeman.

" 'Why do you call me doctor?' said the vulgarish-looking man.

" 'I know no one who has a better right to be so called,' I replied, 'since you are D. C. L. of Oxford and LL. D. of Cambridge.'

" 'You don't call *Gladstone* doctor,' said he !

" June 21. I am just back from the Normal College—the Twenty-fifth Commencement—a beautiful sight. About three hundred girls graduated, 'clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.' Of these, ninety were made Bachelors of Arts and six Bachelors of Science. I stayed till half past one in the afternoon, but grew very tired and sad. I began to think, like the child in *Punch*, that 'my doll was stuffed with sawdust.' The fact is, I have lived too long.

" June 28. I am going with L. to Kaaterskill on July 3 for a week. There was a time when I had so much committee work to attend to that for *sixteen years* I was never out of the city, except to take a swim down at Manhattan Beach in summer, and I never was in better health in my life.

"So the 'old man' is to be sacrificed to the 'wee man,'\* and neither you nor Dr. Harry can leave the latter. Well, it's all right, I suppose, and I must 'hope on, hope ever' for the day when I shall see you and the little doctor, and get you to chapter up the little of my 'auto' that I have written since you were here."

The pleasure of the visit to Kaaterskill was marred by Mrs. Wood's illness, but the change of air benefited father, and both were able to enjoy the last three days of their stay. They returned to New York to receive one of my sons and his wife, whom they had invited, according to father's pleasant custom, to stay during the holiday absence of some members of his usually crowded household. To us, coming from the mountains, the change, even to the *city* of New York in summer, was not unpleasant, for father's house was

\* My infant grandson, left an orphan.—E. D. KANE.

spacious and airy, but it was only at night that his guests were there, as he had planned out excursions by water for each day. Year by year he laid aside a sum which he called his Fresh Air Fund, and his pleasure was to take party after party of his grandchildren and children to Manhattan beach. Before he was eighty he always swam with the best, but afterward he felt that he must cease to be more than an onlooker. But even in 1894 he still enjoyed accompanying his guests to the Beach for the day, watching the groups of bathers, and then, after lunch, sitting on the hotel piazza, reading a *Quarterly Review*, and glancing up from time to time to watch the waters and the passing ships, while the ocean breeze tossed his silvery hair and beard, and freshened the healthful tint of his cheek. Then he would stroll a while along the promenade, talking to his chosen companion, and often repeating some of the poems that he loved, familiar to us all from his lips.

“ I see his gray eyes twinkle yet  
 At his own jest—gray eyes lit up  
 With summer lightnings of a soul  
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,  
 So healthy, sound and clear and whole,  
 His memory scarce can make me sad.”

On the 1st of August father's nerves were shocked by an accident to his wife, who injured one of her eyes severely. At first it improved rapidly under treatment, but was then neglected and she suffered much in consequence. Father's anxiety may have shortened his life ; it is certain that it weighed him down. He had grown to depend upon her eyes and voice in reading and writing for him, and upon her ever ready companionship. They went to Saratoga on the 11th, and there her suffering became so great that they called in the oculist, Dr. Webster, who happened to be staying in the same hotel. He found conditions requiring a darkened room, a trained nurse to make constant applications, and also surgical treatment to break up adhesions that had formed. They returned to New York on the 29th of August, Mrs. Wood decidedly better, but father wrote on the 30th : “ It is curious that I should be so much more depressed in spirits now, than when L. was at her worst. She, I am thankful to say, is really the more cheerful of the two, but I *am* better in the

salubrious air of my adopted city than I was at Saratoga, although I must say the air there is delightful."

The oculist who had treated Mrs. Wood's eyes before she left New York was Dr. Noyes. On one of her visits to him, she persuaded my father to have his eyes examined. Dr. Noyes found that father had a slight cataract on the right eye, but that the left was in good condition. He prescribed distance glasses, as well as those my father used in reading, with great addition to his comfort. Mrs. Wood left him on September 10 for a few days' visit to friends in Maine, as her strength was not returning as speedily as we hoped. She hastened back, however, as father missed her so much as to add greatly to the depression of spirits and loss of sleep of which he which he now often complained. On September 13 he wrote to me :

"By special request of Dr. Hunter, I went up to the Normal College this morning, and opened it by reading my favorite chapter, the 53d of Isaiah, but even with all the gas lit, and the sunshine of a clear day, I stumbled at the last verse. The previous part I uttered *ore rotundo*, but this is really the last time I shall try it.

"There are 2006 students on the register. The college was built for 1500. No man in the world but Dr. Hunter could draw up the programme for arranging for all these teachers and pupils. Before I left, President Knox and his pretty wife came in. They have been to California this summer. Mrs. Knox is a colleague of Nellie's in the Home for the Friendless, and spoke highly of her, as she well might.

"I feel my wife's absence deeply, even with my two dear daughters to comfort me. The shock I got at Saratoga completely unnerved me, and I have not got over it yet, although I am better on the whole. Pray for me.

"September 20. At the latter end of October, or any time most convenient to you, we shall be most delighted to see you.

"Well, I have called in Dr. Swasey again, and he has put me on another tonic.

"I am wishing to put off the printing of the 250 pp. of the first of my 'auto.,' till after my death, as originally intended, until you suggested printing it while I am alive. Now I have a 'scunner' at the whole thing, and don't wish it printed, but L. does. She had

Mr. Babcock the publisher here this morning on the subject. I am absolutely sick of myself."

Father's interest in all around him was still great, but his hold on life was loosening. The Father whom he had served and trusted so long was quieting him to his rest like a tired child.

"SEPTEMBER 27, 1894.

"MY DARLING BESSIE :

"Yours of the 23d inst. reached me on 25th idem.

"My improvement in health is slow and irregular, with a tendency to insomnia beginning a 2 or 3 A. M. and continuing till I rise at five, and my depression of spirits, though less, has not gone. The depression is the result of shock after L.'s severe illness, coupled with the dreadfully hot and damp summer and fall that we have had.

"On Monday morning I went to the Normal College, and saw the two thousand young women assembled. On Tuesday I went to the College of the City of New York and was kindly welcomed by General Webb and the new professor, Hardy—the successor of Scott, and known to me for the last eight years.

"I am so sorry to hear that the youngest of the race is suffering from four incoming teeth. The beginning and the end—the last sad scene of all that closes this strange eventful history—are not pleasant.

"Yesterday L. and I spent four mortal hours at the Stock Exchange vault, cutting coupons for three hours, and for one hour seeking for Aunt Helen's will, which we did not find then. We found it to-day in my safe up here.

"I am going to hand over her affairs to J. Walter, as I feel that when a man is on the verge of eighty-six his time can't be very long.

"Helen and little Sabina have gone on a visit to Walter to-day. I wish the former were back, but she has a bad cold, which the change of air may break up.

"L. and I did too much yesterday, and I suppose suffer from reaction to-day.

"God bless you and yours. You have been a most kind and dutiful daughter all your life to me. The Lord bless thee, the Lord keep thee and thine.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"WILLIAM WOOD."



These were his last farewell words to me. The next day, Friday, September 28, he seemed quite well, and accompanied his wife to visit his mother, Mrs. Mason. Mrs. Mason was in ill-health and her daughter was compelled to divide her time between her two beloved ones. When she was absent on her daily visits to her mother, and during her short absence in Maine, my two sisters took her place.

On Saturday, September 29, father walked, as had become customary with him, from his own house as far as the Twenty-ninth Street Dutch Reformed Church. The distance and the return home just made a mile, which he would walk in the morning, and another mile in the afternoon, if he had no special object to visit. On returning he felt some pain. Dr. Swasey had been asked by Mrs. Wood to see him once a week, and Saturday being his regular time for coming, he was able to relieve him without difficulty, but to father's chagrin insisted on his resting through the remainder of the day in his room. He explained that he must go down at dinner-time to sign some papers and draw his checks for monthly payments, and remarked that there were certain business arrangements to which he must attend on Monday. To this the doctor saw no objection.

When Mrs. Wood went to accompany her mother on her afternoon drive Harriet went to father's room to sit with him. She wrote me :

"He was lying on the couch in the dark silk dressing-gown that L. presented him with, and I thought how uncommonly handsome he looked.

" ' Shall I read some more of " Vanity Fair " to you ? ' I asked.

" ' No, Harry ; much as I love dear old Thackeray and like his writings, when one comes near the end he wants something different. ' "

" ' What would you like, then ? ' "

" ' Suppose you read Keble's " Christian Year, "—the " Morning " and " Evening. " ' "

" ' So I read, and the dear fellow listened attentively. ' That is beautiful, ' he said when I had finished.

" ' I then took up a book that we had been reading together, ' Reminiscences of Irish Life. ' He laughed over the jokes, <sup>7</sup> slept

and woke again, declaring that he had heard every word. Then, after a little interval, he took my hand and repeated slowly one of his favorite hymns, beginning

“ ‘Oh, for a closer walk with God.’

“Then springing up quickly he said, ‘It’s too bad ! I have been kept here too long. I *must* go to my accounts. Come along.’

“So he hurriedly changed his coat and went down to work in his library.

“He was very cheerful at dinner and chanted a verse of a Scotch song to show Henry Green how the accent fell. Twice, as I extended my hand, he pressed it kindly in his. After dinner he sat in his usual corner of the sofa, leaning back, and I seated myself near him, stroking his head, and we vied with each other in reciting his pet verses and hymns. He repeated the whole of Moore’s

“ ‘Awake, arise, thy light is come.’

Then I began singing in a low voice, and he joined with me in a number of pieces. ‘Dear old Harry,’ he laughingly concluded our concert by saying, ‘you sing all your hymns and songs to the same tune !’

“He went upstairs at nine o’clock, still in the same happy mood.”

On Sunday, the 30th, he rose as usual at five o’clock, bathed, and returning to his room remarked on the refreshment the bath had given him. Before breakfast time, however, he complained of some pain, and of a sudden sense of weakness. He usually read aloud to his wife the two chapters, one in the Old and one in the New Testament, which he afterward read at family prayers. On this occasion he only read one. I find noted in his own handwriting, though penciled in tremulous characters, at the end of the month’s list which he kept between the leaves of his Bible, “September 30, Hebrews, 8th chapter.”

Mrs. Wood slipped out of the room and told the servant not to ring the bell for prayers and to bring breakfast for both of them to his room. He enjoyed having the meal alone with her, though he protested against a self-indulgence entirely unusual to him. He had

spurned the idea that he was not strong enough to walk to church as usual, but he now yielded to his wife's persuasion to remain at home. A little after ten he had a chill, but he laughed at his wife's being alarmed and sending for Dr. Swasey. The doctor said that the chill was a nervous one, but that he wished Mr. Wood to be very quiet all day, and to go to bed to insure it. Somewhat to Mrs. Wood's surprise, he yielded a ready consent, and, by the physician's desire, his wife alone remained with him after Harriet had kissed him farewell and gone to church. All day he rested quietly, sleeping or waking, cheerful and serene, wanting nothing but his wife's companionship, and suffering no pain. At four in the afternoon the doctor came again and found him doing well. But at half-past eight in the evening he had another chill, and although no alarm was felt, the doctor was summoned. He was out, and when he came at half-past ten he at once asked to have Dr. Austin Flint summoned in consultation, saying that sleep had passed into unconsciousness.

Mrs. Watts and my brother Walter were at once summoned by telephone, and as there were no Sunday trains running, they drove in from South Orange, reaching Eighteenth Street about 2.30 o'clock A. M. Our father lay peacefully sleeping his life away with his nearest and dearest beside him. He suffered no pain, and passed from death into life so quietly that they hardly knew that he departed at seven in the morning of Monday, October 1.

The doctors pronounced the proximate cause of death to be uræmia, but the preceding passages from his letters which I have transcribed show that the full term of life had been reached. Without any disease, bodily or mental, like the patriarchs of old, "being of full age he died and was gathered to his people."

" His heart was tired, tired,  
And now peace laps him round."

My brothers Dennistoun, Duncan, and Chalmers were able to come at once, but I only reached New York on Tuesday, and took my place with those he loved in watching beside the couch on which the dear form lay. His room was filled with flowers and his children and children's children came and went, taking their last fare-

well; but there was something in the peaceful sweetness of his reposeful face that stilled grief. In that room, during those few days before the funeral should close the old household life and the new cares and anxieties of the severed family links begin, we paused to rest, and though parting with all the beloved past, we tasted "the peace that passeth understanding." The family prayer service took place as usual, though another voice ministered to us, but we knew that he would have liked us to be kneeling round him still.

As the manner of his death was such as he had prayed for, so all things that would have gratified him attended his passing away. He had fancied that he had lived so long that he would be forgotten in the scene of his labors when he came to die. But on the day of his funeral, Thursday, October 4, the Normal College and the College of the City of New York were closed, and the flags on all the public schools hung at half-mast. The professors of the colleges and the alumnæ of his peculiarly beloved Normal College gathered in the Twenty-ninth Street Church, as well as the members of the Board of Education and of the St. Andrew's Society, to do him honor. And of all the flowers heaped about the chancel the most prized by those who loved him were the wreaths entwined with the college ivy and the Scotch thistle, for which public greenhouses had been ransacked in vain, but which loving search had gathered from near and far, knowing how he prized the emblem of his native land.

The funeral services were very simple. In his own Dutch Reformed Church the ministers, Drs. Burrell and Hurlburt, read and prayed. The hymns that were sung he had himself selected long before:

"Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer,  
There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there."

And

"Jesu, the very thought of thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest."

And the favorite of everyone since Newman wrote it in 1833:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."

The rain was falling drearily as we drove out to Greenwood, but ceased for a little while as Dr. Huntington read the Episcopal funeral service at the grave. Then the friends that had come with us left, but father's own family stayed until the last sod was placed, and before leaving joined with trembling voices in the hymn beginning :

“Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not dark if thou be near.”

The next day a few of us rode out to Greenwood. The storm was over, and the flowers heaped on his grave, on Ocean Hill, were fresh and sweet from the past rain. The view he loved so much lay stretched beneath our feet looking over the outskirts of Brooklyn, over field and farm, the sparkle of the waters of the bay, the fairy outline of the Crow's Nest Tower near Manhattan Beach, and beyond, a glimpse of the ocean. I was reminded of the lines,

“Calm and still light on yon great plain,  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers  
And crowded farms and lessening towers  
To mingle with the bounding main.”

And so we left his body to rest until the grave gives up its dead.

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, ‘Write—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.’ ”

The inscription on father's monument reads :

WILLIAM WOOD,

Born in Glasgow, Oct. 21st, 1808,  
Died in New York, Oct. 1st, 1894.

“Passed from Death unto Life.”

“Gather my Saints together unto Me.”

From the resolutions passed by various societies, and the many obituary notices in the newspapers, I select a few for preservation,

knowing that father would have liked them to be handed down by his children to theirs.

The following resolutions, exquisitely engrossed, with an ornamentation of ivy leaves and thistles in their natural colors, and with initial letterings in the college purple, were sent to Mrs. Wood by the professors and instructors of the Normal College. The parchment was mounted on rollers, and inclosed in a handsome box of quartered oak, so that she might carry it abroad with her, on her intended journey to her friends in Europe.

“Resolutions passed by the president, professors, and instructors of the Normal College :

“WHEREAS, by the decree of divine Providence, Mr. William Wood has been taken from us after a life full of years and good works,

“WHEREAS, in all private and public relations, he proved to be a man of broad mind, tender heart, sterling integrity, and rare courage, realizing the noblest type of manhood, and,

“WHEREAS, by the prominent part he took in founding the Normal College by his valuable services as school commissioner, chairman of the committee on Normal College, and president of the Board of Education, he endeared himself to us as the champion of lower and higher education, and the benefactor of both teachers and students ;

“*Resolved*, That we, president, professors, and instructors of the Normal College, deplore his loss as that of the kindest friend, always ready to espouse a good cause, and fight for it unselfishly and fearlessly ;

“*Resolved*, That we shall always miss his stately figure, cheering presence, and gracious speech, and preserve the remembrance of the manly virtues for which we honored, admired, and loved him, and

“*Resolved*, That we respectfully extend to the members of his bereaved family our sincere and tender sympathy, and that a copy of these preambles and resolutions be presented to them as a slight tribute of regret, reverence, and gratitude to the memory of our departed good friend.

“THOMAS HUNTER,

“President Normal College.”



*From the Normal College Echo.*

## " THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

" It is the instinct of men and women, where one passes away who was dear to them, to recall his every feature, every trait or mark of individuality. These are the things by which we know Mr. Wood, for which we honored him, through which his nobility was made manifest to us. Let us deepen the impression these made upon us, that his influence may not pass away, nor the work he did vanish with time. It is the call of Memory to us to help her preserve that which she holds in trust for our soul. It is the heart's desire to keep his presence living which asks of us words to embody those qualities which before needed no speech to make them visible.

" There is no need to go over in detail the loving tribute paid to Mr. Wood by the former students of the college which was the child of his effort.

" President Hunter spoke of him as only so intimate and dear a friend could. The incidents were many of them new to us, but the main idea which flowed through them—the strength, nobility and beauty which characterized the man of whom these things were told—was only deepened and impressed.

" One thing, however, is worthy of notice: all of us knew how stanch a friend Mr. Wood was to the college. But it is doubtful if many of us knew how great was the debt the Normal College owed him—that of very existence.

" After President Hunter had spoken there were read the resolutions of the Wood Memorial Committee. However inadequate all such expressions may be, it is at least fitting that some form should be given to our thoughts, when, from the circumstance of our numbers, individual expression becomes an impossibility.

" Of the tribute of song our poet brought, one can but say that its high words and uplifting thought seemed fitly upborne upon the memory of him of whom it spoke, and that its tone of undaunted hope, and the words which dwelt upon him as we knew him, will stay with us for an abiding symbol.

" Mr. Wood was so often with us at Alumnæ meetings that it seemed as if it might be his voice that spoke through his son. At

least we know that his voice will be with us always and will give us hope and strength, courage and inspiration. May we never lose that strain—the melody his life embodied—nor fail in due reverence and love for truth and honor such as his !”

Mrs. Wood was deeply touched by receiving a beautifully illuminated copy of the following :

“ Resolutions passed at the meeting of October 27 :

“ We, the Associated Alumnæ of the Normal College of the City of New York, assembled and met together to honor the memory of our beloved benefactor, William Wood, do hereby

“ *Resolve*, That in Mr. Wood the common schools of our city have lost a strong and steadfast supporter, the higher education of women a keen and chivalrous champion, our alma mater an ardent and untiring advocate, and our association a generous and faithful friend.

“ *Be it resolved*, That the students of the Normal College, from the day of its founding to the day of his death, derived inspiration from his noble presence and ever gracious words, and recognized in him, with gratitude, the projector and defender of the institution to which they owed so much.

“ *Be it resolved*, That we offer to the family of our dear friend our deepest sympathy, now that the long and beautiful day of his earthly life is ended, and at the hour of ‘ twilight and evening star ’ the tide ‘ which drew from out the boundless deep ’ has turned again ‘ to God, who is our home.’

“ *Be it resolved*, That these resolutions be signed by the President and other officers of the Associate Alumnæ, and the Wood Memorial Committee.”

Resolutions passed by the students of the Normal College of the City of New York, October 3, 1894, upon the occasion of the death of the Hon. William Wood :

“ WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our benefactor and friend, the Hon. William Wood,

“ *Resolved*, That we, the students of the Normal College, do here-

by tender to his bereaved family our deepest and most sincere sympathy.

*"Resolved,* That we most gratefully recognize our indebtedness to him for his unequalled efforts and share in the founding of the Normal College.

*"Resolved,* That his noble character and life, as well as his never-failing interest in our welfare, and his hearty co-operation in our work have so endeared him to us that he will forever live in our memory.

*"Resolved,* That in his death the college has been deprived of a staunch and loyal friend, whose place we feel can never be filled.

*"Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be drawn up and presented to his afflicted family.

" EDITH PATTERSON, '95,

" EDITH LIVERMORE, '95,

" In behalf of the Normal College students."

" 118 EAST SIXTY-SECOND STREET,

" NEW YORK, January 7, 1895.

" MRS. WM. WOOD.

" DEAR MADAM: As chairman of the Wood Memorial Committee, I beg to inform you, that at the last meeting of the joint committees of the Normal College and the Associate Alumnae, the artist was selected who shall execute the bust in bronze of our noble and regretted friend, Mr. W. Wood.

" The artist intrusted with the work is Mr. W. Ordway Partridge, and we have every reason to believe that he will produce a satisfactory likeness and an enduring work of art.

" I am, dear madam, with profound respect,

" Your sincere and obedient servant,

" E. AUBERT."

" EX-PRESIDENT WOOD'S DEATH.

" The death of William Wood was announced and resolutions of regret were presented by Commissioner Guggenheimer. Dr. Hunt also moved that the schools be closed in memory of Mr. Wood, as a proper tribute to him and an object lesson that would be of value to the pupils. Mr. Strauss, Mr. Harris, Mr. Maclay, and other mem-

bers objected to the precedent afforded by such action, and after discussion it was ordered that the flags should be placed at half-mast on every school building, as a tribute to Mr. Wood's memory. This was adopted. The following resolutions were approved :

" IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM WOOD.

" *Mr. President :*

" With a sense of public loss—I may say almost of personal affection—I rise to make formal announcement of the death of one who was for many years a member of this board.

" The office of commissioner of common schools is of great dignity and honor ; its duties, powers, and responsibilities, of themselves, make it such. But, Mr. President, I think I may say without being illogical or giving way too much to sentiment or fancy, that the office is honorable also from the fact that so many upright, able, and distinguished men have accepted and held it ; have, within these walls, labored and spoken for the public schools ; have occupied, with grace and power, the chair which you now so ably fill. It would be a long list were I to go back ; it would take too much time were I to mention names of those appearing thereon, and dwell even slightly upon their characters, labors, and success. Of one of them, however, we must speak to-day.

" Some twenty-five years ago William Wood became a commissioner of common schools ; and from that period of time he may be said to have been in and of the public school system of the city of New York. It is true that he resigned in 1888 ; and that he was not continuously a commissioner up to that time ; but if continuous love for the school system, if uninterrupted interest in its welfare,—material and mental,—uninterrupted affection for scholars and teachers, and uninterrupted association with the Board of Education as manifested by his presence at its important meetings, by calls at this office and upon the city superintendent, and by visits to the colleges and schools, be taken into consideration, he may indeed be said to have been connected with the schools from the time of his first appointment until the very day he died.

" Mr. Wood was exceptionally well qualified to be a commissioner of common schools. A college graduate, he was all his lifetime a student ; as a banker he did not lose his interest in the classics ; a

man of affairs, he remained always devoted to letters ; a close thinker and forcible debater, poetry never lost for him its charm. He was the impersonation of attention and devotion to his duties as commissioner. As member of the board and its committees, and as president, it is almost accurately true to say that he was present at every meeting during his long term of service. Recommending and effecting many improvements, he will be best known, perhaps, as the friend, if not the founder, of the Normal College. His abilities, wisdom, and labor may be illustrated, and may, perhaps, be measured in part, by the magnitude and success of that institution, in the establishment of which he labored indefatigably, and over which he watched with affection until death brought his earthly career to a close. A man of profound religious convictions, Mr. Wood knew not illiberality, and throughout his long career he displayed the magnanimity and practiced the charity which make the whole world kin.

"His simple, childlike, and abiding faith was one of his most lovely characteristics, and his expression thereof, oftentimes made in the hearing of friends, produced, they tell me, an impression as sweet and solemn as impression made by preacher, or by lesson recorded in any book, save one.

"I offer for adoption the following resolutions :

"*Resolved*, That in the death of William Wood, for many years a commissioner of common schools, and for four years President of the Board of Education, the community loses a citizen, eminent and praiseworthy in his every walk of life ; the Board of Education one whom they delighted to honor, and whose memory they will preserve, and the school system of this city a friend who labored for many years earnestly in its behalf, and who loved it to the last.

"*Resolved*, That this board hereby expresses its sincere sympathy with the family of the deceased ; and

"*Resolved*, That this board, in a body, attend the funeral services.'"

The following were the resolutions presented by Commissioner Guggenheimer and adopted by the Normal College Trustees on the death of the late William Wood :

"WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, in the fullness of years, our beloved friend and former asso-

ciate, the Hon. William Wood, who was a commissioner of common schools for nineteen years, for four years President of the Board of Education, and for ten years chairman of the Executive Committee on Normal College ; and,

“WHEREAS, In every position which he held, he endeared himself to his colleagues, by the courtesy of his manners, the justice of his conduct and the ability he manifested in the performance of duty ; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That in the death of the Hon. William Wood the common schools of this city have lost a devoted friend and an able advocate, who gave freely and lovingly his time, his labor, and his talents to advance the educational system, and to elevate its teachers to a higher plane of usefulness.

“*Resolved*, That as the chief originator and founder of the Normal College, the women teachers of New York owe him an immeasurable debt of gratitude ; and not only the teachers, but women of all classes are deeply indebted to him for his unwearied efforts to secure them the blessings of higher education.

“*Resolved*, That this board and the Executive Committee on Normal College consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to bear testimony to Mr. Wood's long, able, and faithful services as commissioner ; to his urbanity as an associate ; and to his sense of justice as a presiding officer.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.”

The following resolutions were adopted by the faculty of the College of the City of New York :

“*Resolved*, That the faculty of the College of the City of New York learn with deep sorrow of the death of the Hon. William Wood. Not only has the city of New York sustained the loss of a distinguished public servant, but this institution has been deprived of one of its ablest and most earnest advocates and friends. As a trustee of this college and for several terms the president of its Board of Trustees, Mr. Wood's unselfish devotion to the cause of higher education, and his untiring labors in behalf of all legislation that tended to the advancement of the college and its interests,



afforded ample evidence of the zeal and faith that animated him in whatever he undertook.

“In recognition of his generous labors in behalf of this college and in appreciation of the dignity, courtesy, and judgment which characterized him in the discharge of his duties, we desire to record here our sorrow at our great loss.

“*Resolved*, That the faculty of the College of the City of New York tenders to his bereaved family its condolence and sympathy.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and that a committee of the faculty attend his funeral services.”

Reprinted in *School*, for October 4, 1894 :

“TO WILLIAM WOOD, LL. D.

“*On the 70th Anniversary of his Birthday.*

‘ In years long past, when Youth’s elastic feet,  
Were wont in Scotia’s classic halls to tread,  
And thou hadst learned the story to repeat  
In grand old epics for the ages spread—  
When thou hadst climbed the heights, and overhead  
The azure bent—the silver clouds below—  
E’en then, no ‘second sight’ thy fancy led  
Upon thy path so pure a light to throw.  
Or dream, that in thy three-score years and ten  
The golden wedlock of thy life should be  
In our New World to live thy youth again ;  
With heart elastic as thy step to go,  
And in the path of Truth thy feet have trod  
To win young spirits bright through wisdom up to God.

“WM. OLAND BOURNE.

“October 21, 1878.”

## APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

---

(From the *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1874.)

### SCOTTISH BANKING.

In 1695 William Paterson, born in 1658 in the parish of Tinwald, Dumfriesshire, established the first bank which ever existed in Scotland. It was known by the name of the Bank of Scotland. The capital was fixed at £100,000 sterling, but of this sum only £30,000 was subscribed, and such was the poverty of the country that even of that small sum the larger portion came from London, Holland, and Hamburg. William Paterson had previously organized the Bank of England, which had occupied his thought for many years, and which was incorporated by royal charter July 27, 1694; but for his share in establishing it, so far as I can ascertain, he never seems to have received any reward; and, strange to say, from that day to this, no Scotsman has ever been allowed by our "ancient enemies of England" to be governor of the Bank of England, although Scotsmen are not by law excluded from its direction, as Jews and Quakers are. The nearest approach to having a Scotsman as governor was about thirty-five years ago, when Sir John Rae Reid, of Reid, Irving & Co., the son of a Scotsman born in England, attained, if I remember rightly, that high financial position. About the same time that the Bank of Scotland was established, William Paterson was actively engaged in promoting his scheme for colonization of the Isthmus of Darien, and such an enterprise had far greater charms for the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* than the sober pursuits of banking; for, while £30,000 could not be raised in Scotland for banking, £400,000 sterling were subscribed for the Darien expedition! The consequence was that much of the little capital of Scotland was lost in the disastrous affair; and banking facilities seem to have been little understood or appreciated for very many years afterward. This is little to be wondered at if we consider the condition of Scotland during the last ten years of the seventeenth century, as portrayed by that famous Scottish patriot, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, in 1698. "There are," says he, "at this day in Scotland 200,000 begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country; and though the number of them be, perhaps, double what it was formerly, by reason of the present great distress, yet in all times there have been about 100,000 of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or submission either to the laws of the land or those of God and nature. They are

not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread or some sort of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together." It is only fair to the Scottish people to say that the demoralization described by Fletcher was in a very great measure, if not solely, owing to the anarchy and confusion caused by the religious persecutions under Charles II. and James II., from 1661 to 1688, and the unsettled state of politics in Scotland after the accession of William III. to the English throne, while it was as yet undetermined whether or not the Scottish Parliament would accept him as king of Scotland.

The total population of Scotland at this time was probably not over 950,000. It was estimated at 1,050,000 in 1707, at the union with England, only about 250,000 in excess of that of the city of London; and down to the present day the whole population of Scotland bears much the same proportion to the population of that metropolis. In the midst of a population of about 950,000—200,000 of which were of the character described by Fletcher of Saltoun—the peaceful pursuits of commerce and finance could have little place.

In 1707 the union of Scotland with England was consummated, and as an equivalent for various losses sustained by Scotland, especially by Paterson's Darien scheme, and probably by way of smoothing matters with the recalcitrant Scots, the union commissioners recommended that £398,085 10s. sterling (the balance of a long debtor and creditor account between the two kingdoms) should be paid in cash to the Scottish exchequer. This was a large sum to be received by the poorer country, though hardly equal to what it lost by the Darien expedition alone, and it appears to have had but small effect in bettering the condition of the people, who were still to suffer from the political disturbances caused by the rebellions in favor of the Stuarts, of 1715 and 1745, before they finally settled down into quiescence.

It was not until some four or five years after the suppression of the latter rebellion that Scottish agriculture and commerce took that start which has resulted in the magnificent development of both which we behold to-day.

Meanwhile, in 1727, the Royal Bank of Scotland had been established, which was followed in 1746 by the British Linen Co. Bank. The Bank of Scotland, established in 1695 by Paterson, was carried on under a special act of the Scottish Parliament; the Royal Bank and the British Linen Co. were chartered banks; and it was believed that in all three the shareholders were only liable for the amount of their shares. With regard to the last two this is now deemed to be a mistake, and the shareholders are presumed to be personally liable to the extent of their whole fortunes, and it is matter of doubt whether the shareholders of the Bank of Scotland are not so also.

It was so late as 1750 that private banks began to be established in Scotland, and before giving some details regarding them, it may be well to note the remarkable

difference between the mercantile classes of Scotland and those of England. The former sprung from the younger sons of lairds or landed gentry, the latter worked their way up from the laborers and yeomanry. The Glasgow merchants trading to Virginia and the West Indies, up to the close of the last century, used to appear upon 'Change in scarlet cloaks, as indicative of their aristocratic position; and the family of the Dunlops of Carmyle, near Glasgow, had a whole collection of these scarlet cloaks worn by their ancestors, which, having been stowed away for more than half a century, were brought forth from their hiding-place and cut up into hoods and undergarments for the Scottish soldiers in leaguer before Sebastopol in the dreadful winter of 1855-56.

From the time of the establishment of the Bank of England, a banking firm in England could not consist of more than six partners, and could only issue notes outside of the London district. There was no such restriction as to the number of banking partners in Scotland, and there a registry office for the registration of sales, transfers, and mortgages of land existed, while in England there was nothing of the sort. Therefore, in Scotland, if the landed gentry became partners in a bank, any change in their holdings was at once known by an inspection of the books of the registry office; no such clew was afforded to the condition of the affairs of bankers in England.

The Scottish bankers, from the very origin of banking in their own country, held a high social position; they were men of "mark and likelihood." When Andrew Drummond of Macheany—an uncle of Viscount Strathallan, and a kinsman of the Duke of Perth, who after 1715 established the great banking-house of Drummonds, 49 Charing Cross, London, as it was surmised, with a view to forwarding the interests of the exiled Stuarts—was upbraided by some of his aristocratic kinsmen for engaging in trade, he replied, "A gentleman may be a banker, though it by no means follows that every banker is a gentleman." Fifty or sixty years after his day, it was almost held as an axiom in Scotland that every banker was, *ex officio*, a gentleman. Within my own recollection, bankers in Scotland were looked upon as a sort of demi-gods, only to be approached with "bated breath and whispering humbleness"; but with all this there was a very kindly feeling between them and their customers, and there was a thorough appreciation, on the side of both, of the great principle expressed in the modern formula of "mutuality of service." The sphere of action of the various banks was comparatively limited, and the banker was thoroughly acquainted with the business and social habits of his customers.

The origin of private banks in Scotland was nearly coincident with the purchase by the government of the "hereditary jurisdictions," after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745. In exchange for these high, but invidious, privileges, which had cast a blight over the whole country, the sum of about £150,000 sterling was awarded to the Scottish lairds and Highland chiefs holding these privileges in 1748, and so the hereditary jurisdictions, hitherto instruments of oppression and extortion when represented by money, were turned into blessings in promoting the growth of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. Of the £150,000 mentioned above, £21,000 were awarded to the Duke of Argyll, £6621 to the Duke of Queensbury, down to the smallest sum of £65 19s. 9d. to Sir James Lockhart for the regality of



Carstairs. This money was a perfect godsend to Scotland, wasted as it was by the war of the rebellion; and, as it was derived directly from the result of that rebellion, Scotland may be said literally out of the nettle danger to have plucked the flower safety.

What those hereditary jurisdictions had been, it may be well to explain. The holders of them had the power of "heading and hanging" within their respective domains, but the Scottish lairds and Highland chiefs who possessed them had long anticipated Jeremy Bentham's apothegm that "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him." Burton says in his *History of Scotland from 1698 to 1748*: "The authority of the lairds did not enable them to transport convicts, but when the gallows was in the background, they had little difficulty in persuading those who came under their wrath that it would be well not to be clamorous, but submit at once to the alternative of entering as apprentices in one of the American plantations. Some of these potentates increased their scanty incomes by prudently turning their judicial powers in this profitable direction. It is the natural effect of such powers as those involved in the hereditary jurisdiction that they exercise a tyrannical influence beyond their strictly legal bounds." Hence, besides convicts exiled as stated above, there was a regular trade in kidnaping carried on in Scotland during the first half of the eighteenth century, and small as was the commerce of Scotland at that time, it was deeply stained with this criminal traffic during the period before the rebellion of 1745.

So little demand, however, was there for banking accommodation by the merchants of the commercial metropolis of Scotland in the last part of the seventeenth and earlier portion of the eighteenth century, that the Bank of Scotland, which attempted to establish a branch in Glasgow in 1696, had to withdraw it the following year for want of business; they tried it again in 1731, and abandoned it in 1733 from the same cause, and for seventeen years afterward Glasgow had no bank whatever.

In 1750 a few wealthy men determined to establish a private bank in that city, and in the early part of the year the Ship Bank was opened; the partners were Colin Dunlop, and Carmyle; James Dennistoun of Dennistoun; Alexander Houston of Jordanhill; William MacDowell of Castlesempie; George Oswald of Scotston; and James Simson, merchant; all but the last, it will be seen, lairds or landed proprietors. This was followed at the end of the same year by the establishment of the Glasgow Arms Bank, and about the same time was established in Edinburgh the private bank of Sir William Forbes & Co. The founder was a man of ancient lineage, but owing to the forfeitures for the rebellion of 1745, his family was reduced to very narrow circumstances. His father died when he was very young, predeceasing the grandfather of Sir William, and therefore, never succeeding to the baronetcy. Sir William was brought up in a very thrifty manner by his mother, who, however, educated him well and gave him literary tastes, so that after he had achieved fame and fortune as a banker, he wrote a life of Dr. Beattie, the author of "*The Minstrel*," a poem in some repute eighty or ninety years ago. It is of him that Sir Walter Scott writes in the introduction of the fourth canto of "*Marmion*":

“ Scarce had lamented Forbes paid  
 The tribute to his minstrel's shade,  
 The tale of friendship scarce was told,  
 Ere the narrator's heart was cold.”

Which I take the opportunity of quoting, to show that the Scottish name Forbes should be pronounced as a dissyllable, instead of as a monosyllable, as it always erroneously is in England and America.

It was the second Sir William Forbes, successor of his father in the management of the bank, who married Miss Belsher-Stewart, of Fettercairn, the first love of Sir Walter Scott, a match which did not interfere with the warm friendship of the gentlemen. The youngest son of this marriage, James David Forbes, was the contestant with Agassiz for the honor of first discovering the glacier theory.

The Scottish banking system may, then, be said to have fairly taken root in 1750. Before that time it was a very sickly plant, showing hardly any vitality, but afterward “grew and waxed a great tree, and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it.” Private banks gradually increased in Glasgow, Paisley, Ayr, and Greenock on the west side of Scotland, and in Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen on the east side.

The last private bank established in Glasgow and, I believe, in Scotland, was the Glasgow Bank, established in May, 1809, by my grandfather, the late James Dennistoun of Golffhill. Besides himself the partners were sixteen in number, namely, the Right Honorable Lord Kinnaird, the elder brother of Byron's friend, Douglas Kinnaird—who, by the way, always pronounced the poet's name as we should the Irish name of Byrne—John Tennent, Peter Macadamy, Robert Blair, Robert Brown, William Taylor, all merchants of Glasgow; W. B. Cabbell, Samuel Nicholson, Thomas Haydon, William Morland, and Henry Boase, merchants in London; Walter Fergus, merchant in Kirkcaldy; John Baxter and William Roberts, merchants in Dundee; Alexander McGregor, merchant, Liverpool, and John Grundy, Jr., woolen manufacturer, Bury, Lancashire.

It is worthy of remark that the partnership is nearly all of mercantile men, instead of being nearly all of landed proprietors, as that of the first private bank established in Glasgow was, fifty-nine years before. The Glasgow Bank maintained a very high character under the management of Mr. Dennistoun until he retired from business in 1829. On that occasion (December 2, 1829) a great public dinner was given to him at the opening of the Glasgow Royal Exchange, by the magistrates and his fellow-citizens, in testimony of their respect for him, not only as a banker but as a man of most liberal political views and principles. He was offered a baronetcy by Lord Grey's government in 1832, which he declined, a very unusual thing for a Scotsman to do. The Glasgow Bank became finally one of the numerous private banks merged in the Union Bank of Scotland.

The basis of all Scottish banking, from its real commencement with the establishment of private banks in 1750, seems to have been :

First. The receiving and keeping of one person's money at one rate of interest, and the lending of it to another person at a higher rate of interest, generally at a

difference of two or two and a half per cent. per annum ; the capital of the bank, and the unlimited liability of the partners, forming a reserve against bad debts.

Second. The issuing of notes payable on demand and the keeping of the same in circulation as long as possible.

Third. The keeping very considerable reserves in London, invested in such a manner as to enable the banker, at a moment's notice, to meet any demands which may be made upon him.

There appears to have been no particular proportion kept between the reserve and the liabilities, that being a matter regulated by the prudence of the partners of the individual banks.

Up to 1845 notes of one pound and upward were issued by the various Scottish banks without any apparent rule as to the proportion between the issue and the sum reserved for the redemption of the notes, but any overissue by an individual bank was efficiently checked by the clearance in Edinburgh, twice a week, of each bank with every other bank. So that, if any bank were too eager to get out its notes, they were speedily returned to it by its competitors, and the excess over what it held of the notes of other banks had to be settled by exchequer bills payable in London.

Scotsmen always have had a most infantile and perfect trust in the notes of their own banks, with little or no consideration as to the standing of the issuing banks. A "note" with them was a convertible term for one pound sterling, and it could not have been held in greater respect had it been a golden sovereign. In fact, of the two, the note, by ninety-nine resident Scotsmen out of one hundred, would have been preferred, and this was the case all over Scotland ; and even as far south as York, Scottish banknotes were circulated before 1844.

The Scottish *demand* banknotes were always legally convertible into coin, except during the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England for the twenty-four years from 1797 till 1811 ; but I well recollect that if any English bagman, who had come down to Scotland to collect accounts for his masters in England, wished to convert the notes he received into gold, to carry with him to England, the look of the paying teller to whom he made the unusual and unwelcome proposition was much the same as that with which he would have regarded a highwayman who had bidden him, with a pistol at his head, "Stand and deliver !"

In 1761, when silver change became extremely scarce, as it continued to be for sixty years afterward, the Glasgow banks for a time issued ten-shilling notes on demand, but temporarily made their one-pound and five-pound notes payable "either on demand, or six months after presentation, at the option of the bank, with six months' interest." After some time the Edinburgh banks, which had a great jealousy of the Glasgow banks, had sufficient interest with the government of the day to have an Act of Parliament passed prohibiting the optional clause in the Glasgow banknotes.

Guinea notes were originally issued by the Ship Bank of Glasgow about 1780, with a view of meeting, to some extent, the difficulty of procuring silver change. Thus, if a person owed £20 18s. sterling, he gave his creditor eighteen guinea-notes and two one-pound notes, and never a sixpence of silver passed between them.

To show the great scarcity of silver at the period referred to, and the dislike of

the wealthy Glasgow banks to be called upon even for the smallest sums of specie, the following anecdote will suffice: A little boy was sent out by his mother to get change for a one-pound note, and having in vain tried to change it at their own baker's and grocer's, and at various other shops, he went and presented it at the Ship Bank, by which it was issued, and requested change. "What's your name, sir?" asked the teller. Being told, his next question was, "Who is your master?" The boy replied he had none. "Who told you to come here, then?" said the persistent inquisitor. "My mother," replied the boy. The teller then gave a "Humph!" and sullenly doled out the necessary change. When silver was demanded for a guinea note a gold guinea was frequently handed to the owner of the note, the teller well knowing that the gold was not wanted, being really less easily converted into silver change than the note itself. The Glasgow branch of the Royal Bank in those days absolutely refused to cash the mother bank's notes in silver, except to its own customers, and referred strangers asking for change of these notes to the head office in Edinburgh, where the notes were issued and domiciled.

The ten-shilling banknotes had gone out of existence long before my day, but I do very well remember that after I had finished my college course and entered the office of my father's firm, James and Alexander Dennistoun of Glasgow, in 1827, the payments for cotton sold by the house were not made by check on the bank in favor of the sellers of the produce, which was in those days a thing unknown, the banks expecting that their customers would draw out notes by checks in their own favor, and pay these notes to those to whom they owed money, and the notes so paid were not of the five-pound denomination, which were unlikely to circulate long, but consisted of huge bundles of greasy one-pound and one-guinea notes, which might be paid out to laborers and others and remain in circulation.

A peculiar feature of Scottish banking is the granting of what are called "cash credits" to small farmers and manufacturers. These cash credits are not generally for large amounts, the majority of them probably for sums not over one thousand pounds sterling; their aggregate, however, may amount to a very considerable sum. They are granted upon the security of the person receiving the credit, and also of two other persons whose circumstances are well known to the bank, and who produce, before such cash credit can be granted, evidence of their sufficiency as guarantors. On this particular sort of banking business there has been, it is understood, very little loss to the banks, and in the earlier stages of Scottish agriculture and manufacture the system no doubt tended greatly to develop both. In advancing money to farmers on cash credits the Scottish bankers had the great advantage over their English rivals, that in Scotland farm leases ran from nineteen to twenty-one years, whereas in England the farmers were mostly tenants at will. In a small country such as Scotland the circumstances of persons in trade were and are pretty generally known to bankers, and the applications for cash credits are granted or refused generally upon the personal knowledge of the bankers of the entire sufficiency of the sureties. In order to obtain a wide circulation for their notes, and in districts whence they would not speedily return, the Scottish banks often purchased landed property in distant counties, and also advanced money to

needy lairds on mortgage. Neither, scientifically considered, was a good banking security, but they answered the purpose in the infancy and growth of Scottish banking. The owner or mortgagee owner of land at once had a standing and credit in the neighborhood of the property so held, and the notes of the bank for wages, etc., were easily paid out in those days when railways were not, and even stagecoaches were of rare occurrence out of the line of the great roads between Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London.

Another mode of circulating notes was by getting the Highland drovers to use them in their journeys with cattle from the Highlands to England. Robert Carrick, as he was familiarly called, who managed the Ship Bank with great profit to himself and his partners for forty-six years, from 1775 to 1821, and whom I well recollect, when I was a boy, being pointed out to me as a very wealthy and very miserly man, in his shabby carriage, with its scarecrow driver and wretched horses, cultivated the acquaintance of the Highland drovers with considerable assiduity for the purpose of passing his banknotes through their agency. The following anecdote illustrates the keen dealing of both banker and drover, the former, with all his eagerness to circulate his notes in the remote regions of the Highlands, being equally determined not to abate one jot of his rights as a discounting banker. A drover came into Mr. Carrick's private room and presenting a bill which wanted three days of maturity, asked the cash for it. Carrick readily agreed to discount the bill, and remarked that there was sixpence discount to be taken off.

"Na, na!" said the Highlander, "she maun hae a' t'e siller."

"I can't do that," replied Carrick, "the discount must be deducted." He handed back the bill to its owner, put on his spectacles, resumed his pen, and commenced writing. The Highlander, getting outside the door, kept it a little ajar, and popping in his head, "She'll gie 't for a groat" (fourpence).

"No, no!" replied Carrick, "it must be sixpence."

"Weel, weel," cried the drover, "if it maun be sae, it maun be sae." So the sixpence was deducted and the balance handed to the drover in notes and change.

It may be said, I think, with great truth, that the infancy and youth of Scottish agriculture and manufactures were nourished and cherished chiefly by the private banks. The manhood of these industries is sustained by joint-stock banks alone, there not having been a private bank of issue in Scotland for upwards of a quarter of a century; all have been absorbed by the joint-stock banks.

The Commercial Bank of Scotland was established in Edinburgh in 1811, and the National Bank of Scotland in 1825, both joint-stock banks, and even remote Aberdeen, as early as 1825, established a joint-stock bank, under the name of the Aberdeen Town and County Bank; but it was not until 1830 that the usually enterprising and energetic merchants of Glasgow established their first joint-stock banking institution, under the name of the Union Bank of Glasgow. Its establishment was soon followed by that of the Western Bank and others, but I will only trace the process of absorption by the Union Bank of various private banks, and thus show the course of all the other banks in reference to the private ones.

The Glasgow Bank, already referred to as established in 1809, and the last private bank opened in Scotland, absorbed in 1836 the Ship Bank, the first private



bank, established in 1750, and the name of the two associated banks became thenceforth the Glasgow and Ship Bank.

The Union Bank of Glasgow assumed the name of the Union Bank of Scotland, and under that designation absorbed, in the order named, the following private banks :

- First. The Thistle Bank of Glasgow.
- Second. The Paisley Union Bank of Paisley.
- Third. Sir William Forbes & Co. of Edinburgh.
- Fourth. Hunter & Co. of Ayr.
- Fifth. The Glasgow and Ship Bank of Glasgow.
- Sixth. The Old Bank of Aberdeen.

In 1828 Sir Robert Peel had attempted to put an end to the Scottish banknote circulation, and substitute for it Bank of England notes, without any notes of a lower denomination than five pounds, while the currency of Scotland consisted almost entirely of one-pound notes. The Scots felt greatly disgusted at the proposed change, as they were perfectly satisfied with their own banknote system, had asked for no change, and wanted none. Their national pride was also aroused, feeling, as they did, that their whole monetary system was to be upset by an English statesman, apparently for no other reason but that the Scottish system might be made uniform with that of England. The national feeling found a fitting mouthpiece in that greatest of Scotsmen, Sir Walter Scott, who, under the *nom de plume* of Malachi Malagrowther, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, with mingled invective, sarcasm, and wit, put an entire stop to Peel's project of uniformity.

After this Scottish banking was let severely alone for eighteen years ; that is, until after Peel's bill of 1844, regulating the management of the Bank of England, had become law. It was then determined that as the note circulation could not be assimilated with that of England, the law regarding it should be so altered as to give it a tendency in the same direction. The note circulation, therefore, of each bank of issue, as in 1844, was ascertained, and to that amount each bank was restricted in future, excepting that beyond that authorized amount any one of the existing banks might issue as many notes as it could circulate upon a gold basis ; that is to say, for every one pound of notes issued beyond the authorized amount it must have a sovereign in its coffers ; but the one-pound note circulation, thanks to Sir Walter's efforts in 1826, was not otherwise interfered with. No new bank of issue was allowed to be established in Scotland after 1844. The Scottish banks are now all joint stock and of unlimited liability ; that is, the shareholders, beyond losing the money paid for their shares, in case of failure of the bank, are liable to the utmost penny of their property, present and future, to both note-holders and depositors. From this category of unlimited liability it is possible that the Bank of Scotland may be an exception, as previously stated.

The present banknote circulation and entire banking business of Scotland are provided for by the following eleven joint-stock banks, their branches and sub-branches, as shown by the following tables, made up to December 31, 1873 :



Name of Bank.	Instituted.	No. of Partners.	Branches.	Paid up Capital.
Bank of Scotland, . . . . .	1695	1405	76	£1,000,000
Royal Bank, . . . . .	1727	1412	101	2,000,000
British Linen Company, . . . . .	1746	1203	61	1,000,000
Commercial Bank, . . . . .	1810	1170	94	1,000,000
National Bank of Scotland, . . . . .	1825	1602	86	1,000,000
Aberdeen Town and County Bank, . . . . .	1825	823	40	252,000
Union Bank of Scotland, . . . . .	1830	1215	116	1,000,000
North of Scotland Bank, . . . . .	1836	1407	44	320,000
Clydesdale Bank, . . . . .	1838	1378	76	900,000
Caledonian Bank, . . . . .	1838	786	20	125,000
City of Glasgow Bank, . . . . .	1839	1234	122	1,000,000

Paid up banking capital of Scotland, . . . . . £9,597,000

The authorized and actual circulation of notes, with the reserve of coin held by the foregoing banks, as made up on December 31, 1873, was as follows :

Name of Bank.	Authorized Circulation of 1845.	Actual Average Circulation of 1872-73.	Average Coin Held 1872-73.
Bank of Scotland, . . . . .	£343,418	£644,187	£394,956
Royal Bank, . . . . .	216,451	684,431	590,606
British Linen Company, . . . . .	438,024	539,262	214,718
Commercial Bank, . . . . .	374,880	727,994	466,198
National Bank of Scotland, . . . . .	297,024	551,885	386,131
Aberdeen Town and County Bank, . . . . .	70,133	179,299	137,077
Union Bank of Scotland, . . . . .	454,346	761,112	432,255
North of Scotland Bank, . . . . .	154,319	286,102	162,668
Clydesdale Bank, . . . . .	274,321	516,485	319,675
Caledonian Bank, . . . . .	53,434	94,804	63,669
City of Glasgow Bank, . . . . .	72,921	611,445	617,879
	<u>£2,749,271</u>	<u>£5,597,006</u>	<u>£3,785,832</u>

The deposits in the Scottish banks, as given in evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on the Bank Acts in 1858, were estimated at £50,000,000 sterling, and I think it will be pretty safe to add a million per annum since that date. If this supposition be correct it would make the deposits in the Scottish banks at present in the neighborhood of £66,000,000, which I apprehend is not far from the truth. The circulation of these notes is now a far less profitable operation to the Scottish banks than it was thirty or forty years ago. Scotland has become so permeated by railways that notes are very speedily returned to the issuing bank.

The poorer classes no longer hoard notes, but at once deposit them in savings banks or with the ordinary banks and their numerous branches, where the smallest depositors are allowed exactly the same rate of interest as the largest depositors.

Prior to the panic of 1857, when there happened to be a run on any Scottish

<sup>1</sup> The par of exchange with England is now, gold, \$4.8665 per pound sterling, and \$5 gold per pound is therefore a sufficiently near approximation for converting these tables into American coin.

bank, its note-holders were quite satisfied if they got them exchanged for notes of other undoubted banks ; but in 1857 there was a decided run for *gold*, which had to be met by bringing gold from the coffers of the Bank of England. This gold was obtained by the Scottish banks selling securities in London (such as consols, exchequer bills, and London bills of exchange), which were, of course, paid for in Bank of England notes, convertible into gold on demand. The Bank of England complained of this extra demand for gold from the Scottish banks, and the latter proposed that in future Bank of England notes should be made a legal tender in Scotland from all parties but the Bank of England itself, as well as in England, so as to obviate the necessity for bringing gold to Scotland. To this, however, the Bank of England was opposed, although it is difficult to see how it would have been placed in any worse position by the arrangement, which apparently would, to some extent at least, have relieved it from a drain of gold in times of panic. Of the gold brought to Glasgow from London in the worst week of the panic of 1857, about a third was sent back to London the following week.

I think it not improbable that with its increased and increasing wealth, Scotland, before the end of the century, will have no notes below five pounds, its one-pound notes being superseded by sovereigns, and then will follow the substitution of Bank of England notes for its remaining paper currency. The note circulation of the the whole of Great Britain will then be uniform, and Sir Robert Peel's fond dream of 1826 be fully realized.

The highest dividend paid by any of the joint-stock Scottish banks in 1863 was 15 per cent. per annum, by the Union Bank of Scotland, and the lowest 9 per cent. per annum, by the Royal Bank ; the others paid from 10 to 14 per cent. per annum. In general terms the dividends paid by the Scottish banks hardly exceed 4 per cent. per annum on the existing market value of their shares, or only about 1 per cent. per annum more than consols, and I believe the Scottish people have quite as much confidence in the one security as in the other. They have always had a stout faith in their banks, bankers, and banknotes, and they have hitherto had good reason for the faith that is in them.

In 1873 the minimum rate of discount charged by the Scottish banks on three months' local bills ranged from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on August 22, to 9 per cent. on November 8, and beginning at 5 per cent. in January, it closed at the same rate in December. The Scottish banks charge about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum less discount on bills domiciled in London than on local bills.

In 1873 the interest charged by the Scottish banks to their customers on cash credit accounts ranged from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on August 22, to 9 per cent. on November 8, and beginning at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in January, it closed at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in December. In the same period the interest allowed on deposits ranged from 2 per cent. on August 22, to 6 per cent. on November 8, and beginning at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in January, it closed at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in December, 1873.

In Scotland there is a continuous and active employment of the means of the banks, and the numerous branches suck up, as it were, all idle capital from numerous small depositors in the remoter provinces ; all beyond the moderate amounts which the managers of the branches are permitted to lend out on the spot, they

remit to the mother banks for investment in the great financial centers, Glasgow and Edinburgh, where there is always an active demand from borrowers for the pursuits of commerce, manufactures, ship-building, mining, and agriculture.

The number of ordinary directors in the existing Scottish banks ranges from seven to twelve, and it is usual for two of the directors to go out annually. In some of the banks, I believe the outgoing directors are accessible at once; in others, two new men must be introduced; but in a directory of twelve this rule can readily be adhered to, and yet a permanent staff of directors be maintained by choosing from the same body of fourteen men. Although the directors attend at specified times each week, and some of them are probably in the bank daily, yet the manager or president is *de facto* lord of the ascendant in all ordinary routine business; and in nothing so much as in banking is this one-man power necessary for success. Thorough mastership of the position, promptitude of decision, and honesty of purpose are of course essential attributes of a good bank manager, and in all these elements the Scottish bank managers, whether as respects the old private banks or the modern joint-stock ones, have very rarely proved deficient.

I cannot conclude these remarks on Scottish banking better than by quoting what Adam Smith wrote on the subject of banking, more than one hundred years ago, and I may say that upon the principles therein enunciated the Scottish banks have almost uniformly been conducted. These principles are equally applicable now as when predicated by Smith, and to this side of the Atlantic as well as the other:

“Though the principles of the banking trade may appear somewhat abstruse, the practice is capable of being reduced to strict rules. To depart on any occasion from these rules, in consequence of some flattering speculation of extraordinary gain, is almost always extremely dangerous, and frequently fatal to the banking company which attempts it. But the constitution of joint-stock companies renders them in general more tenacious of established rules than any private company. Such companies, therefore, seem extremely well-fitted for this trade. The principal banking companies in Europe, accordingly, are joint-stock companies, many of which manage their trade very successfully without any exclusive privilege. The Bank of England has no exclusive privilege, except that no other banking company in England shall consist of more than six persons. The two banks of Edinburgh (Bank of Scotland and Royal Bank) are joint-stock companies without any exclusive privileges.”

WILLIAM WOOD.

#### ANCESTRY OF HELEN MASON WOOD.

Father thought it a duty to preserve a record of the ancestry of a family; so in accordance with what I know would have been his wish, I set down here some notes of the lineage of his widow.

#### *Paternal Ancestry.*

John Mason (1st) was styled Knight when made Governor of the Royal Fortress and town of Portsmouth, England, by Charles I. He married Elizabeth, the

second daughter of Sir Roger Sutton of Calverlee, Hants. They had three sons and one daughter: John (2d), James (1st), William, and Isabella, who married Walter Hunt, Esq., of Hampshire, England.

John Mason (1st) came to America in 1629. He, with Sir Ferdinando Gorges, had obtained a grant of the whole extent of the country included between the sea, the St. Lawrence, the Merrimac, and the Kennebec Rivers, and projected great mercantile settlements on the Piscataqua. These failing to succeed, John Mason obtained a new patent for the country between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua, and under this patent New Hampshire was established. John Mason founded settlements, particularly the town of Portsmouth, and made two trips to England for colonists. He died in England in 1635, and after his death New Hampshire was left to take care of itself. His three sons, John (2d), James (1st), and William Mason, came out to America, hoping to take up his work, but others had stepped in, and they could get no control in the country.

William went to Virginia, and from him descended John Y. Mason, long Minister to France, and known to history chiefly for being captured and released with Slidell. (John Y. Mason himself informed Mr. Henry Mason of the relationship.) John went to Massachusetts and settled there.

James Mason (1st) received, after the restoration of Charles II., in memory of his father's "good and faithful services" to the unhappy Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria (having aided her in her escape into France), a commission as Deputy of the King's Province, or Colony of Rhode Island, and a grant of land called Rehoboth, where he settled in 1662 or 1663. He married Betsey Serena Wanton of Newport. Their descendants are still known as the Rehoboth Masons. He had three sons, George (1st), John (3d), and James (2d).

John (3d) married Sarah Brown of Providence. They had two sons, James (3d) and John (4th), and one daughter, Sarah.

John Mason (4th), the great-grandfather of Helen Mason Wood, married Mary Pitt\* (widow of a Mr. Walker). He was sent to Congress from Rhode Island, where he had his country home, which remained in the possession of the family for over two hundred years.

Mary Pitt, the wife of John Mason (4th), was married three times. John Mason, the Congressman, was her second husband. By him she had a son, John (5th), and an only daughter, Sarah. Sarah married a Mr. Jones, who left a large fortune to his wife's Mason relatives. Mrs. Mason's third husband was a Mr. Thayer. John Mason (5th) went to New York and became a great financier, and founded the Chemical Bank of New York, which has proved a mine of wealth to his descendants, for he took his two nephews, John Q. and Joshua Jones, into the bank, and Joshua left his money to his Mason and Schermerhorn relatives.

John Mason (5th) married a Miss Clark. He died in 1839 in his fifty-fourth year, leaving to his eight children a very large fortune. The names of most

\* Mary Pitt was of the same family as William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham. Her father, Richard Pitt, was one of the Regicides, and, like his *confrères*, fled to America.

of his children are well known in New York as people of solid wealth and good social standing.

Mary married Isaac Jones.

Rebecca married Isaac Colford Jones.

William Pitt died at the age of nineteen.

Helen married Joseph Alston of South Carolina.

John died unmarried.

Sarah married Gordon Hammersley.\*

James married first Miss Wheatley, second Miss Young.

HENRY married LYDIA LUSH JAMES.

### *Maternal Ancestry.*

Samuel Stringer married Lydia Warfield of Baltimore, Md. Samuel Stringer † of Baltimore, Md., married Rachel Van der Heyden.‡ Lydia Stringer married Stephen Lush.¶ Gertrude Stringer Lush married, first, Robert James; second, William Ellery Ross; Lydia Lush James married Henry Mason. They had five children, of whom Lydia S. Mason married Heyward Cutting; Helen Mason married William Wood; Gertrude Mason married Lewis Manning Brown; Serena Mason married Lewis Mortimer Carnes; Henry died unmarried.

\* The Hammersley will case concerned a portion of the great Mason and Jones fortune.

† Samuel Stringer was born in Maryland in 1734; died in Albany, N. Y., July 11, 1817. In 1755, Governor Shirley appointed him to the Medical Department of the Provincial army. At the close of the war he married and settled in Albany. In 1775 he was appointed Director-General of the hospitals in the Northern Department under General Schuyler, and accompanied the troops that invaded Canada.

‡ Rachel Van der Heyden was the daughter of Jacob Van der Heyden, last patroon of Troy, who died 1708. The first Van der Heyden who came out from Holland reached here in 1610. Jacob Van der Heyden married Janet Livingston, daughter of John Livingston and Catherine Ten Broek; John Livingston was the son of Robert Livingston, Jr. and Margaretta Schuyler. From this pair are also descended William Wood's Kane grandchildren. Jacob Van der Heyden's son, Jacob, in 1778 purchased what was known in Albany as the "Van der Heyden Palace," a large building with two gables in front. It stood in North Pearl Street just below Maiden Lane, on a site afterward occupied by a Baptist Church. The old mansion figures in Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" as the residence of Antony Van der Heyden, but Jacob was the real owner, and lived there till his death in 1820. The iron vane on the peak of one of its gables was transferred, when the house was pulled down in 1833, to Irving's house of "Sunnyside," whose gable was copied from the Van der Heyden house. The Van der Heyden house, however, was built by Johannes Beekman in 1725.

¶ Stephen Lush was born in New York in 1753. He studied law under William Smith, author of a history of New York, and afterward Chief Justice of Lower Canada. Lush began to practice in New York in May, 1774, and afterward removed to Albany. When the struggle for independence began, he entered the family of the commander-in-chief, as military secretary and aid. He was captured at the storming of Fort Montgomery; was imprisoned both on a prison ship and in the "Sugar House"; exchanged after a parole on Long Island following the capture of Burgoyne; again became military secretary, and served to the close of the war. Returning to civil life he devoted himself to the practice of law. He died at the age of seventy-two, in April, 1825, leaving a high reputation for integrity, benevolence, and learning.









DATE DUE

FEB 15 1999

FEB 03 1999

Printed  
in USA

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



0044145624

AUG 27 1953

92W8537

W  
v.2

